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Telephone Man Helps Save Five from Tidal Waters

Quick action prevents tragedy when family is marooned in hurricane

AWARDED MEDAL—Robert A. Gillespie, of Block Island, R. I., was awarded the Vail Medal for "courage, endurance and ingenuity" in helping to rescue five people. Vail Medals, accompanied by cash awards, are given annually by the Bell System for acts of noteworthy public service by telephone employees.

Hurricane winds of 110 miles an hour were creating a tidal wave when the telephone operator at Block Island, Rhode Island, received a call for help from a family marooned in a cottage.

"I was in the telephone office," says installer repairman Robert A. Gillespie, "when I heard of the call. I'd been through hurricanes before and I knew they might be in real trouble."

Quickly enlisting the aid of two men who were outside the building, he drove his company truck to within 400 feet of the isolated cottage, as near as the high water would allow.

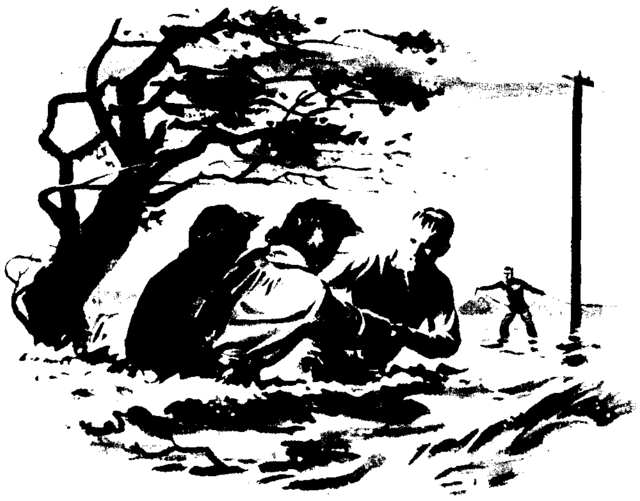
"We could see that three poles led toward the cottage," says Bob Gillespie, "so we took handlines and a rope from the truck. We secured one end of the line to the first pole and waded to the second pole. There we tied up our line and kept wading to the third pole."

But they were still thirty feet away from the marooned family when they got as far as the rope would go—thirty feet of dangerous, rushing water.

Bob Gillespie's companions safeguarded the ropes while he fought his way alone to the cottage.

He made three trips through the rising tidal waters. First he carried a small boy to the comparative safety of the forward end of the rope.

Then, with considerable difficulty, assisted two women; and a man and another boy. And finally, though almost exhausted, he guided the entire group along the all-important rope lifeline that led to high ground and safety.



RESCUE AT HAND. Telephone man fights his way through swirling waters to bring marooned cottagers to safety during hurricane.

HELPING HANDS — *The spirit of service of telephone men and women is shown not only in the dramatic situations of fire and flood and storm, but in the everyday affairs of life. Thousands of times every day, and through the long hours of the night, the telephone and telephone people help those who are ill or in trouble or confronted by some occasion that needs a skilled and willing hand. Just having the telephone close by gives a feeling of security and of being close to people.*

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Collier's

June 8, 1956 Vol. 137 No. 12

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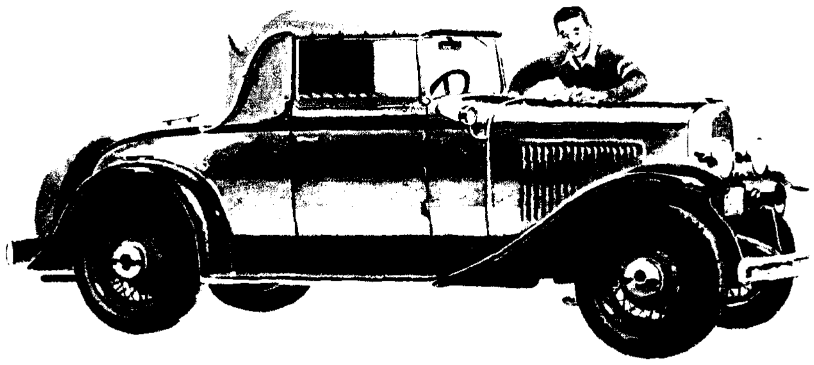

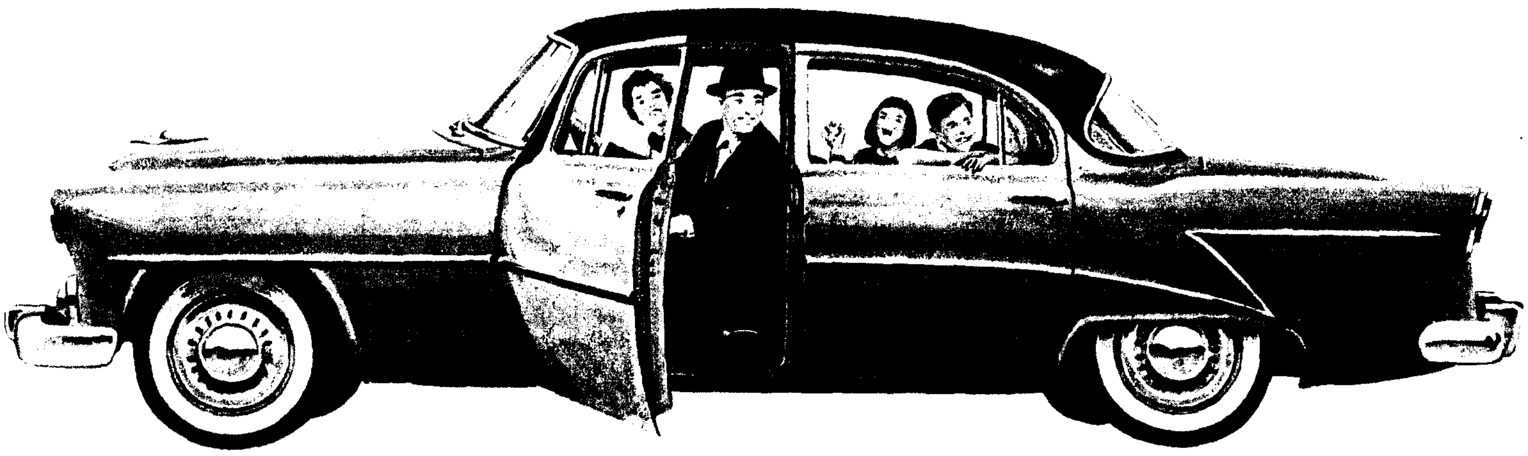

Whatever you drive, here's how to drive it more *safely!*

EVERY TIME you take to the road you have a great responsibility . . . *to drive safely and sensibly.* This responsibility holds good no matter whether you're traveling over the familiar streets of your home town or making a long vacation trip. Only when driving is done with the utmost care, caution and courtesy . . . *at all times* . . . can our streets and roads become safer for you, your fellow motorists and pedestrians.

Just how urgent is it for everyone to know and obey traffic laws and observe the rules of the road? The answer is found in some shocking statistics:

Every hour of every day, on the average,
4 lives are lost and 150 people
are hurt in motor vehicle accidents

That adds up to a yearly traffic toll of over 38,000 deaths, well over a million injuries and costs mounting into the billions of dollars.

How can you help reverse this tragic trend and make motoring the pleasure it should be? Here are some safety suggestions that may help hold highway disasters in check:

1. Check your speed—It has been found that about 3 out of 10 drivers involved in fatal accidents each year were guilty of violating speed laws. Always slow down at night and when road, traffic and weather conditions are hazardous. Remember, speeding doesn't always get you to your destination sooner than a safe, slower rate of driving.

2. Check yourself — Research has shown that about 1 out of 14 drivers involved in fatal accidents had a physical or mental condition—such as worry, fatigue and sleepiness—that was a contributing factor in the accident. So, never drive when you're upset or tired. Today's traffic demands that you keep all your senses alert as you drive.

3. Check your car— Keeping your car in safe operating condition is *your* responsibility—not your mechanic's. You can judge for yourself whether brakes, tires, steering wheel, lights and windshield wipers are in proper working order. If you notice any defects, have them corrected immediately. Don't wait until it's time for your next semiannual car check to have even the most minor trouble corrected.

4. Check your driving habits — Now and then, the most skilful drivers tend to become a bit careless. They may become less considerate of other drivers and of pedestrians—or take chances on violating this or that traffic law. Remember, all rules of the road are made to help you, not to hinder you. When you violate a law, you are asking for an accident.

The fact that you've never had a mishap is no proof that you are the complete master of your car. Perhaps you've been lucky . . . and luck has a way of running out sooner or later. So, drive as if your life depended on it. *It does!*

To help increase the safety and pleasure of your motoring, send for Metropolitan's booklet, *How's Your Driving?* Just clip and mail the coupon below for your free copy.

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COLLIER'S CREDITS

FREE-LANCE WRITER George McMillan who lives in Aiken, South Carolina, is a forty-one-year-old Tennessean who left Knoxville right after high-school graduation and went to work. After a few typical Depression activities, he landed a job on the Washington Daily News.

During the war he was with the OWI, and then became a Marine combat correspondent. He is the author of The Old Breed, about the Marine First Division in World War II.

His article about Georgia's former Governor Talmadge and Senator George wasn't an easy one to do.

"The surest axiom about Southern politics," he told us, "is that nothing is quite what it seems. And the regional consciousness here is unlike that of any other in our country. If the region seems to be in any kind of crisis, the people band together. As a result, Southern fanatics are getting away with things now that they couldn't have in 1947 or '48."

As this issue went to press, Senator George unexpectedly announced that, because of his health, he would not campaign for renomination. His decision underscores the validity of reporter McMillan's observations about Georgia politics today. Read against the background of this most recent development, his article (page 42) assumes even greater significance.

* * *

TO FIND PRETTY GIRLS to wear bathing suits, photographer George Barkentin conducted an unofficial beauty contest near Jacksonville, Florida. He set up cold drinks and sandwiches on the first hole of the Ponte Vedra Club golf course and spread the word that he was looking for amateur models. There was a stampede and soon he had more than 100 good-looking high-school students, secretaries and housewives to choose from.

Barkentin picked five and adjourned to the beach to take the attractive pictures farther along in this issue. The "winners": Dovie Phillips, on pages 90 and 93; high-school senior Frances Davis, with friend Bill Barnes on page 91 and solo on pages 92 and 93; Marjorie Wilkinson is the blonde on page 92; June Ramsey is at the top and housewife Joan Kimbrough at the lower right of page 93.

If this be propaganda, let Florida make the most of it.

DEANE'S STUDIO

Barkentin shoots Dovie Phillips, one of the pretty girls grown in Florida

* * *

DR. SHARAT K. ROY'S first visit to Izalco, El Salvador's fiery volcano, is one he'll never forget. It was seven years ago.

"I can't say I needed to climb to the crater," he says now, "but suddenly it became a challenge that I wanted to take, and I started out."

Carefully picking the way, he climbed the steep cone, while Izalco remained quiet. The going became so steep that he had to sit down with his back to the mountain and push his body upward with his feet. It took him an hour and 45 minutes to reach the top.

Close to the edge of the crater, he could feel the heat of the volcano. Rocks under his feet became hotter as he moved to the rim, and there was the smell of sulphur. Then he stretched his body for a peep over the rim; it was only a split-second glance that he took. Inside was a swirling mass of steam and gray ashes, a frightening bottomless pit.

"That was the most satisfying moment of my life," he says, "and it was the most fearful."

If the mountain erupted, he would be blown to pieces, or gases from the crater and volcanic bombs dropping from above would kill him.

"What on earth am I doing here? I thought to myself," he recalls now. He turned and went down the volcano as fast as he could. Before he reached the bottom, the mountain exploded twice, and Dr. Roy realized—and still knows—how close that came to being his last trip to Izalco, as well as his first. Now he gets close enough for photographs such as the ones on page 74, but he doesn't plan to climb to the crater again—unless the fire goes out.

* * *

A YEAR AGO we printed a story that caused some stir. It was called 20 New Budget Vacations, and more than 5,000 folks wrote and asked for further information about the suggestions we gave for inexpensive but enjoyable two-week holidays. So far as we know, all 5,000 piled into their automobiles—with the children, mind you—and went to places like Cuba and Canada and had a good time.

We're doing a similar feature this year, in this issue, and our peripatetic writer, Norman Ford, has again compiled 20 lulus. Ford, whose home is in Dunedin, Florida, just finished a season in Ajijic, Mexico.

"Beer at $1.50 for 25 bottles; servants at $8 a month; haircuts 16 cents; houses with tropical patios at $25 a month," we see from his latest post card. Ford has made a science of finding low-cost places to vacation, live or retire, and has written 17 travel books about them.

He travels faster than he can write, though. Last summer he edited his Florida guidebook in a native hut on a Tahiti beach. In Mexico he is finishing America's 50 Best Cities and about to begin his newest, America by Car. Soon he's leaving for the West Indies to revise his Mexico guidebook. (Needless to say, *we* haven't laid eyes on Mr. Ford in a dog's age.)

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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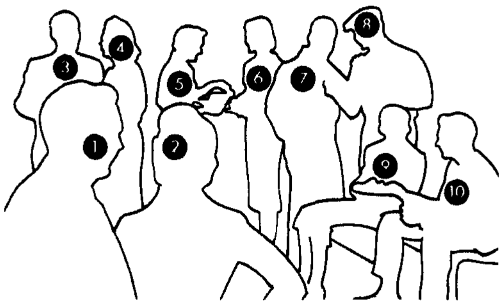

1. As a conventional aid. **2.** As an eyeglass aid. **3.** As a tie pin for men. **4.** In the hair with a barrette, comb, or jeweled headband. **5.** As a dress or scarf pin with jeweled external microphone. **6.** As a pendant. **7.** As a lapel button (with "Micro-Magnet" for telephone use). **8.** With a headband for sports or leisure wear. **9.** With jeweled brooch. **10.** As tie clip.

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Appointment with

I SOMETIMES hear myself and other people saying: "Why anybody would want to be President—"

I've always thought I was sincere when I have said I wouldn't want to be President, but a few weeks ago I suffered a serious doubt of the genuineness of my modesty.

We were visiting a certain governor, a nonactive candidate for the Democratic nomination. We retired for the night, but as soon as the door was closed I made straight for the writing desk and on Executive Mansion stationery I issued one (1) stay of execution, two (2) pardons and one (1) commission as admiral in the Centre Island District of the New York State Navy. Signed, with dictatorial simplicity, O'Hara.

Heady stuff.

* * *

I AM VERY SLOW about calling people by their first names. It's just my way, that's all. And I'm even more hesitant about nicknames. During the war I had to go to Washington a lot and whenever I heard a man or woman referring to the Secretary of the Navy as Jimmy Forrestal I marked that name-dropper as a phony. If you knew him well, and I did, you called him Jim, never Jimmy. I hear people speaking of Baby Bacall. Her nickname is Betty.

Oh, those terms of familiarity are real traps. All through Edward R. Murrow's television interview with George W. Gallup the interviewer addressed him as George. Gallup's friends call him Ted.

Years ago at Santa Anita I was fascinated by a woman who kept talking about Herb Baird Swope. Not Herbert Baird Swope, or Herb Swope, or Baird Swope, and certainly not Herbert Bayard Swope. Always Herb Baird Swope.

Another time, a woman who had written a book sent a copy of it to Averell Harriman with a long and overfamiliar inscription ending: "My dear friend Averill."

And the refined, pronounced *re-feened*, ones. Newspapermen of the twenties and thirties remember Don Skene, whose first name was Don. But there was always some pest who called him Donald.

I have a friend who hasn't got a prayer. His name is Wodrow Archbald. It isn't Woodrow Archibald, but it might as well be.

* * *

A COUPLE OF PEOPLE—not many more—have asked me why I so unequivocally predicted that President Eisenhower would not run again.

Well, this is why. I doped him wrong. Dwight Eisenhower was a man of fairly humble origin who went to West Point, had a somewhat less than brilliant career there and did not get overseas in World War I. He married a girl from a well-to-do family and stayed in the Army through those dull years of slow promotion, bad pay and a national attitude that seemed to tolerate the military establishment only because Senators and Representatives wanted tickets for the Army-Navy game, and the brothers Warner wanted to do Flirtation Walk.

Then he was suddenly lifted out of obscurity (and you know who lifted him out) and for all practical purposes made the commander in chief of the greatest military force in the history of the world. By the very nature of his job, and no matter whether he succeeded or failed, his name automatically belonged with Bismarck, Haig, Foch, Clausewitz, Grant, Lee, Jackson, Hindenburg, Kitchener and earlier generals. His work was successful, and what's more, he finished it as a personally popular man.

He accepted the presidency of a large university, a job that surely gave him time to get his breath and that he could do with one hand. He was a vigorous man and young for that kind of semiretirement. And here is where I began thinking for Eisenhower.

He was fifty-eight when he took the job at Columbia and, according to my analysis, far from ready to quit. The one cultural subject that is drummed into military career men is History. Eisenhower knew that his place in history was already assured, but there remained the one other, higher honor; the one that, if you get it, they name high schools and boulevards after you. There have been a lot of generals (especially in World War II), but only a few Presidents.

My guess is that while he was at Columbia, Dwight Eisenhower (with more than a little help from various parties) decided that he could be President and would be President. His mind, I think, was made up when he took Supreme Commander Allied Powers Europe.

It was my belief that when he ran for President he had no intention of running for a second term. A man with a sense of history and of his own recent participation in it was now, as of 1952, chosen for the highest honor his own people could give him, and the most powerful position a man can hold. I think that as of that moment he was satisfied for himself, his family, his grandchildren's grandchildren. He had made it in History, and he owed nothing more to Duty.

His illness gave him an out, and it was at that point that I went completely wrong. I think now that his illness, instead of giving him an out, gave him a challenge. I think that Eisenhower believes that to retire because of the heart attack would be unsoldierly behavior. There are other factors, of course: strong personal opposition to the Democratic party; possibly some feeling of gratitude to the Republican party; a reluctance to sit in Gettysburg while big things are going on in Washington; a desire to protect the appointments he has made; a determination to correct inevitable mistakes; and the rather human doubt that anyone else would do as good a job.

Well, if I'd been right about his not running, I could only brag about it. Instead, I'm not even sure he'll win. As of this spring day the only reason he'd win is that there's no Democrat who could beat him.

* * *

THIS DEPARTMENT welcomes the return of the one-piece woolen bathing suit. Welcome, one-piece woolen bathing suit.

* * *

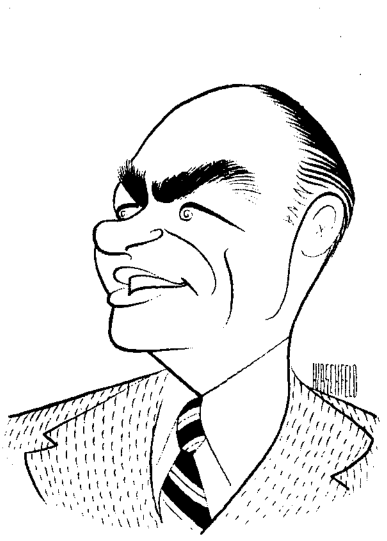
WELL, I GUESS MOST of you have your summer plans all made. I am one of those people who, barring the necessity of earning a living, go to the same place every year. Been going to the same place for nineteen years, this'll be the twentieth.

There gets to be a sort of snobbishness about the names of summer resorts. Take Martha's Vineyard. Some people go to The Vineyard. Boston people go to West Chop, which is on Martha's Vineyard, and others go to Edgartown, which is also on Martha's Vineyard.

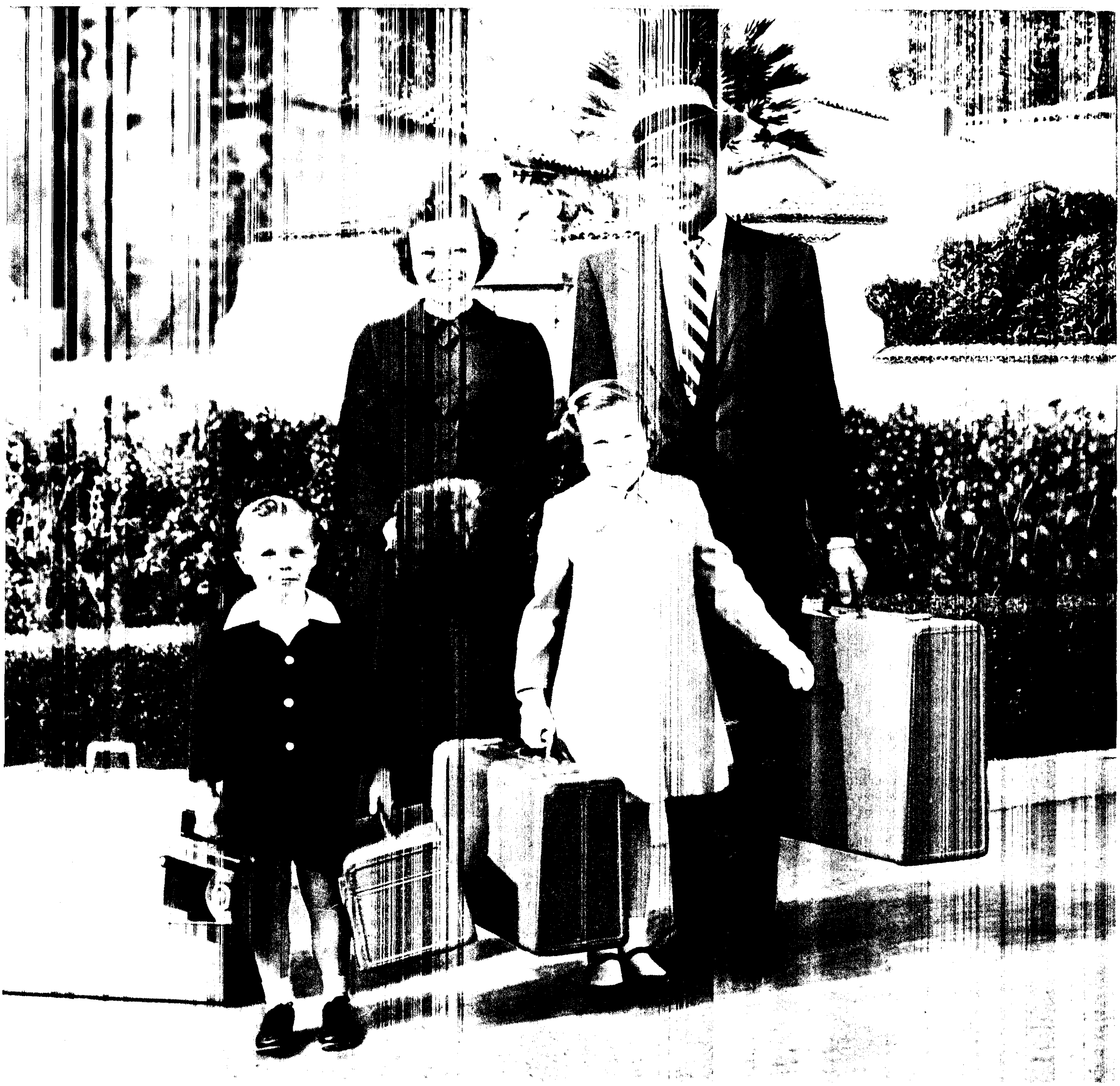
Another Atlantic resort is a place called Fishers Island, but always known to its summer residents as Fishers.

I go to Long. —JOHN O'HARA

AL HIRSCHFELD

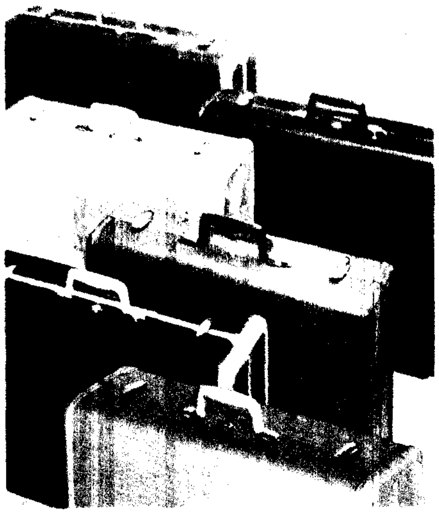


George W. Gallup, of polling fame, is called Ted by those who know him best



June Allyson starring in **"YOU CAN'T RUN AWAY FROM IT"** produced and directed by Dick Powell. A Columbia Picture in CinemaScope.
Color Print by Technicolor.

The best vacations begin with Samsonite Luggage



It's the most popular luggage in the world! As the Dick Powells will be the first to tell you, one brand of luggage stands head and shoulders above the rest... Samsonite Streamlite.

They ought to know, too. Going off on vacation, heading out on location, Dick and June have found Samsonite is a born traveller. It's strongest... strong enough to stand on. Its "better-than-leather" finish resists scuffing and wipes clean with a damp cloth. Its special tongue-in-groove closures keep out dust and dampness. Sleek, non-tarnishing drawbolts can't pop open accidentally.

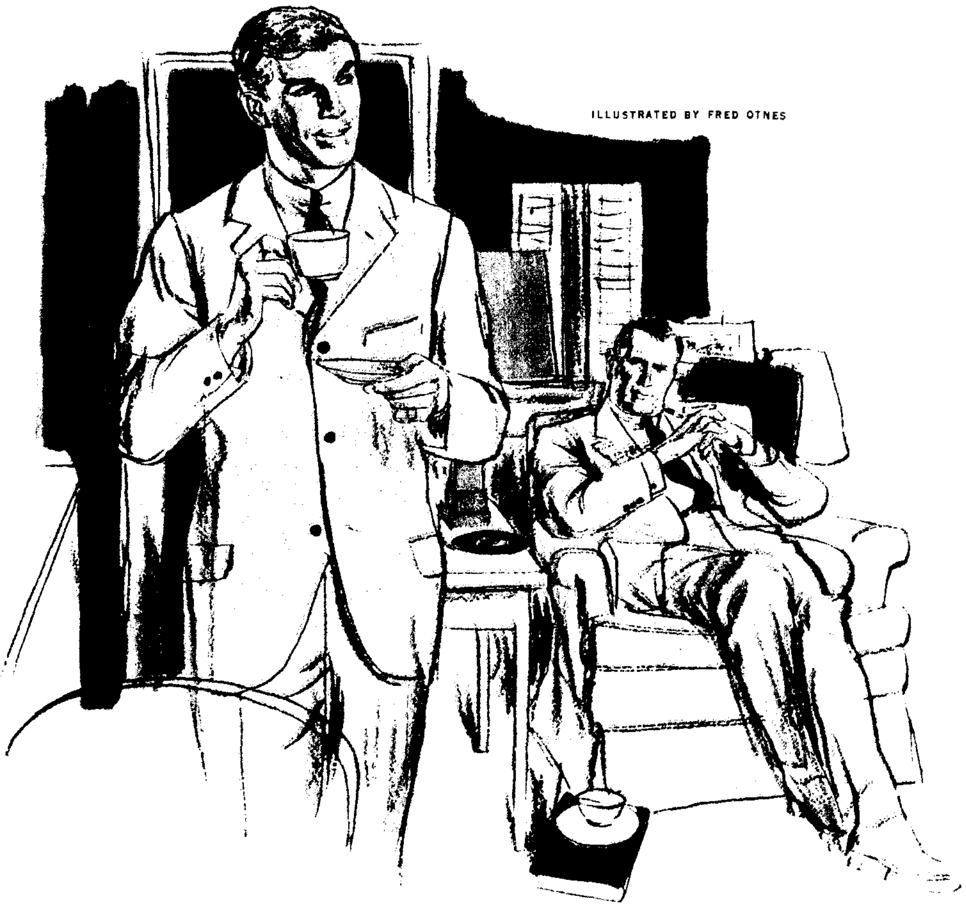
June, who knows how important fashion is to a screen star, loves the high-fashion Samsonite finishes: Bermuda Green, Colorado Brown, Rawhide Finish, Saddle Tan, Admiral Blue, London Grey and Alligator Finish. The whole Powell family agrees: "Samsonite is *strongest* and *smartest!*"

CASES FEATURED IN SADDLE TAN: LADIES' WARDROBE, $25*, TRAIN CASE, $17.50*, O'NITE CASE, $19.50*, PULLMAN CASE, $27.50*

Samsonite Streamlite Luggage

Shwayder Bros., Inc., Luggage Div., Denver 17, Colo. Makers of Samsonite Card Tables and Chairs. Also Samsonite Ultralite Luggage from $19.50*

*plus existing taxes. Prices higher outside Continental U. S.



ILLUSTRATED BY FRED OTNES

Walter wondered if his daughter really *knew* this poised and terribly polite young man

The Men Women Marry

By JOHN D. MAC DONALD

HIS wife said, "Your attitude is unnatural." Walter Tyler knew how unanswerable that statement can be. Perhaps at this same breakfast moment, countless husbands were groping for a meaningful retort. But there was none. Obviously, wives wanted natural husbands. Nice, neat, natural husbands, each one with a windup key in the small of his prefabricated back.

He said helplessly, "I just don't like him."

"You have to face facts. Kath is serious about him and he is serious about her, and she very probably will become Mrs. Carl Paine. He's a sweet, polite, intelligent, ambitious young man. Did you like that musician better?"

"Lord, no!" he said fervently.

"You have an emotional block," she said. "It's a natural paternal reluctance to lose your only daughter. So you tell yourself you don't like him. Exactly what don't you like about him?"

"I've told you before, dear. He's just—*too darn'* plausible. Too perfect. He hangs on my every word. He calls me 'sir.' He keeps hopping up to do this and that. He's got salesman manners."

"He's selling himself, isn't he? He wants us to like him. That's normal, isn't it?"

"Yes, he's selling us, and maybe he sold Kath the same way. I tell you, angel, I just don't know the guy, and I can't seem to get to know him. I can't seem to get beyond that attentive politeness of his."

She gave him a familiar look of sweet sadness, with an additive of exasperation. "Well, hurry up or you'll be late. And come right home tonight. There'll be just the six of us at dinner. I want you here before Ralph gets here."

He groaned and said, "Do we *have* to have Helen and Ralph?"

"Kath kicked about it too, but Helen *is* your sister, and Ralph is her husband, and they ought to meet Carl. It's the sort of thing you *do.*"

"Maybe after an evening of Ralph, Carl Paine will head for the far hills," Walter said.

"And break your daughter's heart? Don't be unnatural." . . .

Walter Tyler got home as early as he could, grimly anticipating the evening with Kath and her young man, and his sister and her husband.

Ralph, as usual, would be the problem. Ralph Mason, his brother-in-law, was a big, meaty man with a big, meaty voice. He was, beyond any doubt, the most positive man in the world. He had a vast assortment of opinions and stated them in a way that was at once so positive, so heedless of the possibility of disagreement, that the listener felt a compulsion to disbelieve. When Ralph turned his heavy face and his boiled eyes toward you and said, with utmost dogmatism, "The sun will rise tomorrow"—said it harshly, imperiously—you found yourself wishing it wouldn't. Ralph had perfected a defense against contradictions. He simply refused to notice them.

By the time Walter came downstairs, Carl Paine had arrived. Paine gave Walter his quick firm handshake, smiled his white-toothed smile, called him "sir" and succeeded, as always, in making Walter feel socially inept, falsely hearty and incredibly elderly. When Kath looked at Carl, there was a glow in her gray eyes that disheartened Walter. He wondered if Kath really *knew* this poised young man.

Ralph and Helen arrived and introductions were accomplished. While Walter served the drinks he kept a chill eye on Carl Paine. It gave him a certain gloomy satisfaction to note that Carl's attitude toward Ralph Mason was just the same as his attitude toward his girl's father. To Walter that seemed shocking duplicity. After thirty seconds with Ralph, most people acquired a look of strain—of emotional rebellion, tinged with disbelief. A reckless few tried to interrupt or contradict the oracle. Yet Carl Paine listened almost eagerly, nodded in the right places, even laughed on cue—which sounded odd, as Ralph generally laughed alone.

Dinner was as deadly as Walter had expected. Kath interrupted her frozen smile only for her fork. The hostess had her mind on the mechanics of the meal. Helen ate cheerfully; Walter guessed it had been years since she had listened to Ralph. Carl Paine was the eager audience of one. But Walter thought that Carl's eyes were beginning to look a bit glazed.

After dinner they moved into the living room for coffee. Walter sat, drugged by the words that went on and on: ". . . wrong with the health of this nation today. All this ridiculous attention to vitamins, calories, diets. Young man, let me tell you that there's no reason in the world why anybody should ever go on a diet. If you're naturally heavy, you're naturally heavy . . ."

WALTER EASED QUIETLY OUT and went upstairs, shaking his head, hearing Carl's polite murmur of agreement. He went through the guest bedroom at the head of the stairs and into the bathroom. He looked at his face in the mirror with an odd sense of relief. After a few hours of Ralph Mason you began to get the idea that you had turned purple, merely from restraining yourself.

Then he heard the familiar creak of the top stair. He glanced in the mirror and saw Carl Paine walk slowly into the guest room. The young man's shoulders, usually so erect, were seriously slumped. He sighed audibly.

Walter felt guilty. He knew he was spying and yet he was intensely curious. Carl Paine sighed again. He moved over toward the dressing-table mirror. Suddenly, surprisingly, he leaned forward and made a face at himself. For a moment Walter wondered if the young man were harmlessly insane. Then he saw the puffed cheeks, the goggling eyes, and realized that Carl was doing an inept imitation of Ralph Mason.

"And I say it's so because, by golly, I say it's so," Carl said, in imitation of Ralph's ponderous tone.

Walter knew he had to announce his presence. He coughed. Carl Paine whirled, blushing. He tried to take out a cigarette but dropped the pack, reached down for it, missed it, finally fielded it and straightened up, all his composure gone. "I'm—I'm sorry," he said. "Did you hear?"

"Don't sweat, Carl. He's pretty rough to take."

"Kath tried to give me the word, but I didn't realize . . . Look, Mr. Tyler, please don't think I was being wise or anything. I—"

"I guess you needed a break. I did."

Carl grinned. "My face feels stiff from smiling. Doesn't anybody ever give him an argument?"

"Once. You know, I used to try to imitate him too. You can't do it. There's only one Ralph. For some reason unknown to man, my sister married him. Stranger yet, she seems happy."

Carl grinned again, still a bit shamefaced. Walter was glad to see that the gloss was gone. And under the perfect manners was a likable guy. They looked at each other with new understanding.

At that moment Kath stuck her head in the door and hissed, "*There* you are! You better come back down. You can't hide like this. It's—it's unnatural!" She went quickly down the stairs.

Walter said, "Back to the tractor factory, Carl."

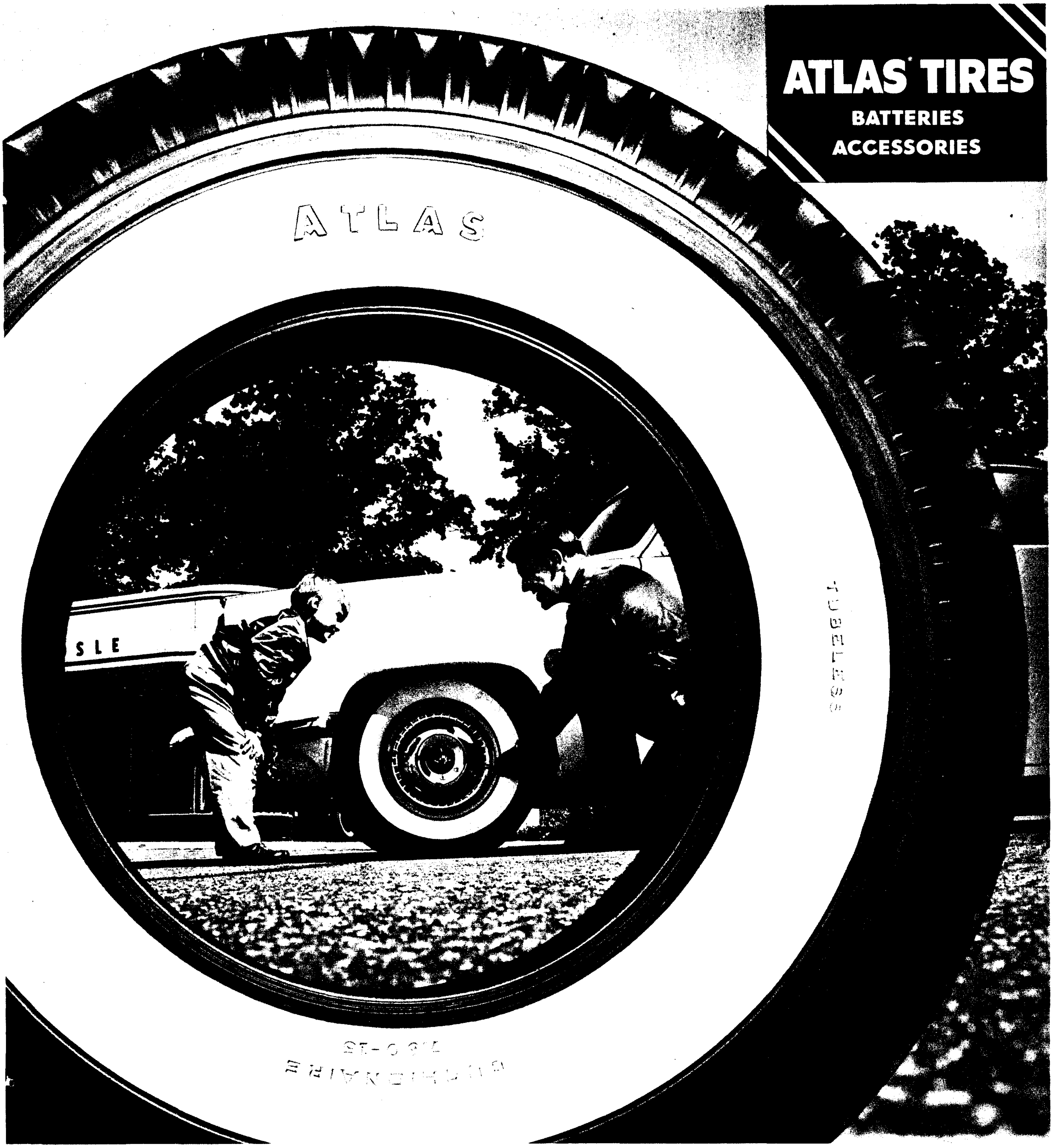
"Wait until I adjust my young-earnest-audience look," the young man said.

They grimaced at each other and went downstairs. Walter knew it would be all right now. It was more than the agreement about Ralph. It was the mutual shouldering of a social burden. Carl Paine was a new member of the club; together they had suffered the unanswerable accusation of being termed "unnatural."

They walked into the living room, into the booming cadence of Ralph's dissertation on the benefits of getting up at six every morning. Father and potential son-in-law smiled politely, with just the merest garnish of guilt.

Mrs. Walter Tyler looked searchingly at her husband, and at Carl Paine. She sighed warmly and looked over at her daughter and winked. Kath knew precisely what her mother meant. THE END

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT



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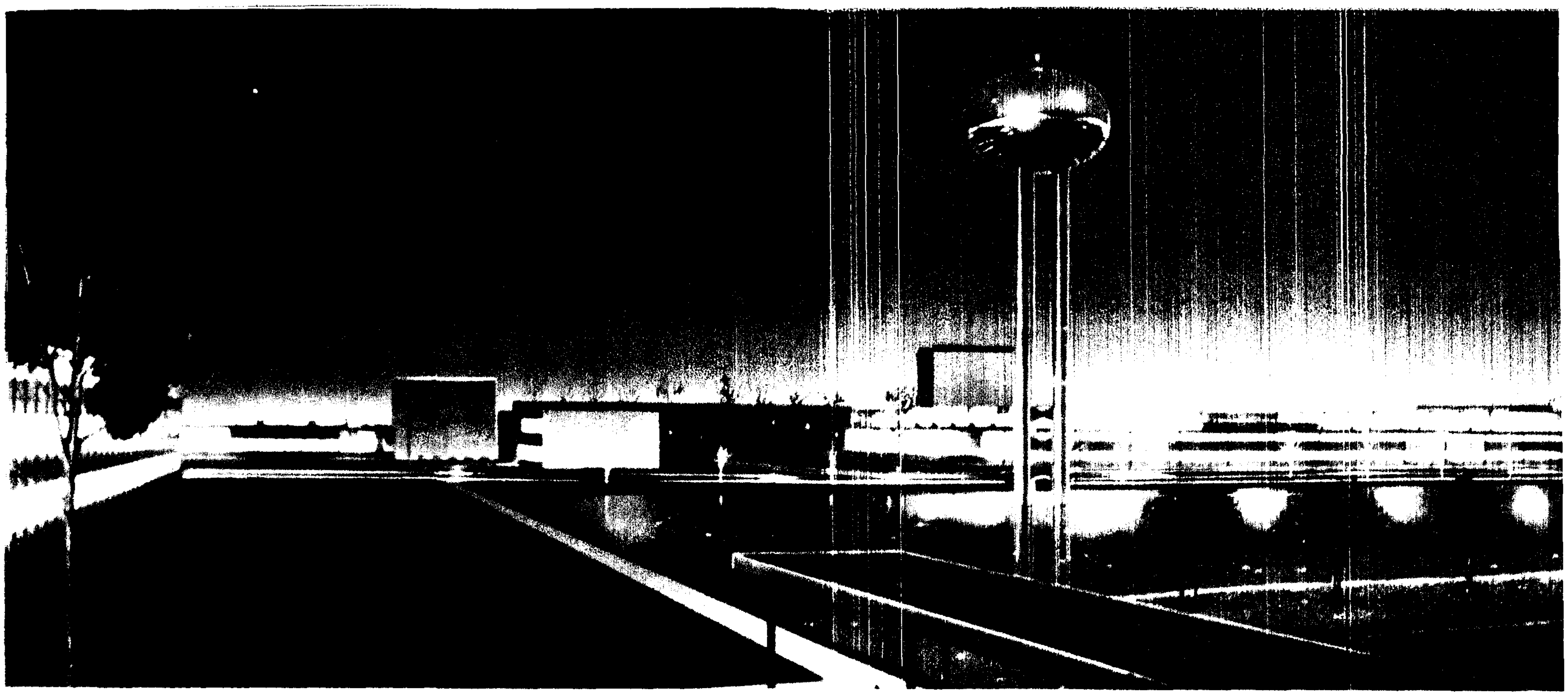
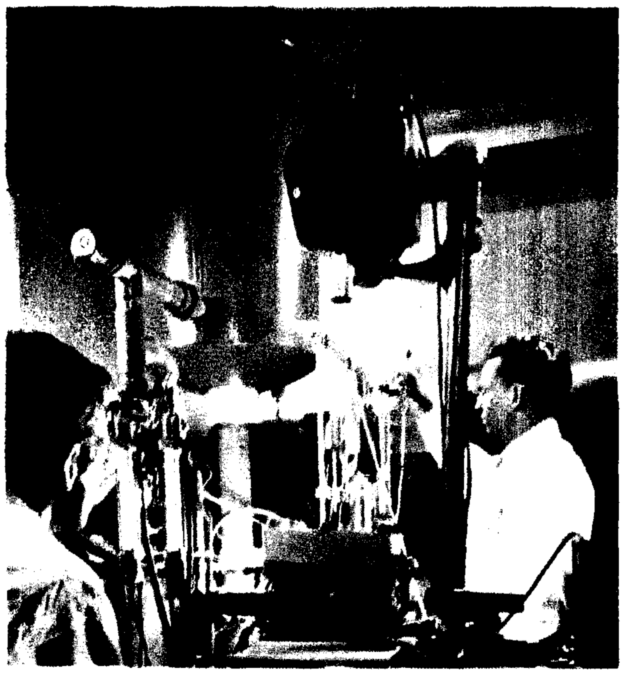
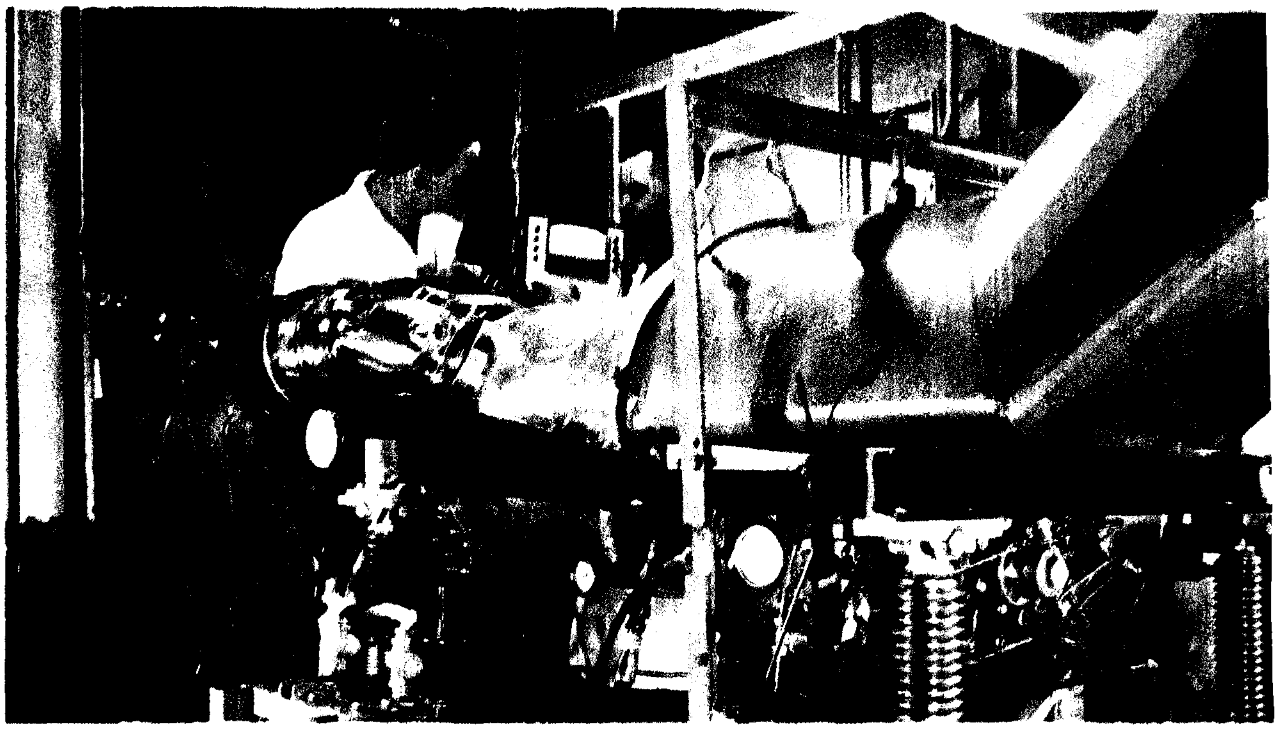


At this new Technical Center w

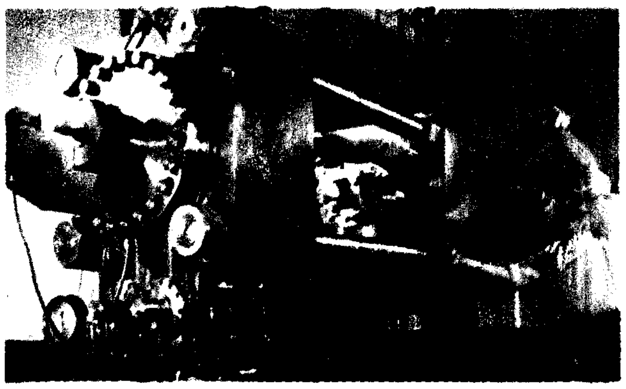


Probing for Engine Progress: General Motors Research men keep seeking to make today's piston engines more efficient. Here, a high-speed camera peers through a quartz window cut into an experimental one-cylinder engine—increases knowledge of combustion.



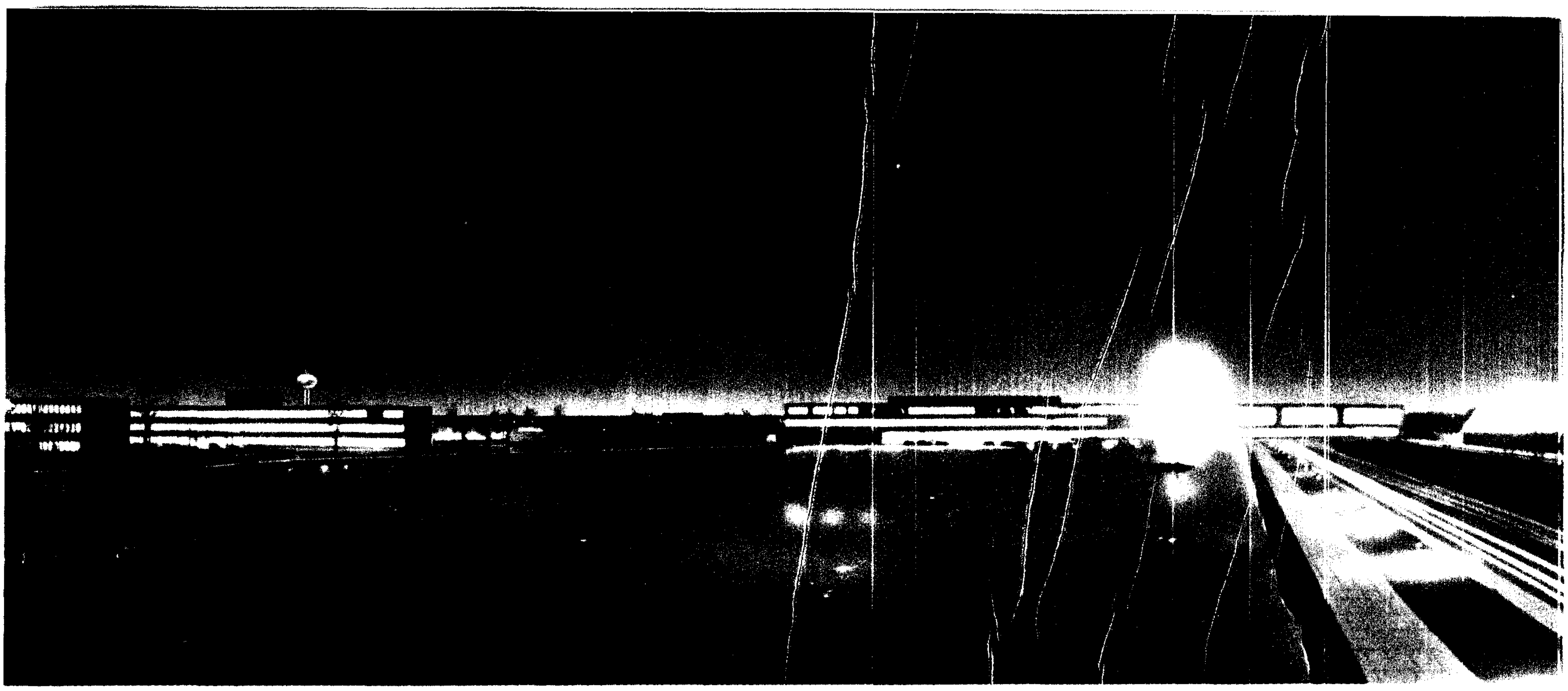
Pioneering the Way in Power: The problem of perfecting the automotive gas turbine engine requires a deep knowledge of thermodynamics, painstaking design, new metallurgy, skilled craftsmanship, and the most advanced testing facilities. Above, GM Research men are hard at work on the highly promising Whirlfire GT-304 gas turbine engine, used in the experimental laboratory-on-wheels—Firebird II.

Sculpting the Shape of the Future: Over a thousand stylists and technicians at the vast new Technical Center are working to shape the future in automotive and other product design. Above, the rear section of the Firebird II is being sculptured in plaster during preliminary design stages.



Testing Metals for Tomorrow: This huge fatigue-testing machine tests metals for ability to stand up under punishment. The new Technical Center has one of the world's most elaborate experimental foundries, where metallurgists produce better metals for the world of tomorrow.

New Horizons in Health: In laboratories like this, GM scientists engage in many projects seldom identified with industrial arts. These include such humanitarian developments as the first mechanical heart and the Centri-Filmer for purifying vaccines.



Left to Right: Main Research Building, Service Building, Manufacturing Development Building (behind water tower), Engineering Building, Styling Building and Styling Auditorium Dome facing 22-acre lake, focal point of GM Technical Center.

welcome the challenge of the future

WE HAVE JUST dedicated one of the most far-reaching industrial projects ever undertaken by an American business.

It is the vast General Motors Technical Center, built on 330 acres of beautifully landscaped campus northeast of Detroit.

More than four thousand scientists, engineers, stylists and technicians are at work within its twenty-five modern air-conditioned buildings—making it the largest institution in the world devoted to progress in the industrial arts and sciences.

As such, through Research, Engineering and Styling it helps make next year's automobiles, home appliances, Diesel engines and our other products better than this year's models.

Beyond that, at the Technical Center men of inquiring minds are delving into the unknown in search of new materials, new forces, new techniques that will maintain America's technological leadership for generations to come.

Here scientists are rearranging molecules and repatterning alloys to produce sturdier metals, more efficient lubricants, more powerful fuels.

Here engineers are experimenting with ways and means of adapting these discoveries to the production of more useful things for the public.

Here stylists are plotting new designs that will insure greater beauty, comfort and convenience in the shape of things to come.

One result of all this—seen by millions at our recent Motoramas—is GM's latest dream car Firebird II. Built of gleaming titanium, powered by a gas turbine engine and styled like a jet aircraft, it may foreshadow the motorcar of tomorrow.

But the horizons of the Technical Center stretch far beyond the motor vehicle into many diverse and fruitful activities for the common good. It has already developed the first successful mechanical heart, a new Centri-Filmer for purifying vaccines, and is engaged in many important humanitarian projects.

Thus equipped, General Motors welcomes the challenge of the future. We hope to open new fields of knowledge that will help to build an even more dynamic and prosperous national economy—and attract more and more young people to technical careers.

in technical progress

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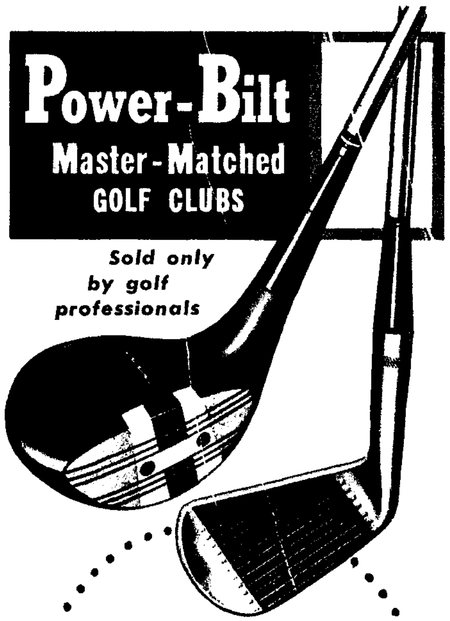
Sold only by golf professionals



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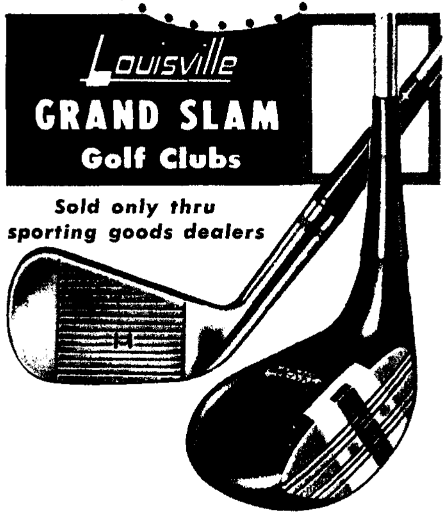

THESE sweet-swinging, superbly matched clubs give you a confident feeling of *control* over every shot!

They are so perfectly inter-related, one to another, in balance and feel that you experience a new smoothness and rhythm in your swing which helps you to hit longer, straighter shots and lower your golf scores.

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LETTERS

San Francisco

EDITOR: I couldn't resist telling you that the photograph of San Francisco in 1906, on page 35 of your March 30th issue, was not made from a "captive balloon," as the caption indicates, but was made with a camera weighing 1,400 pounds which was flown 1,500 feet above the devastated city by 17 kites designed and built by George Lawrence, nicknamed Flashlight because he invented the flashlight photography which preceded the flash-bulb technique. The camera, biggest in the world, took the view of the city which was made into a contact print eight feet long and four and a half feet high! . . .

HARRY E. NEAL, Washington, D.C.

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. . . After the items on Medford and Coquille, Bob O'Brien might have gone on: "And in Lewiston, Idaho, the nightman at the electric substation was reading when his desk light flickered violently. He jumped to the switchboard to locate the trouble, but all the recording meters were swinging their red lines clear to the edge of the disks. They quieted at once so he paid no more attention and didn't hear of the earthquake till that evening." I know because I was the man there. . . .

ARTHUR L. FITCH, Coos Bay, Ore.

. . . May I suggest that your magazine refrain from using photos or pictures on the cover like the S.F. Fire that recall horror and grief to the minds of many. With all nature's beautiful pictures and sweet, interesting photos of children and animals, surely you are not in need of a subject which would recall happiness to your readers.

BERNICE M. TAYLOR,
San Francisco, Cal.

Farm Debate

EDITOR: I want to congratulate you on your enterprise and objectivity in publishing the farm debate, as presented by Secretary of Agriculture Benson and former Secretary Brannan (Apr. 13th). It gave an opportunity for both sides of this story to be adequately presented. Too frequently, major national periodicals have lacked that objective approach.

HUBERT H. HUMPHREY,
United States Senate

. . . The reason Congress can never solve the farm problem is that they are trying to serve three masters at once. In one law they seek to pacify the agriculturist under the fixed belief that he is only an adolescent yokel who can be hoodwinked by a small handout. They seek to serve the processors and distributors of food and fiber who are taking advantage of the surplus of a few products to make conscienceless profits on *all* food and fibers. As long as these huge advertisers are so tenderly protected by the politicians, press and radio, just so long will the farm problem remain unsolved. The third master Congress serves is the foreign producer who, for 20 years, has been favored over the domestic producer. Some editor should have the courage to tell the American people what is happening to many of the products which are in *short* supply. If the American consumer knew the whole truth about the future of his food supply, it would scare the pants off him. America is losing the services of its skilled food producers at an alarming rate. . . .

N. R. MORRISON, Meeteetse, Wyo.

. . . You've got to hand it to that fellow Benson for getting to the base of a problem. He is the only one who thought of eliminating the farmer to reduce the surplus. . . .

J. W. SPECK, Frenchman's Bayou, La.

. . . It comes as a surprise to me that Collier's feels that there are two sides to the farm problem, i.e., two sides worthy of consideration in intelligent discussion. In perhaps 20 years, our pay checks will be forwarded direct to Washington to assure the farmer of getting his split. . . .

HAROLD F. TROEGER, La Grange, Ill.

Dropped Fly

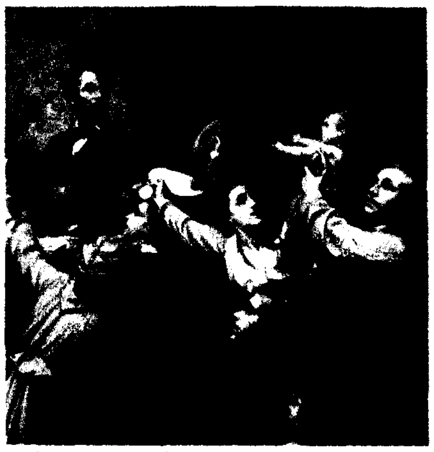
EDITOR: The article Every Fish on a Fly (Apr. 13th) is in error. Joe Brooks caught the Argentina 18½-pound brown trout on a "popping bug," not a fly. T. De Witt Burch caught a 23-pound brown trout on a dry fly in the Logan River in Utah. This is possibly the largest fish of its kind caught on a fly in the world and certainly the record for the United States. . . .

F. L. STAMM, San Gabriel, Cal.

Lincoln Painting

EDITOR: On your Collier's Comment page in the April 27th issue, you ran a picture of Lincoln at Richmond by Dennis Malone Carter. You forgot to mention that the original painting is the property of the Chicago Historical Society. The painting, which was done in 1866, is entitled Lincoln's Drive through Richmond. Carter, an Irishman who came to the United States in 1839, was not in Richmond at the time of Lincoln's visit but interviewed witnesses. The painting was virtually forgotten until September, 1955, when it was acquired by the Old Print Shop, from which it passed in turn to the Chicago Historical Society.

PAUL M. ANGLE, Director, Chicago
Historical Society, Chicago, Ill.



LINCOLN AT RICHMOND FROM A PAINTING BY DENNIS MALONE CARTER

The Cardinal

EDITOR: This brief note is to say a sincere word of thanks for the excellent article on Cardinal Mindszenty Today (Apr. 13th). I read this story with the latest interesting items about a truly great man, for the cardinal represents that steeled opposition to the empty tenets of Communism. I have always liked your excellent magazine.

MOST REV. MARK K. CARROLL,
Bishop of Wichita, Kansas

. . . Collier's is to be congratulated for giving due publicity to this champion of God's rights and man's liberties. . . .

MOST REV. JAMES P. DAVIS,
Bishop of San Juan, Puerto Rico

. . . Collier's is certainly doing a service to religion and to liberty by publishing such articles as the beautiful story by Father Vecsey. . . .

MOST REV. CHARLES H. HELMSING,
D.D., Auxiliary Bishop of
Saint Louis, Mo.

. . . During my short time in prison, before I escaped with the help of the underground, the Communist investigators told me bluntly that there cannot be any coexistence between Communism and any religion. The "toleration" in Russia, which appears in different forms, must be considered a tactical trick. . . .

REV. KAREL KUCERA, former member
of the Archbishop's Office in Prague,
now in O'Neill, Nebr.

The Cover **Christa**

The cover theme for this issue is Summer Vacations, and scattered through the magazine you'll find articles on 20 Budget Vacations for 1956 (page 28), men's summer fashions (Dolled-up Dodgers, page 60) and new bathing suits for the ladies (Dolled-up Swimsuits, page 90). The particular lady inside the suit shown on the cover is Vikki Dougan, model and actress (you'll see her in Universal-International's The Great Man) • The two crooners in the upper right were snapped by Zinn Arthur; his picture story of Sinatra and Crosby in their new movie, High Society, is on page 32

Just what paste wax needed – a built-in cleaner!

Once around with J-WAX cleans and waxes your car!
J-WAX

Johnson's J-Wax new Paste Wax Discovery does the cleaning work for you!

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NEW! from Johnson's Wax®
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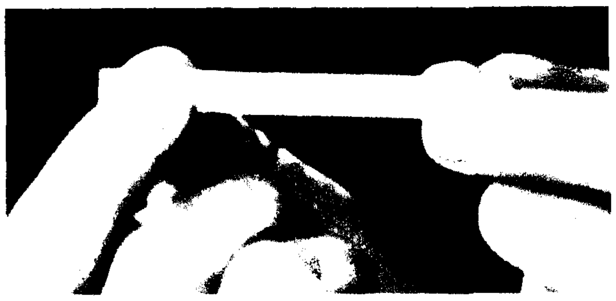
Start right in waxing! No extra cleaner needed—nothing else to buy!

Here's what you've been waiting for—a paste wax with a cleaner built right in! Johnson's new J-Wax saves you hours of pre-cleaning. J-Wax takes the dirt off for you—replaces grime with a crystal-clear coating of wax. Even the dirt you can't wash off loosens instantly and disappears as you rub on this new self-cleaning paste wax.

Then watch the high brilliant luster that comes as you buff. The imported wax in J-Wax sets smooth and hard—bonds itself into a long-lasting wax-tight seal. Gives your car the tough wax protection it needs for any weather. And look! The colors are far brighter, truer—even the chrome glistens.

Get your car ready now for the months ahead. And let J-Wax do the cleaning work for you. It's the easiest, fastest way to all-weather wax protection—*genuine paste wax protection!*



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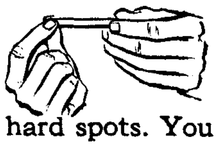

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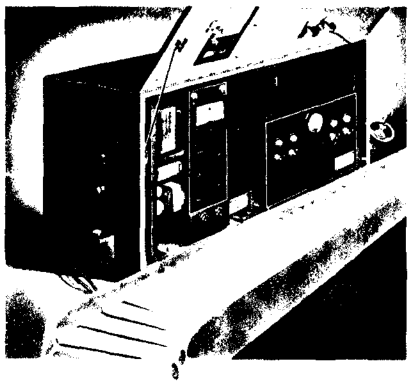
Remember—it stands to reason, a cigarette made better and packed better—smokes better, tastes better . . .

AND ONLY CHESTERFIELD IS PLEASURE-PACKED BY AccuRay



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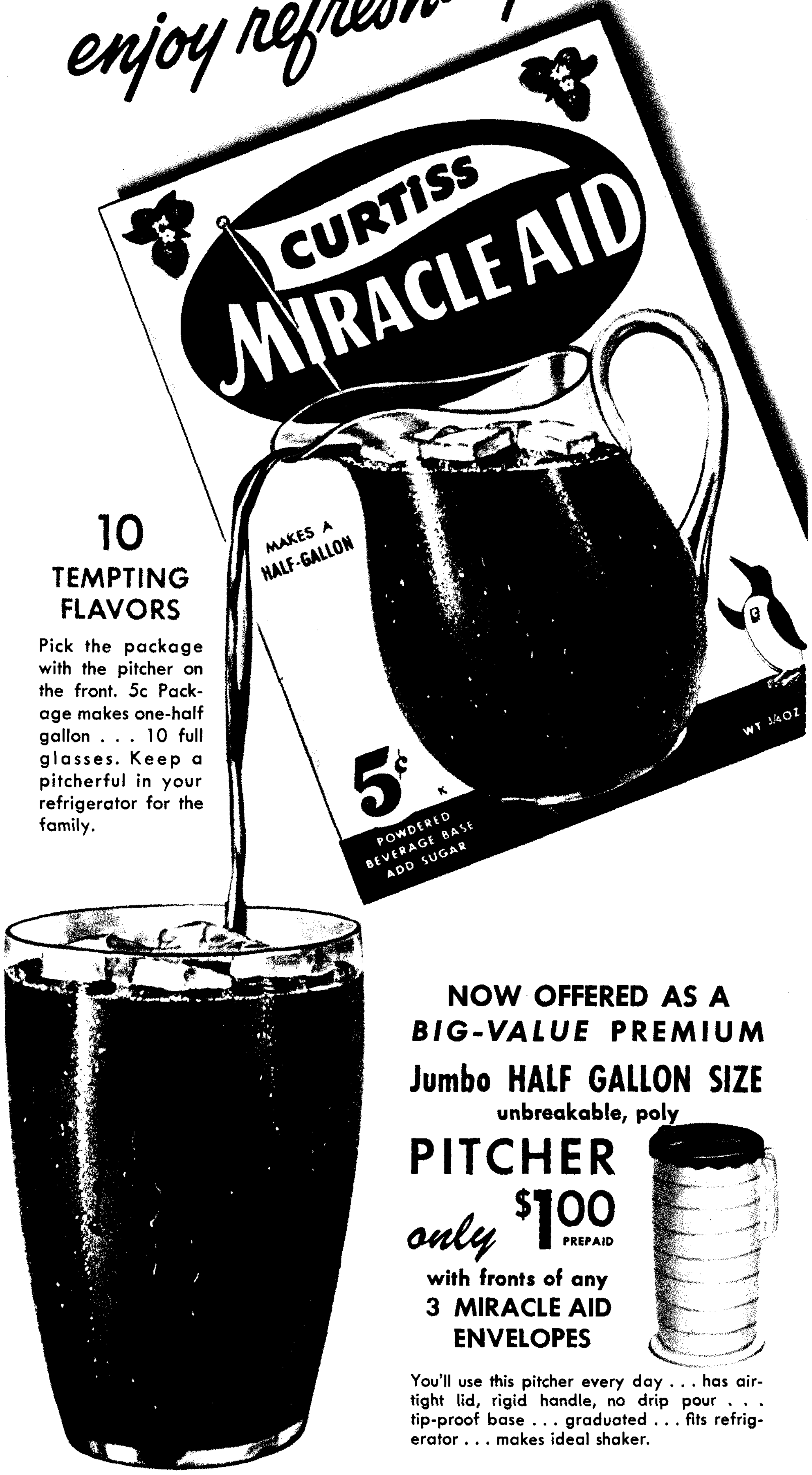

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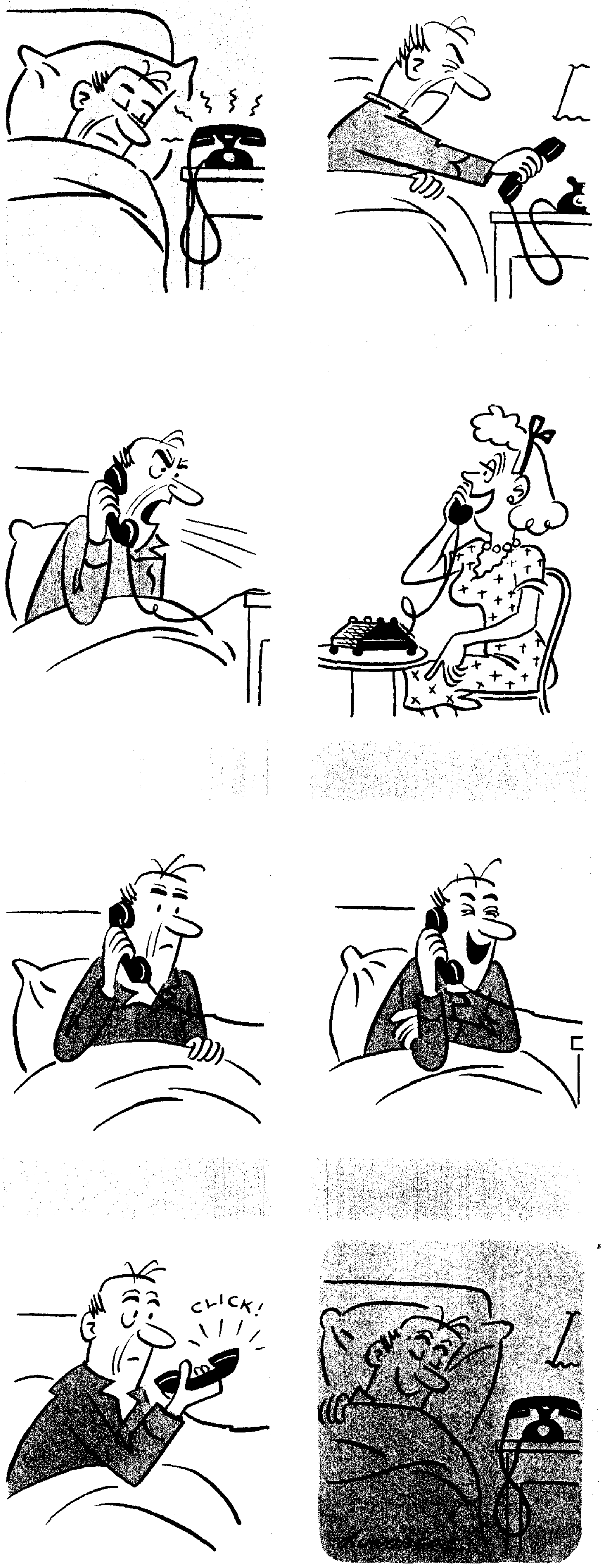
By GUSTAV LUNDBERG



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And you'll find it's an economical "vacation," too. Official AAA figures show that a large part of the costs of car ownership do not change with mileage. Whether you drive around the block or cross country, such things as depreciation, license fees, and insurance *remain the same.*

The main added expense for extra mileage is the relatively small cost of gasoline and oil. And competition among U. S. oil companies has held back these prices to give you one of today's biggest bargains.

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AVERAGE YEARLY DRIVING COSTS FOR A FAMILY OF FOUR

For **5,000** *miles**		*For* **15,000** *miles**
$481.33	*Depreciation*	$481.33
104.39	*Insurance*	104.39
16.86	*License fees*	16.86
116.00	*Gasoline and Oil*	348.00
37.00	*Maintenance*	111.00
25.50	*Tires*	76.50
$781.08	**TOTAL FAMILY COST**	$1,138.08
3.9¢	*Cost per mile for each member of family*	**1.9¢**

EXAMPLE FIGURED FOR FAMILY OF FOUR. YOUR FAMILY SIZE MAY CHANGE THIS COST A LITTLE.

*Source: AAA

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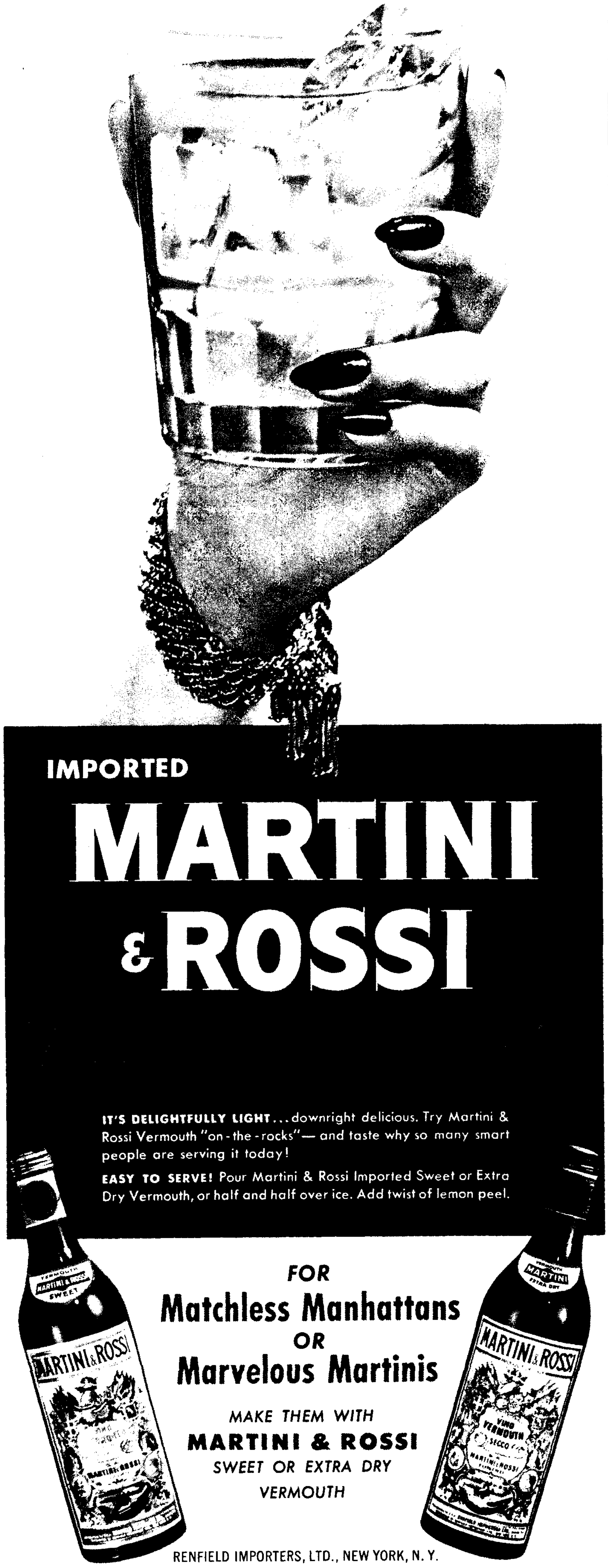

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48 states of mind

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

By WALTER DAVENPORT

It has taken quite a while, but we have at last beaten Jonah's record. You know, the Jonah who was swallowed by a whale or reasonable facsimile. As proof we offer the headline read by Mrs. James Dors, of Versailles, Missouri, in her favorite newspaper: "Former Camden County Man Ill in Calf." Jonah wasn't feeling any too well, either, after being gulped.

★ ★ ★

From "An English Lady" we have an observation on our political aspirants who, when cornered, allude to disorders involving large numbers of voters, with such shirk words as "regrettable" and "unfortunate" and "unhappy." Reminds her, says this English lady, of her aunt. This aunt of hers listened to a recital of the horrors of a devastating Mediterranean island earthquake. When the sorry tale was all told, auntie said: "How very untoward."

IRWIN CAPLAN

★ ★ ★

In the absence of top-rated TV funnymen for the summer we'd been looking forward to such substitutes as splinter-party candidates for President—the monkey-money and turn-the-clock-back boys. But Mr. Paul M. Butler, Democratic National Chairman, is against it. In his best kill-joy manner he insists that only the two major parties get on the visible air, leaving us no one to laugh at except ourselves. And that's old stuff. Or should be.

★ ★ ★

In our patriotic zeal to help reduce our country's smothering food surplus, we've been drinking more milk, eating more pork, gulping more bread, chomping more corn and gnawing more beef. Our digestion is limping somewhat and we've lost quite a lot of our shape. But now comes an appeal from Long Island, New York, to eat more ducks. While we still can sit up under the weight of it all, let us say that Long Island is America's most productive duck-raising area. About 30,000,000 pounds a year (our own approximate weight, if this keeps up).

★ ★ ★

The moment the next Congress convenes, it will be asked by Mr. Manny Daylong, of Springfield, Massachusetts, to begin a thorough investigation into the lie monopoly. Mr. Daylong has listened to so much campaign oratory that he hisses in his sleep and often wakes up shouting, "Prove it! Prove it!" Says Mr. Daylong: "The office seekers have perverted the truth in such huge lots and so cheaply that we little liars are being squeezed right out of the market. I have written to the Attorney General and hope my letter gets past the girl who opens his mail."

★ ★ ★

Anyone wishing to join us in not believing this one may do so without asking permission. It's about a lady in Wilmington, Delaware, who appealed to a child-behavior clinic. Her daughter was unmanageable, was driving her nuts. The agency lady gave her a book, saying it was packed with sound advice. The distracted mother shook her head. "No use," she cried. "She's only five and can't read yet."

★ ★ ★

Gentleman in Sparta, Wisconsin, got to talking to a bartender, an unusual fact recorded by Truthful James in the Sparta Democrat. This gentleman observed it was seldom these days that one heard the fine old Scandinavian toast "Skoal!" The bartender sighed (they always do just before throwing you out) and replied: "That's right. Not many gentlemen of the old skoal left."

★ ★ ★

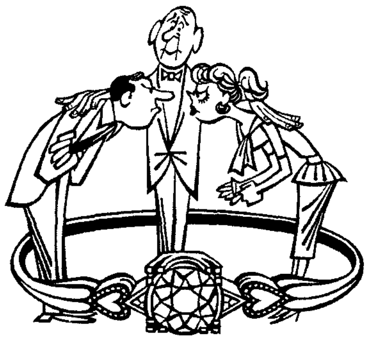
Always, says Mr. Houston Hearne, of Houston, Texas, before he and Mrs. Hearne leave for their annual touring, Mrs. Hearne makes out a list of the things they are going to forget to take along. Thus, says he, they always know what to go back for.

★ ★ ★

The suggestion was worded courteously. The New Mexico State Board of Educational Finance said it hoped there'd be no hard feelings. Nevertheless, the board wrote to the seven state-controlled colleges demanding that they quit advertising courses they did not teach. To continue to do so, the board went on, might tend to mislead.

★ ★ ★

This romance came to its unhappy end right where it started—in St. Paul, Minnesota. Mr. Byron Hillegas doesn't say why. Anyway, the young man demanded his ring back. She refused. A mutual friend properly named Solomon was called in to arbitrate. Settlement: they sold the ring and split fifty-fifty.



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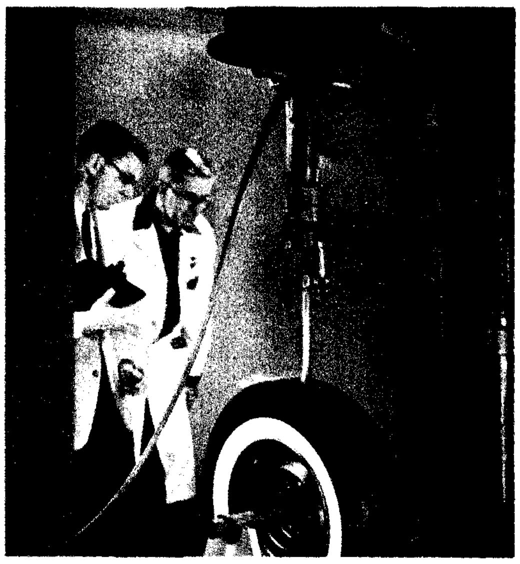

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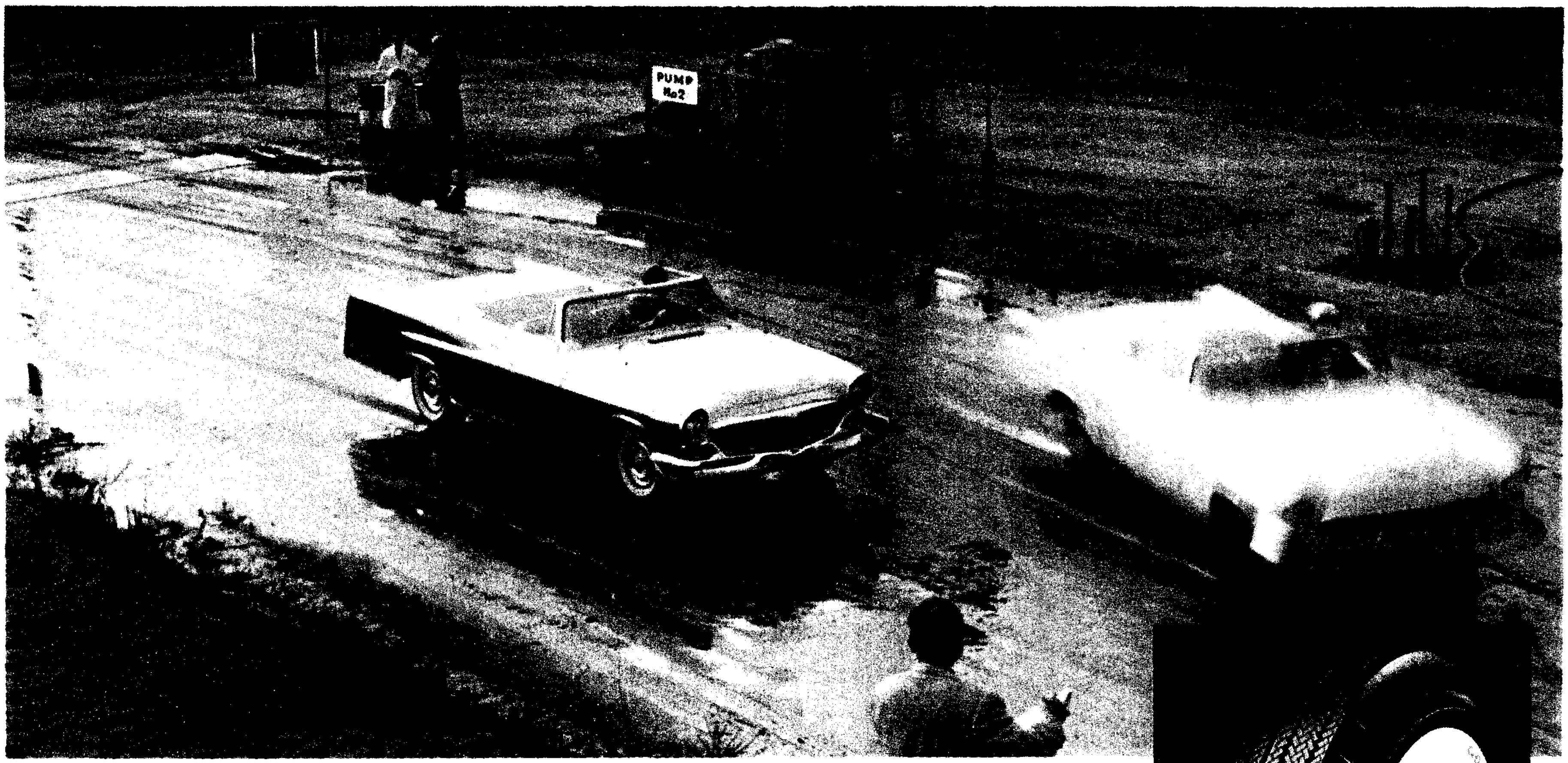

Safer on the outside! In this spine-tingling test we slicked a section of road with oil—then had two cars hit this slippery stretch at 50 miles an hour and brake at the same instant.

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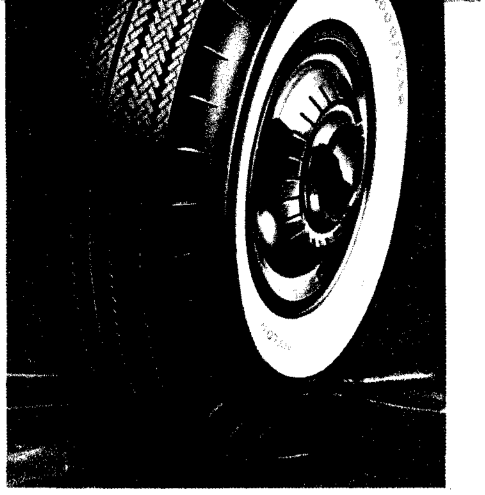

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Major break-throughs on science's frontiers are leading to victory over man's oldest enemies—the great diseases, like heart ailments, cancer, mental illness, the viruses

by William L. Laurence

William L. Laurence, New York Times science reporter, has won a number of awards for his accounts of man's most forward steps on the frontiers of science. In 1940, he wrote the first over-all description of uranium fission; his 1945 story of the Nagasaki atom-bombing won him a second Pulitzer prize; now he tells of a major peacetime victory—in medicine

ROM where I sit I can see the coming within the next decade of a great golden era in medicine, the greatest so far in mankind's history. I see progress in many fields of science—physics, chemistry and the so-called life sciences—developing at such a rapid, ever-increasing pace that I expect it to culminate within the near future into a mammoth break-through of knowledge, a break-through of such magnificent proportions that a way will at last be open for the control of all the terrible diseases that have baffled and plagued mankind through the centuries.

Many of the outstanding leaders in their fields are now hopeful that by 1965, and possibly as early as 1960, the four great scourges of mankind—cancer, the fearful illnesses of the mind, heart and circulatory ailments and virus diseases—will have been brought under control.

Peering over the shoulders of men as they work with their advanced microscopes and highly refined "crucibles" of infinite variety, I have watched the establishment of important beachheads on the frontiers of life's fundamental processes, all gradually converging on the citadel hiding life's basic secrets of health and disease. And I have become fully confident that we are about to see the greatest victory in the history of man's battle against disease, suffering and death.

This victory will be based not on any one discovery, but on a break-through into a knowledge of the underlying causes of the great diseases. So swift has been recent progress toward this knowledge that any particular drug or test or research development announced today may be superseded tomorrow. But whatever its form, the ultimate result will spring from this new body of knowledge.

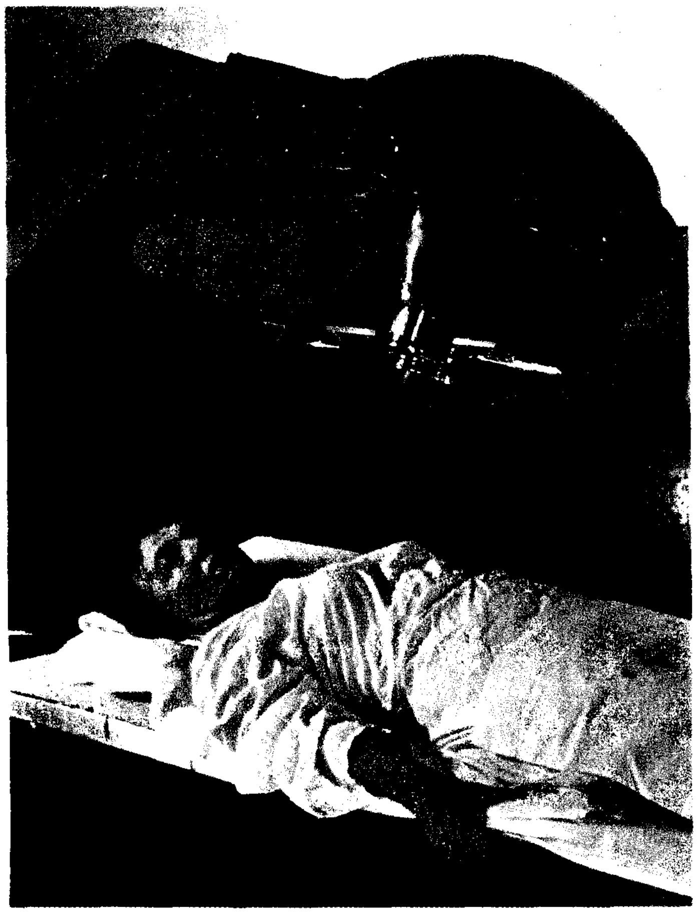
We are making progress toward an understanding of the inexorable process of aging. Better knowledge of this process will lead to the development of weapons, both preventive and curative, that will bring the degenerative diseases such as cancer and cardiovascular ailments under the same control which we now have over the infectious diseases through immunization, sanitation and the antibiotics.

Continued on next page

Yesterday's dreams that man will master the diseases which have harried him through history are becoming realities at a breath-taking pace. It is apparent to me that the explosive progress we are making in our knowledge of life's underlying secrets is being accelerated to such an extent that developments previously expected to take 25 to 50 years, if not longer, are now expected to be achieved in no more than 10, and some of them in as little as five years.

Men of science who only a short time back took a dim view about the likelihood of any significant progress in less than half a century against the major degenerative diseases are now confident of important advances in the near future. There is a feeling of victory in the air, and authorities in the field of medical research who are highly qualified to speak—some of them only yesterday were the most pessimistic—are now among the most hopeful that the four great scourges which I have mentioned can be controlled.

cancer



DAVE EISENDRATH

Cobalt therapy unit containing radioactive isotopes aims radiation to kill deep-seated cancer, especially in the area of the head or neck

I can cite only a few of the most recently voiced of these hopes. Take cancer, for example. A few years ago, one of the leading experts in America stated categorically, in answer to my question, that he didn't expect the cancer problem to be solved in less than 2,000 years. That was his way of saying that he didn't believe a cancer cure could ever be found. Contrast this hopeless outlook with that of Dr. Cornelius P. Rhoads, scientific director of the Memorial Center for Cancer and Allied Diseases, New York City, one of the world's greatest cancer institutions. In a statement some weeks ago, he confidently predicted that substantial progress toward cancer control was only a matter of time.

Signs point to the development, by 1960, if not sooner, of a simple diagnostic test that will detect cancer in its early or incipient stages, when it often can be eradicated. A blood test for cancer, similar to the Wassermann test for syphilis, was recently reported by a team of researchers at the laboratories of the Youngstown (Ohio) Hospital Association. Although this test has not been generally evaluated, the researchers stated it was accurate in at least 90 per cent of more than 1,700 cases studied and that it was "practical for mass screening, inexpensive, rapid and easily mastered by medical technologists."

Other cancer fighters report progress in the development of radioactive substances (isotopes) designed to aim their deadly radiations against the sites of cancerous tissues. One of these "atomic guided missiles" is radioactive iodine, which has a specific affinity for cancer of the thyroid gland. Another is radioactive phosphorus, which retards the wild growth of white blood cells in chronic leukemia. Tiny "seeds" of radioactive gold are being used to destroy cancer of the tongue and other such tissues. Other radioactive isotopes are being developed with particular "directional antennae" for other tissues and organs, the ultimate aim being to develop specific chemicals having an affinity for specific organs and tissues, which would serve as the "guides" of radioactive substances attached to them.

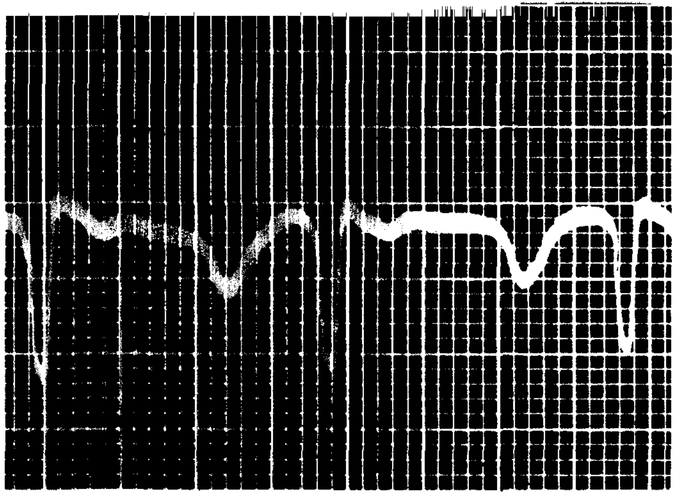
Progress is also being made in the development of specific, highly selective anticancer chemicals, similar to the lawn chemicals that select only weeds for destruction. The chemicals with "built-in anticancer antennae" include the group known as "antimetabolites," which deprive the cancer of vital food substances it needs in greater amounts than do normal cells.

mental illness

One of the truly big stories of our generation—the greatest since the discovery of insulin therapy in schizophrenia by Dr. Manfred Sakel more than 20 years ago—is the dramatic success of certain drugs, such as reserpine, a derivative of the snakeroot plant (Rauwolfia), and chlorpromazine, in the alleviation of a variety of mental illnesses, from alcoholism to schizophrenia. These drugs, known as tranquilizers, do not provide a cure, but they make accessible to therapy very disturbed mental patients who previously could not be given various forms of treatment. And there has been noteworthy progress in the biochemical approach which has given psychiatry a real key to the relationships between the mind and chemical functioning of the body. And this offers the definite hope that at last we may find a chemical approach to the treatment and prevention of many types of mental disease.

ESTHER BUBLEY

The nightmare of despair in back wards of mental hospitals is being ended by new drugs that make once "hopeless" cases available to therapy



heart

By a strange coincidence, which may lead to the discovery of a common cause among serious diseases of the mind and body, the very same tranquilizing drugs that are yielding such dramatic results in the improvement of symptoms of mental disease are bringing about equally dramatic results in the alleviation of high blood pressure. Thousands of sufferers from this major disease of civilization have been given a new lease on life by the use of these tranquilizers.

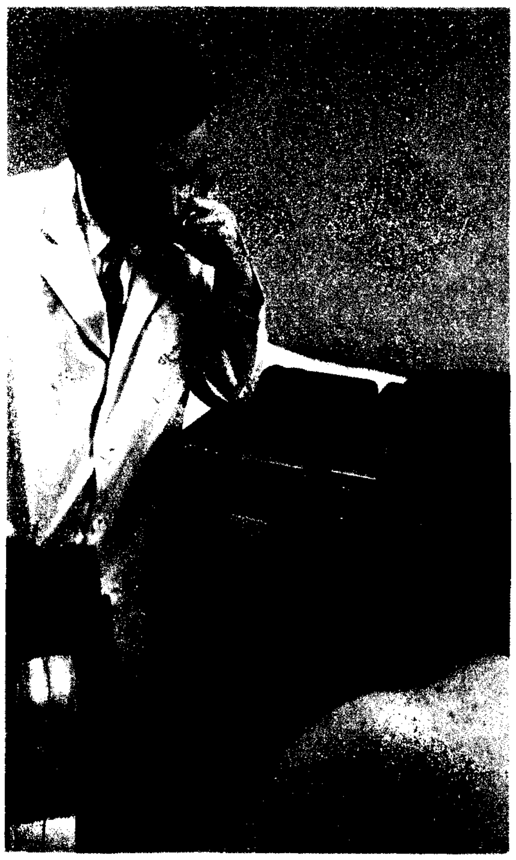
High blood pressure is one of the cardiovascular ailments which also include heart disease, the greatest killer of modern man. Only a few weeks ago, Dr. Paul Dudley White, President Eisenhower's chief heart specialist, predicted that within five years physicians would be able to point to a "likely candidate" for a heart attack and give him "positive advice" on how to prevent it.

Indeed, the victory over heart disease will be definitely speeded up by President Eisenhower's attack, which has mobilized wide public support for the fight against this enemy of mankind just as the late President Roosevelt's personal battle against polio provided the major impetus for the successful fight on the part of the whole American people against the disease, which culminated in the development of the Salk antipolio vaccine.

Research on coronary heart disease and hardening of the arteries is being done by a team of investigators at the University of California headed by Dr. John W. Gofman. Their studies have revealed, they report, that the blood serum of victims of arteriosclerosis (hardening of the arteries) contains certain large fatty molecules (lipoproteins) in much greater proportions than the blood serum of normal individuals, particularly of young persons. These large fatty molecules, they have further observed, are always associated with the most deadly type of arteriosclerosis, known as atherosclerosis, characterized by the accumulation of fatty substances in the lining of the arteries, which is responsible for more than 95 per cent of all coronary heart disease.

If Dr. Gofman's studies prove valid, we may have the promise of an effective diagnostic test to reveal coronary heart disease years before a heart attack strikes, simply by detecting the first signs of abnormal increase in these telltale fatty molecules.

Progress is also being made in the development of methods for the prevention as well as treatment of hardening of the arteries and coronary heart disease. A team of workers at the Harvard Medical School has recently reported a method for removing from the blood stream a fatty substance named cholesterol, believed by many to be a major culprit in the development of these afflictions.



A basic method of diagnosing irregularities of heart action—the electrocardiograph, which records impulses sent out by beating heart

IKE VERN

virus diseases

The same air of optimism pervades the field of the remaining unconquered virus diseases, of which the common cold is the most prevalent and disabling. At a recent panel of specialists on the common cold, in New York City, attended by the world's leading experts on the subject, it was predicted that victory over the common cold would come within five years. This was the consensus of the panel, which included such authorities as Professor John H. Dingle of Western Reserve University, one of the world's foremost experts on acute respiratory diseases, and Professor John F. Enders of the Harvard Medical School, co-winner of the 1954 Nobel Prize in Medicine for the discovery of the technique for growing viruses in test tubes, which made possible the Salk antipolio vaccine.

Professor Dingle listed several possibilities in support of his prediction: the immunization of all the population with a multiple vaccine; means for breaking the spread of the infective agents; and chemicals to cure the cold after it had set in. He believes the last to be the most likely. On the other hand, recent developments also justify the conclusion that the approaching conquest of the common cold will come through a combination of a vaccine and chemicals, with a multiple vaccine used against the more virulent types of responsible viruses and a chemical agent against the milder types.

As many as 13 "grippe" viruses, that cause fever, sore throats and runny eyes, have been isolated by Dr. Robert J. Huebner and his associates at the National Microbiological Institute of the United States Public Health Service at Bethesda, Maryland. Experimental vaccines against three of the most serious viruses have been developed and are under study, while similar vaccines against the others are on the way.

Meantime, scientists at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, New York City, are making significant progress in the development of specific chemicals against viruses, while other groups are perfecting more potent antibiotics against bacteria that add to the misery of the common cold.

* * *

All these significant advances provide a solid foundation for the air of optimism among the men

Viruses are injected into fertile eggs, natural test tubes where the germs propagate and are later used to produce vaccine

COURTESY LEDERLE LABORATORIES

who are qualified to speak. But by far the most important reason for the optimism rests on an even more solid foundation. This is the breath-taking progress being made in the explorations on the very frontiers of life, hitherto a no man's land, far beyond the reach of man's most skillful probings. It is these explorations on life's frontiers, made possible at last by the development of new techniques and weapons, including the radioactive isotopes, that have made possible the illumination of some of life's darkest corners, that are paving the way to that mammoth break-through of knowledge within the next 10, possibly five, years which I mentioned earlier. It is this unprecedented break-through that, in my opinion, holds out the greatest promise so far for the conquest of man's major ills and the addition of many productive, happy years to his life span.

ALL THE RECENT TRIUMPHS of modern science, including the harnessing of atomic energy, Dr. Maurice L. Tainter said recently, "shrink to insignificance beside a greater spectacle: the explosive development of our present Golden Age of Medicine.

"Medicine today," said Dr. Tainter, a world leader in pharmacology, "is accomplishing greater miracles than, for example, atomic energy developments. It is because, in this Golden Age of Medicine, we have consciously evolved a technique and a scientific philosophy that finally enables us to wrestle with death itself, and on increasingly even terms."

It took only one major break-through to open the way to the conquest of the infectious diseases. This break-through was the discovery by Louis Pasteur, less than a century ago, of the bacterial origin of infectious diseases. This greatest single discovery so far in medical history has opened the way to the control and eradication of most of the major plagues of mankind caused by microbes, with the assurance that the day of the conquest of the remaining ones is not far away.

Similarly all the major triumphs of modern surgery are the direct result of the discovery of ether anesthesia a little more than 100 years ago. But even that development, great as it was, would have been largely of no avail were it not for the discovery of the bacterial origin of infections, which led directly to the great era of antiseptic, infection-proof surgery.

Now our newly evolved techniques and scientific philosophy have brought us to the threshold of another era, even greater in its promise than the one opened up by Pasteur. For these techniques and scientific philosophy make it practically certain that we are on the verge of another major discovery that, in my opinion, will provide us with a single key to all the degenerative diseases.

In fact, we already know where the major new break-through is to come, and vast armies of scientific workers are getting ready with their highly refined equipment and subtle devices to make the final assault on the wall behind which nature has hidden some of her major secrets of life. For it is by now well established that it is the process controlling the rate of aging that lies behind the deteriorative diseases that come after an individual has passed his prime. Hence, a major victory in the battle against these diseases may come by breaking through the massive wall of our ignorance about the aging process and the underlying causes that make some of us grow older at a faster pace, mentally and physically, than those who retain their youthful vitality for decades longer.

Just as the discovery of the general cause of the infectious diseases led to their control and prevention, so I fully expect that the discovery of the basic mechanisms controlling the rate of aging will similarly lead to the development of effective breaks on the downhill course of our lives, so that men and women will remain close to their prime for many more years, measured in decades. Thus, by slowing down the rate of aging we will, at the same time, also prevent the degenerative diseases now recognized as being largely manifestations of the aging process, or rather of an accelerated rate of aging.

PASTEUR'S MAJOR DISCOVERY was made possible by the availability of the microscope, which enabled him to observe the bacteria associated with infection. The coming major break-through into the secrets of age has been made possible by the advent of another weapon, described as "the greatest invention since the microscope"—the radioactive isotopes, miracle products of the atomic oven. These radioactive varieties of the common elements have given man a great variety of wide "windows" through which to watch life in action as it performs its infinity of functions. For these radioactive substances can be introduced into the living bodies of animals, and their course carefully followed by their radiations as they travel through the great variety of mazes in life's dark labyrinth. Thus, for the first time, man has the means for exploring life's hitherto forbidden interior.

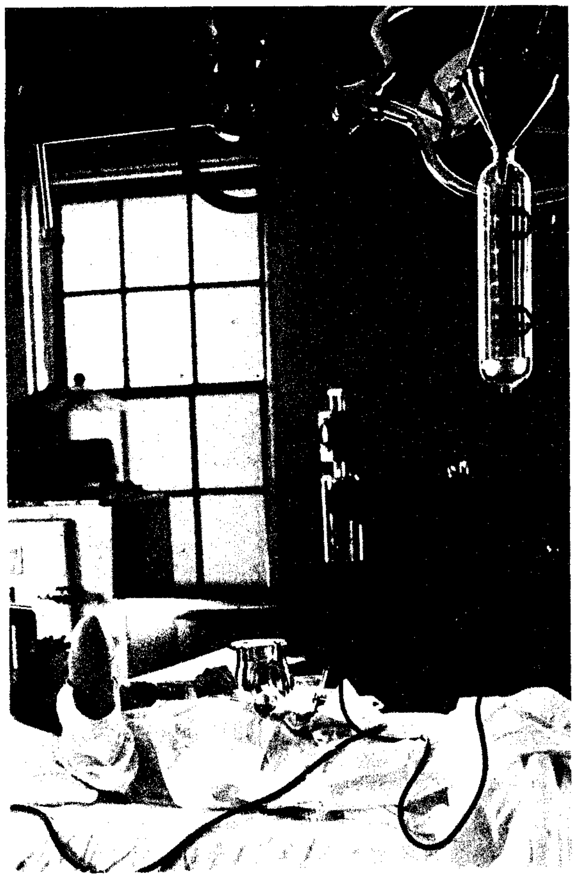
MASON WEYMOUTH

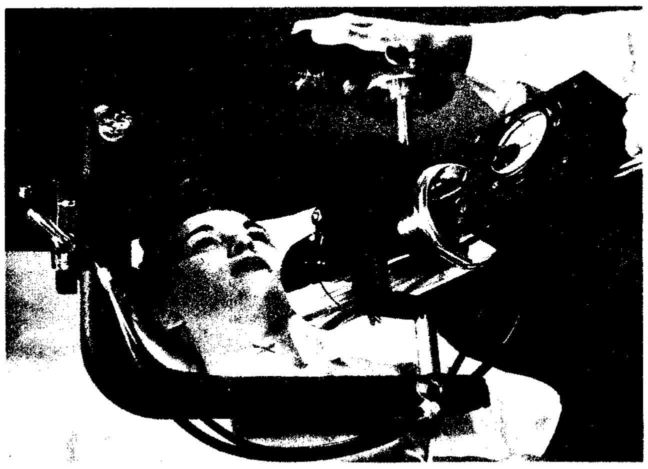
Heart disease—Drs. John Gofman (r.), Alex

GEORGE TAMES

Dr. R. J. Huebner taking serum from rabbit

BROOKHAVEN NATIONAL LABORATORIES



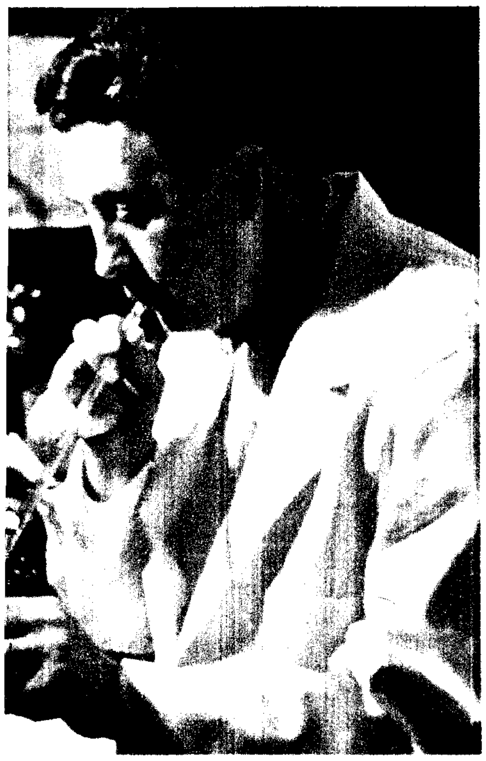


Radioactive isotopes are followed as they move through body, giving us "windows" into life's secrets. Cancer patient (l.) at Brookhaven National Laboratory gets radioactive chlorine. Above, Geiger counter checks patient who has taken radioactive iodine to measure how much of latter is left in thyroid gland

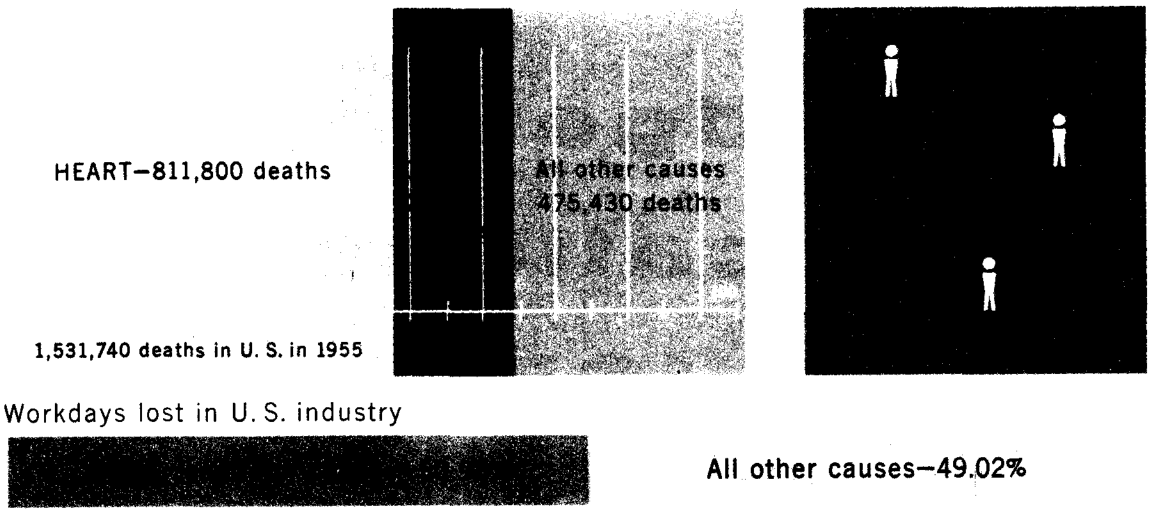
With the aid of this all-seeing "cosmic microscope," as it were, by the light emanating from the cores of atoms, inner shrine of the universe, we are beginning to get the first glimpses of the all-important mechanisms controlling the rate of aging.

In fact, we are already on the track of one of the basic reasons, if not the basic reason, why some of us are old at fifty or thereabouts, whereas others are still mentally and physically alert in their eighties and even nineties. It has been known for some time that there are two general types of immunity. One is the acquired, or artificial type, which comes as the result of exposure to a specific germ,

Nichols study slides indicating excess blood fats



blood to use in his research into virus vaccines



THE FOUR GREAT SCOURGES

in which case the individual acquires an immunity against the specific germ for varying periods of time, sometimes for life.

But there are other types of immunity that have nothing to do with exposure to any specific germ or disease. They are known collectively as innate immunity, which, rather than being specific, endows the individual possessing it with a high degree of resistance against infections caused by bacteria as well as viruses in general, and also gives a high degree of protection against noninfectious diseases. As yet, we know very little about these all-important types of natural immunity, which appear to be part of an individual's constitutional make-up, transmitted by heredity.

Years of research at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, by Professor Henry S. Simms on "aging as a physiological process" led to an interesting suggestion about the role played by natural, innate resistance in determining an individual's longevity. "Ninety per cent of the deaths in the United States each year," Professor Simms's studies revealed, "result principally from the progressive loss of resistance to disease with advancing age." The death rate in humans, he found, "is at a minimum at the age of ten, when only one child in 1,200 dies." These figures brought to light a startling fact. If the death rate remained at this ten-year-old level throughout the whole life span, Professor Simms calculated, "our life expectancy would be over 800 years."

PROFESSOR SIMMS'S STUDIES provided one of the first real clues as to the reason why some individuals grow older at a faster rate than others. The rate of "ticking" of the built-in "biological clock," the studies showed, depends on the rate of the gradual loss of the natural, innate resistance. The long-lived individual would thus be one endowed by heredity with "built-in brakes" to check the gradual loss of this general resistance. The more effective the brakes, the slower would be the rate of "ticking" of the "biological clock."

It was the recognition of the role of heredity in an individual's life span that led Oliver Wendell Holmes more than a century ago to present a prescription for longevity. His advice to those who wanted to live long was "to advertise for a couple of parents, both belonging to long-lived families, some years before birth."

Until recently Holmes's longevity formula was still as valid as it was more than a hundred years ago. For while we had learned a great deal about acquired specific immunity and how to induce it artificially by means of vaccines against specific germs, we knew practically nothing about natural immunity.

But in August, 1954, a team of investigators at Western Reserve University (Cleveland), headed by Professor Louis Pillemer, announced a dramatic discovery—the isolation of a new protein substance from the serum of animal and man that appears to be one of the key substances in life's all-important general immunity system. The new serum substance, which they have named properdin (from the Latin word *perdire*, to destroy) may turn out to be one of the most important in the catalogue of life, since preliminary studies indicate it may play a significant role in maintaining the body's natural resistance against infectious as well as noninfectious diseases. This discovery thus promises to open the way at last to the control of natural and nonspecific immunity—to increase it to the maximum when it is found to be below par, and also to provide brakes to slow down the rate of its gradual loss to the minimum possible.

Along with the discovery of properdin, we are now watching the development of ever more-refined techniques that are bringing us ever nearer to a veritable chemical "Fountain of Youth," hidden by nature ever since life began. With the light of the electron in the atom's outer shell, harnessed in the electron microscope which magnifies objects 100,000 times, and the light of the atom's inner core, we are now unraveling the structure of the proteins, the primary molecules of life, and are watching life on the elemental molecular level. We are gaining important insights into the chemistry of heredity and the structure of the materials through which heredity is transmitted throughout the realm of life. We are discovering that even in the smallest units of living matter there exists a profound relationship between their architecture and their biological activity, and that even the smallest chemical change may alter the hereditary character of an organism. From the concentrated study of muscle we are beginning to find out how all living things utilize the energy whereby they live. And we are at last beginning to make headway against the formidable blood-brain barrier, which may lead to chemical control and prevention of disorders of the mind and the central nervous system.

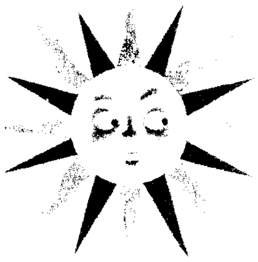
This is what Dr. Tainter had in mind when he said "we have consciously evolved a technique and a scientific philosophy that finally enables us to wrestle with death itself, and on increasingly even terms."

While death is an inevitable part of life, and chemical Methuselahs are neither possible nor desirable, all evidence now indicates that the normal human life span could be prolonged in the near future to more than a hundred.

AS I GO ABOUT our great research centers and glance over the shoulders of the dedicated men and women who labor in them, I grow ever more confident that we are getting ever closer to the answer of one of life's greatest riddles—the biochemical processes that control the rate of aging. And when we get the answer to the riddle—and I am confident it will come within a decade at the most—we shall have found a way to fill Oliver Wendell Holmes's prescription for longevity. But instead of having to advertise for long-lived parents "sometime before birth" we shall be able to provide chemical equivalents of long-lived ancestors any time after birth.

Ten years from now we will be 10 or even 20 years younger. THE END

20 budget vacations for 1956



Wherever you live, you can find enticing low-cost vacations—bargain railroad tours, tropical isles, lakeside hideaways, little-known resorts—if you know where to look

By NORMAN D. FORD

19
SAN JUAN ISLAN
18
OREG COAST
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LOS ANGELES

IF YOU LIKE YOUR VACATIONS uncrowded, unspoiled and unusual, you may find that the best holiday for you is the one that costs least. This summer, while 40,000,000 Americans jam highways and send prices soaring in a handful of popular resort areas, some of the most glamorous islands and most exotic resorts will be half empty—with their rates often down to bargain-basement levels.

Two days' drive north of Boston is a hideaway island where you can escape civilization on $5 a day. On Florida's fabulous Gold Coast, de luxe beach apartments that cost $100 a week in winter are available at $35 a week in July. South of the border you can live like a millionaire in Mexico; north of the Canadian border are dude ranches with rates so low you won't believe them. Within 50 miles of a transcontinental highway you can roam for days among Indian villages where life has stood still since Columbus discovered America. There are government-subsidized pack trips into the unknown in the West; in the Midwest for $5 a day you can canoe through virgin wilderness following the routes of early fur traders. On a budget you can fly to tropical islands, take back-road auto trips through hundreds of miles of breath-stopping scenery, and vacation in unknown beauty spots so low-priced their locations are the carefully guarded secrets of local people in the know.

As a travel expert, I was asked by Collier's to choose 20 such bargain vacations. If any of those listed here interest you, additional information can be obtained from the sources shown in the chart. No matter where you live, at least four (and possibly more) of these vacations lie within reach.

With a few exceptions, the vacations are for two full weeks, all but one for a family of four (including two children under twelve). You'll use the family car and cut costs by staying in modern housekeeping cottages or motels. Actual routes can easily be traced from the day-to-day itineraries in the chart. There, too, you'll find the all-inclusive costs. These costs don't include shopping in Canada or Mexico but they should cover all your meals and accommodations, car operation, fares, admissions, taxes, tourist cards and so on.

Set your sights for each day's car travel at $29 for a family of four. If that seems low, do this: Let the most thrifty member of the party serve as treasurer—keeping records, making all payments, leaving all tips, making all purchases. That way, no one can waste money on incidentals and those mysterious "miscellaneous" expenses which wreck so many well-planned budgets. Wherever possible, stay at motels and cabins with housekeeping units; in areas which have none, don't overlook country inns, small-town hotels, and that economical stand-by, the tourist home. Start out early and try to stop by 6:00 P.M., before accommodations fill. Bring a few items from home: a hot plate for cooking breakfast in nonhousekeeping accommodations, a radio for evenings, an iron and a fan, a folding cot if you have one, and a large thermos bottle to cut down on drinks. Remember, too, that admission to the nation's greatest sights is free; along most routes there are more admission-free sights than you can stop to see. Of course, there'll be days when you'll spend more than $29, other days when you'll spend less. But if you're really in earnest about cutting costs, your average will be close to that figure.

Naturally, costs will be less for smaller families—about 20 per cent less if there is only one child, 35 per cent less for two adults alone. Costs also will be lower if you live nearer the chosen vacation spot than the base city, slightly higher if you live farther away. Nor need you begin the circular tours of the Great Lakes and Indian country at the base cities. Pick them up at the nearest point and complete the circle. Similarly, the railroad tour can be done from California at the same cost.

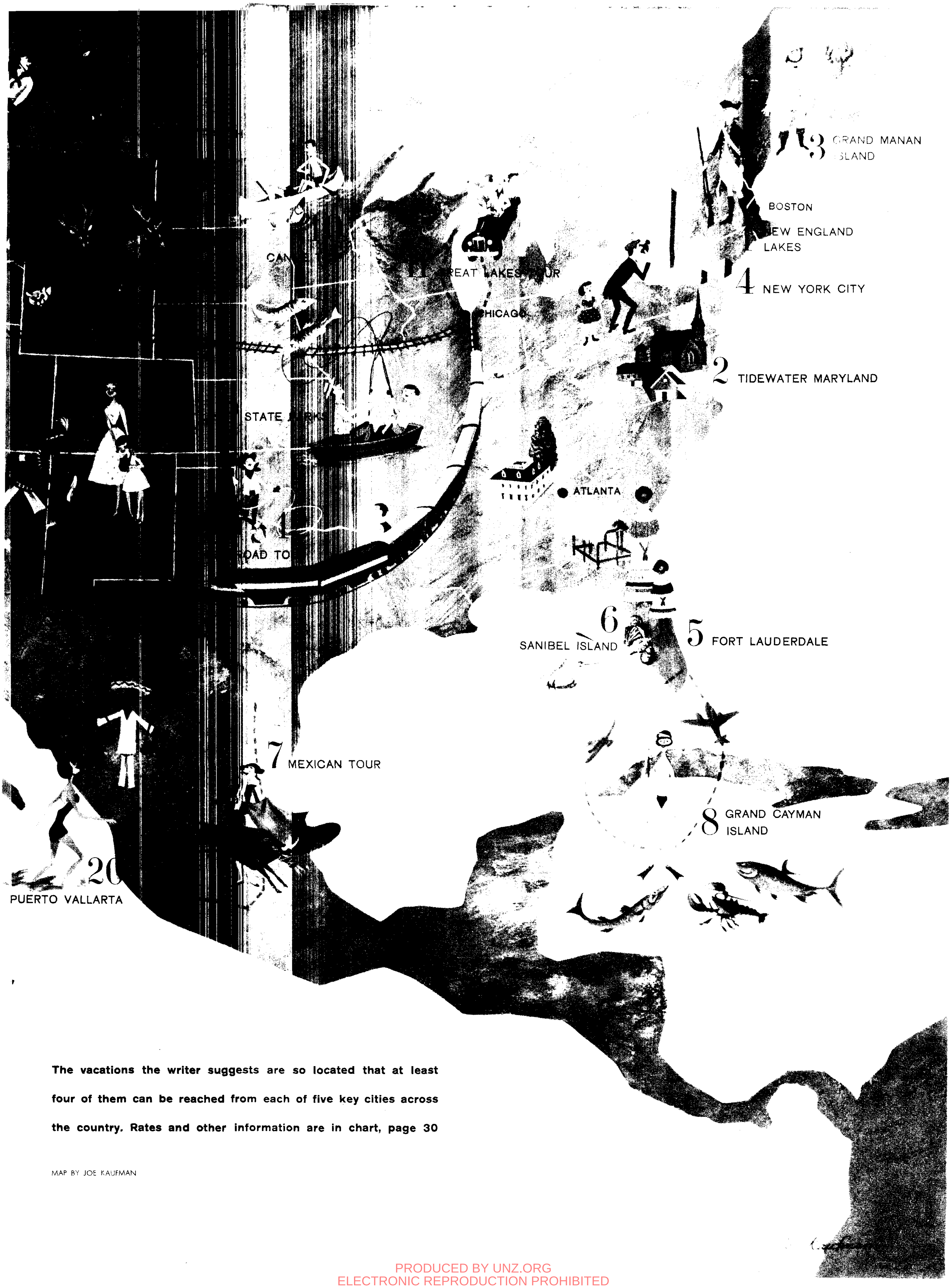
Some words of caution: Where possible, it's best to make reservations in advance, even for hideaway vacations. Remember, the prices shown are reasonable minimums; you'll get clean accommodations and good plain food, but no luxuries—and no extras, such as souvenirs. For budget purposes, driving is estimated at about 400 miles a day; if you prefer a lower daily mileage, remember to allow for the extra travel time in computing your expenses. Finally, carry an emergency fund; a tire that has to be replaced could make a big dent in your budget.

Now the vacations:

1. New England lakes . . . Within 80 miles of Boston, along the Connecticut, Massachusetts and Rhode Island borders, is a chunk of unspoiled New England curiously untouristed and amazingly low priced. This is a land of unfished streams, deserted lakes and beaches, lonely green hills and forests, empty back roads, historic colonial towns and friendly countryfolk. In half-forgotten resorts near Lakes Webster, Big Alum, Congamond, Wallum and Thompson, fine large housekeeping cottages can be had in summer at $40 a week and boats rent for as low as $1.50 a day. On easy drives you'll relive the Revolution at Concord and Lexington, explore historic houses, and roam atmospheric colonial villages like Sturbridge, Massachusetts, and Woodstock, Connecticut.

2. Tidewater Maryland . . . Washington's weekenders know Maryland's historic Tidewater but typically overlook it for summer vacations. With an overnight stop to see Valley Forge, you'll drive high over Chesapeake Bay Bridge and down the Western Shore into a watery yesteryear world of winding creeks and river beaches, weathered farms and hoary churches. Head for unharried St. Marys County, where large waterside housekeeping cottages rent as low as $35 a week and you can lay in stocks of delicious clams, crabs and fresh farm produce at ridiculously low prices. You'll fish for abundant trout, perch and rock, take short drives to colonial towns or Washington, D.C., hunt fossils on the Chesapeake cliffs and enjoy 11 completely relaxed days for just $56 apiece. This might be a practical vacation for Southerners, too.

3. Grand Manan Island . . . For 10 days on an unhurried Old World island, leave your car at Saint Andrews, New Brunswick, and take the 30-mile voyage out to rocky Grand Manan. You'll receive a warm welcome from 3,000 friendly fisherfolk who live in gaily painted cottages along dramatically beautiful coves and beaches. They'll show you seals and porpoises, where to hike and bicycle, take you lobstering to neighboring islands and spin hair-raising yarns of shipwrecks and lighthouse dramas. Grand Manan, an old hangout of Captain Kidd, has


3 GRAND MANAN ISLAND
BOSTON
NEW ENGLAND LAKES
4 NEW YORK CITY
11 GREAT LAKES TOUR
CHICAGO
CAN
2 TIDEWATER MARYLAND
STATE PARK
ATLANTA
ROAD TO
6 SANIBEL ISLAND
5 FORT LAUDERDALE
7 MEXICAN TOUR
8 GRAND CAYMAN ISLAND
20 PUERTO VALLARTA

The vacations the writer suggests are so located that at least four of them can be reached from each of five key cities across the country. Rates and other information are in chart, page 30

MAP BY JOE KAUFMAN

no bars, honky-tonks or night clubs but you'll rave over delicious chowder dinners. Board at the handful of cozy cottages and inns costs as little as $35 a week per person; don't go without reservations.

4. New York City . . . The big town in summer is surprisingly uncrowded and you'll find entertainment galore either free or at nominal cost. You can get good hotel accommodations for four at $14 a night (your major expense) and you can eat inexpensively in cafeterias and foreign restaurants. For small change you can tour Greenwich Village, take a voyage to Staten Island, visit the Bronx Zoo, Chinatown, medieval cloisters, high-vaulted cathedrals, famous art galleries, museums, beaches, modern skyscrapers and historic landmarks. Pick up the guide Evening Out for an introduction to scores of free or inexpensive lectures, TV and radio shows, music and drama, foreign films, shoestring sightseeing trips, scientific exhibitions, symphony concerts, off-Broadway plays and opera performances which even few New Yorkers know of.

5. Fort Lauderdale . . . In summer this famed resort is an exotic bargain basement where de luxe hotel rooms are available at a third of winter rates yet the mercury rises only 12 degrees over January levels. Take a ritzy housekeeping apartment under rustling coconut palms and enjoy this millionaires' paradise at poor-men's prices. There's five miles of golden public beach, all-day deep-sea fishing trips for $4-$5 per person, golf with greens fees at $1.50, inexpensive jungle river cruises, and scores of easy excursions to Miami Beach, Seminole villages, citrus groves, cattle ranches and orchid gardens. Tour Fort Lauderdale's Venetian canals by night and drive home through Florida's myriad lakes with a call at Silver Springs and its unique aquarium.

6. Sanibel Island . . . Just 15 miles off U.S. 41 at Punta Rassa, Florida, you can drive aboard a ferry and 30 minutes later emerge on a secluded tropical island carpeted by whispering coconut groves and rimmed by beaches piled with some of the fanciest shells in North America. Time means nothing on Sanibel Island, where hurry, worry and schedules are unknown. A single road weaves past traders' shacks, green lagoons and hideaway cottages where writers and artists lead escapist lives in a South Sea setting. Miles of quiet beaches are deserted save for egrets and pelicans, and the endless sky-blue waters teem with tarpon. Mosquitoes keep tourists away, prices low. Although there are plenty of the little pests on Sanibel, if you use repellent and heed local advice, insects need be no more troublesome than in the North. Make reservations.

7. Mexican tour . . . In a single 16-day swing you can sample the colorful heart of Old Mexico, climb Aztec pyramids, see pilgrims, timeless Indian villages, fiestas and costumed dancers, white-walled colonial cities, snow-capped volcanoes and cosmopolitan Mexico City. Make Laredo your first target, then cross brilliant desert into the High Sierra. Spend two nights in Mexico City, the Paris of America. Then drive in the shadow of towering volcanoes to enchanting Cuernavaca and medieval Taxco. Circle north to Lake Pátzcuaro to see Tarascans wield butterfly fishnets and to visit Janitzio Island. Feast on whitefish and goat kid in the hacienda country as you circle Lake Chapala to Guadalajara. Then drive on to storybook Guanajuato, San Miguel Allende, Celaya and Querétaro, all history-steeped colonial cities. Prices are unbelievably cheap; hotels and restaurants uncrowded except in Mexico City, where you may need reservations. Midwesterners may also like this vacation.

8. Grand Cayman Island . . . Here's a reef-girt coral island where a vacation—including air transportation from Miami—will cost less than $13 a day per person for a family of four. Start with a one-day drive to Saint Augustine, the country's oldest town. Next day drive to Miami, garage your car and board a DC-3 or Convair for a two-and-a-half-hour flight over Cuba and the sparkling Caribbean to Grand Cayman. This is the island time forgot, a West Indian atoll peopled by descendants of shipwrecked sailors and buccaneers, steeped in pirate lore and boasting the Caribbean's finest beaches. Rum and turtle steaks are cheap. You'll stay at comfortable modern hotels and bike down coral roads to turtle ponds, hidden caves, old forts and blue lagoons. Yards from powder-white beaches you can float over multihued coral gardens, fish for big marlin, 'cuda and fresh-water tarpon, spear giant crayfish or treasure-hunt for pieces of eight. Make reservations in advance.

9. State parks . . . For an almost free vacation, sample the hundreds of state parks scattered through some of the country's outstanding beauty spots. You can spend a wilderness vacation within a few hours of Chicago or range as far as Cumberland Falls, Kentucky; Lake Itasca, Minnesota; Petit Jean, Arkansas; Lake Murray, Oklahoma; or to seashore parks on the Gulf. Fun in other parks revolves around beautiful lakes, caves, cool mountains, top fishing spots and health resorts. There's lots to do and special attractions for kiddies and hobbyists. Fully furnished modern cottages rent for as little as $18-$72 a week. Transportation costs depend on how far you're willing to travel. You don't have to be a Midwesterner to enjoy a state-park vacation, of course. Wherever you live, check the vacation bureaus of your own and neighboring states for one of the least costly vacations anywhere.

10. Canoe trip . . . Within minutes of leaving Minnesota's canoe base camps, you're in a calendar-picture world of boundless lakes and forests where there are no man-made sounds except your own and it's impossible to spend any money. For roughly $5 a day per person, outfitters equip you with canoes, food, tents and everything you'll need for 12 carefree days deep in the woods. Following the routes of early French *voyageurs,* you'll paddle past picturesque waterfalls, rocky palisades and fascinating rock formations, camp on islands and swim from sandy beaches, troll as you go for trout, bass, walleyes and pike, and photograph moose, beaver, fox and deer. Provided you can cook, camp and read a compass, you'll find it a happy, adventurous journey along well-marked water routes.

11. Great Lakes tour . . . On this swing through some of America's most scenic country, you'll drive past miles of cherry orchards, majestic bluffs, canyons, cliffs and chasms; you'll see Indian villages, posts and forts; you'll shop for English woolens and fine china in Canada, Dutch souvenirs in Holland (Michigan), visit Egyptian Lotus Beds in nearby Vicksburg and the world's busiest ship canal in Sault Sainte Marie. Head first for Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, and visit Yerkes Observatory at Williams Bay. Drive north to explore Wisconsin's picturesque Door County. Swing back to Wisconsin Dells for a day's exploration, then over to the Mississippi and north to Mille Lacs, Minnesota. You'll follow the breath-takingly beautiful North Shore Highway to Fort William, Ontario, return to Duluth, and drive west to Ironwood's vast open-pit mine. Explore Michigan's Keweenaw Peninsula, follow Brockway Mountain Drive, then head east to Soo Locks. Spend a day on car-free Mackinac Island, then head for home down Lake Michigan's eastern shore. You'll tour Old Mission Peninsula, climb Sleeping Bear Sand Dunes and wind up by dropping in on Saugatuck's colorful art colony.

12. Western railroad tour . . . A quirk in regulations lets you ride hundreds of extra free miles through the West for the basic Chicago-to-San Francisco round-trip fare. Riding by coach in daylight and stopping somewhere each night, you cross the mighty Mississippi, and pass through St. Louis and Little Rock and thence to the color-filled Southwest. You'll see historic San Antonio, spend a

20 budget vacation

Where to and for how long

(figures indicate number of nights spent at each place)

NORTHEAST (Based on Boston)

1 **New England lakes** (15 days). Half day's dri each way; 14 days at lakeside resort

2 **Tidewater Maryland** (14 days). Valley Forge, P (1); St. Marys County, Md., resort (11); Valley Forge (

3 **Grand Manan Island** (15 days). Bangor, Me. (1 Saint Andrews, N.B. (1); Grand Manan, N.B. (10); Sai Andrews (1); Bangor (1)

4 **New York City** (14 days). One day's drive eac way; New York City (12)

SOUTH (Based on Atlanta)

5 **Fort Lauderdale** (15 days). Jacksonville, Fla. (1 Fort Lauderdale, Fla. (12); Ocala, Fla. (1)

6 **Sanibel Island** (15 days). Lake City, Fla. (1); Sanib Island, Fla. (12); Lake City (1)

7 **Mexican tour** (16 days). Jackson, Miss. (1); Jackso ville, Texas (1); Laredo, Texas (1); Valles, Mex. (1); Mex ico City (2); Taxco (1); Patzcuaro (1); Ajijic (1); Guana juato (1); San Miguel Allende (1); Ciudad Mante (1 Laredo, Texas (1); Beaumont, Texas (1); Meridian, Miss. (1

8 **Grand Cayman Island** (11 days). Saint Augus tine, Fla. (1); Miami, Fla. (1); Grand Cayman Island (7) Saint Augustine (1)

MIDWEST (Based on Chicago)

9 **State parks** (15 days). 1-3 days' travel each way 9-13 days in state park

10 **Canoe trip** (15 days). Chippewa Falls, Wis. (1); canoe base camp (1); canoe camping trip (10); canoe base camp (1); Chippewa Falls (1)

11 **Great Lakes tour** (15 days). Eagle Harbor, W (1); Wisconsin Dells, Wis. (1); Duluth, Minn. (1); Grand Marais, Minn. (1); Fort William, Ont. (1); Superior, Wis. (1); Ironwood, Mich. (1); Copper Harbor, Mich. (1); Munising, Mich. (1); Sault Sainte Marie, Mich. (1); Saint Ignace, Mich. (2); Traverse City, Mich. (1); Ludington, Mich. (1)

12 **Western railroad tour** (15 days). Typical stopovers: San Antonio, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco, Reno, Cheyenne, etc.

ROCKIES (Based on Denver)

13 **National forests** (15 days). 1-2 days' drive each way, 11-13 days in national forest

14 **Canadian dude ranch** (12 days). Sheridan, Wyo. (1); Glacier Park, Mont. (1); dude ranch (7); Coeur d'Alene, Idaho (1); Billings, Mont. (1)

15 **Sun Valley** (15 days). Rock Springs, Wyo. (1); Ketchum, Idaho (12); Rock Springs (1)

16 **Indian country tour** (15 days). Albuquerque, N.M. (1); Carlsbad (2); Las Cruces (1); Tucson, Ariz. (1); Flagstaff (1); Grand Canyon (2); Gallup, N.M. (1); Grants (1); Santa Fe (2); Taos (2)

PACIFIC COAST (Based on Los Angeles)

17 **Wilderness pack trip** (12-14 days). 1-2 days driving each way to base, 10 days on Sierra trail

18 **Oregon coast resort** (15 days). San Francisco, Cal. (1); Eureka, Cal. (1); Oregon coast resort (10); Eureka (1); San Francisco (1)

19 **San Juan Islands** (15 days). Mono Lake, Cal. (1); Valley Falls, Ore. (1); Yakima, Wash. (1); San Juan Islands, Wash. (8); Otis, Ore. (1); Crescent City, Cal. (1); Monterey, Cal. (1)

20 **Puerto Vallarta** (17 days). Phoenix, Ariz. (1); Nogales, Ariz. (1); Guaymas, Mex. (1); Culiacán (1); Tepic (1); Puerto Vallarta (6); Tepic (1); Culiacán (1); Guaymas (1); Nogales (1); Phoenix (1)

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write, attention Dept. CC

Massachusetts Dept. of Commerce, 334 Boylston St., Boston 16, Mass.

Director, Maryland Department of Information, Box 706, Annapolis, Md.

New Brunswick Travel Bureau, Dept. 55-H, 658 Queen St., Fredericton, N.B., Canada

N.Y. Convention & Visitors Bureau, 90 E. 42d St., New York 17, N.Y.

Florida State Development Commission, Tallahassee, Fla.

Florida State Development Commission, Tallahassee, Fla.

Mexican Government Tourist Bureau, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N.Y.

His Honour Andrew M. Gerrard, Commissioner Grand Cayman Island, B.W.I.

State park agencies in capitals of Mo., Ark., Ind., Ky., Mo., Okla., etc.

Minnesota Division of Publicity, 114 State St., St. Paul 1, Minn.

Michigan Tourist Council, Mason Bldg., Lansing 4, Mich.; Minnesota Division of Publicity, 114 State St., St. Paul 1, Minn.; Wisconsin Conservation Dept., State Office Bldg., Madison 1, Wis.

[illegible] local railroad agent for a [illegible] personal itinerary

[illegible] Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C., for booklet [illegible] Vacations

[illegible] Legislative Bldg., [illegible] Mich.; B.C. Govt. Travel [illegible] Parliament Bldgs., Victoria, B.C.

[illegible] of Commerce, Ketchum, [illegible] Sun Valley, Idaho

[illegible]

[illegible] of the Wilderness, 919 [illegible] N.W., Washington, D.C.; [illegible] of the Canadian Rockies, [illegible] Windsor Station, Montreal

[illegible] Coast Association, P.O. Box [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] New York 20, N.Y.

sight-packed day in Los Angeles, and follow the surf-rimmed Pacific to San Francisco for another full day of sight-seeing thrills. Returning, you cross the rugged Sierra and hug the original forty-niners' route back home. Included on your ticket, if you can take time, is a free side trip to San Diego and nominally priced side trips to Vancouver, the Canadian Rockies (including Lake Louise and Banff) and any national park you pass. To cut costs, use small suitcases you can carry yourself, pack a daily lunch and stay at small hotels near stations. An approximate routing is suggested in the accompanying box, but you will want to work out a schedule of your own with your local ticket agent, with stopovers at the places you want most to visit. Remember to leave yourself time for sight-seeing—and remember, too, that if your children are twelve or older the rates will be higher.

13. National forests . . . "Alpine lakes, canyons, waterfalls, cataracts, peculiar geologic formations, archaeological ruins, historic mines, mountain wilderness areas, trout fishing, scenic drives, deer, elk, bear, mountain lion." No, it's not a national park. It's just an outline (from a 30-cent Department of Agriculture guidebook) of what you'll find in a *single one* of the far more numerous yet almost unknown national forests. From the Denver area you've scores to pick from. Comfortable housekeeping cottages are generally available within or near the forests at $35-$60 a week plus food. The rest of your vacation is on Uncle Sam. You'll take spectacular auto trips, explore caves, glaciers, early gold camps and hot springs, discover fossil beds and ancient Indian writings, climb mountains and dine like an emperor on the rainbows and steelhead you'll catch, and the mushrooms and huckleberries you'll pick outside your door. The national forests are worth looking into no matter where in the United States you live.

14. Canadian dude ranch . . . Tucked away in western Canada's beautiful foothills are real pioneer cattle ranches that take paying guests for as little as $40 a week. In magnificent scenery, you can ride from sunup to sunset or lead a lazy boots-and-saddle life, swim, fish for rainbows and speckled trout, hobnob with cowboys and join nightly square dances—all for a flat $40-$55 a week. You'll get a sincere Western welcome and huge helpings of steak, thick cream and fresh country vegetables. If you've more than 12 days, spend extra time on the ranch or at national parks en route.

15. Sun Valley . . . When every member of the family wants to do something different this summer, Idaho's Sun Valley is the place. At this swank, mile-high, wilderness-edge resort, Dad can fish and play golf, Mom can ride and swim and the youngsters find an endless round of things to do: summer ice skating in the nation's largest year-round outdoor rink, archery, bicycling, skeet shooting, dances and nightly hay rides and barbecues. Sun Valley in summer is a mountain-rimmed Shangri-La with more sports than any other resort. It's expensive, but with planning you can enjoy Sun Valley on a budget. You'll shave off a big slice by staying in inexpensive housekeeping accommodations at nearby Ketchum, paying only for activities you participate in at Sun Valley. Then there'll be almost cost-free days when you drive for picnics to disappearing caves, lava beds, waterfalls and magnificent gorges in the neighboring Sawtooth Mountains. You may visit Sun Valley from either Denver or the West Coast.

16. Indian country tour . . . You'll see clifftop pueblos, pagan dances and unsuspected ancient cultures as you circle the little-known Navajo, Hopi and Zuñi reservations in the great Southwest. Follow this route closely or you'll miss the enormous multicolored peaks, canyons and rock formations that line these offbeat roads. Go through Albuquerque to Carlsbad, tour the caverns, visit El Paso, Texas, and Juárez in Mexico, follow U S 80 to Tombstone and on to Casa Grande ruins (a side trip) and Phoenix. Take alternate U.S. 89 north to Flagstaff, then Arizona 64 to Grand Canyon. The East Rim Drive leads to Tuba City and thence to a remote road winding past purple mesas through the heart of Navajo land. Visit the pueblos and Canyon de Chelly en route to Gallup. Then follow N.M. 32 and 53, the sight-packed Zuñi-Acoma Trail. Leave U.S. 66 via N.M. 56 and 44 through a succession of fascinating pueblos for Santa Fe and Taos. Be *simpático* and the Indians will show you places and customs few visitors see.

17. Wilderness pack trip . . . Six dollars enrolls you in the American Forestry Association and entitles you to join its nonprofit pack trips through America's silent untamed back country. You'll ride for 10 to 12 days through the tantalizing wilderness scenery of the Sierra, switchback over passes above the clouds, cross wild ridges and peaks, and camp in flowered Alpine meadows. Trail Rider cavalcades number 15 or 20 adults (no children) and the rock-bottom cost includes horse, food, tent and services of cooks and wranglers. You need do nothing but ride, eat and sleep, swim in cool mountain pools, fish, take pictures and join the nightly campfire song fest. These trips can also be taken from Denver: typical rides take you into Utah's High Uintas Wilderness, Montana's little-known Flathead–Sun River Wilderness, Idaho's Sawtooth Wilderness, and the Cascades and Rockies. A similar Canadian organization offers shorter, cheaper trips.

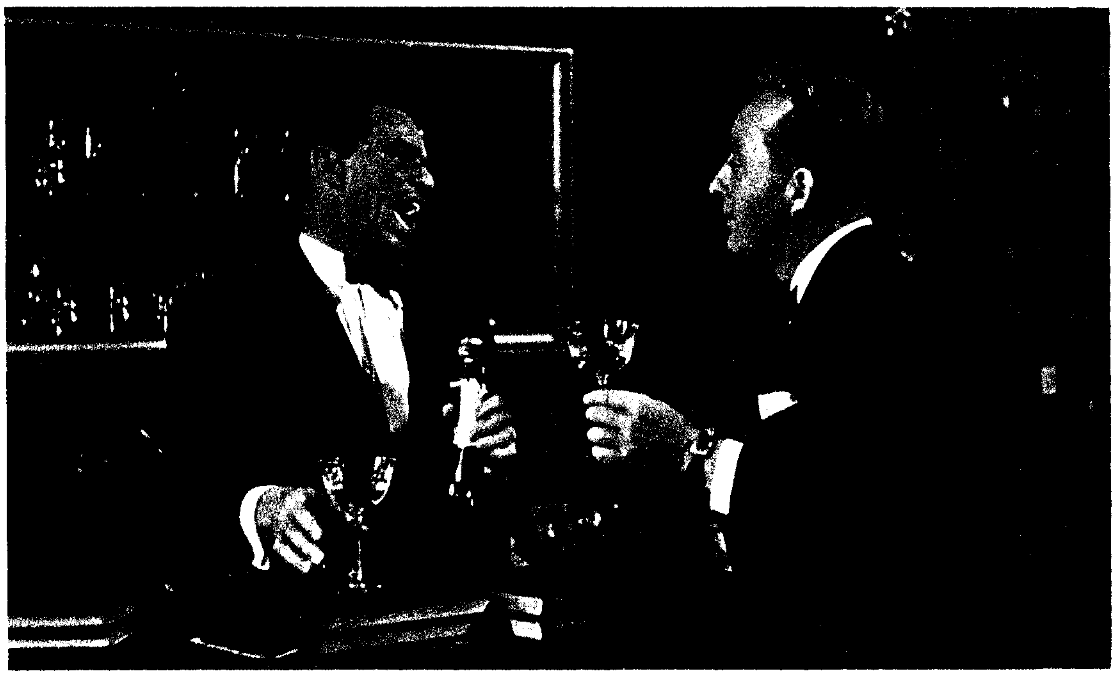
18. Oregon coast resort . . . For 200 miles north of the California line, the coast is a sea-carved medley of titanic rocks, wild seascapes, snug coves with wide sandy beaches and phenomenal drifting dunes. In tiny, uncrowded resorts you can live among wild rhododendrons hundreds of feet above piling breakers. You'll dig delicious clams by the bushel, catch tasty crabs and flounders, wade white water for trout and salmon or gather agates. In some of America's coolest summer weather you can surf-bathe, explore America's most beautiful coast and discover spouting water horns, sea-lion rookeries and colossal marine caves. For inexpensive living, rent housekeeping accommodations near resorts like Bandon, Brookings, Florence, Gold Beach or Port Orford. Advance reservations are advisable.

19. San Juan Islands . . . Subtract 3½ days of driving each way through deserts, mountains and redwoods, and out of 15 days you have 8 left for relaxation, fishing and fun in Washington's Utopian San Juan Islands. Floating in a delightful inland sea with fantastic mountain views, the 200-odd isles range from tiny Robinson Crusoe dots to wooded mountainous islands webbed by trout streams and cut by crooked inlets alive with salmon. Housekeeping cabins let you live inexpensively close to nature and you can take woodland walks, camera-hunt deer and bear, visit Indian reservations and comb unlimited miles of wooded shore. You can dig clams sized like dinner plates, pick luscious wild berries, jig for cod and gather fragrant driftwood—and you'd better. Otherwise, you'll miss the gay clambakes and salmon barbecues, a nightly San Juan institution.

20. Puerto Vallarta . . . You can't drive to Tahiti, but five days from Los Angeles City Hall is a lazy tropical paradise where rakish coconut palms crowd white Pacific beaches and comfortable resort hotels charge only $13 a day for four—with meals. Mexico's Puerto Vallarta is so remote there's still no adequate road. You must fly the last few miles from the highway at Tepic. Swimming is superb, fishing ridiculously easy, saddle horses rent at $1 a day, sea-food meals at 50 cents are out of this world, and parrots cost $1.50. Natives do wonderful work in precious woods and leather from your own designs—for example, handmade shoes at $6 a pair and purses for $1.50.

THE END

High jinks in HIGH SOCIETY



Dizzy binge begins as boys desert stuffy party to break out champagne in library

IN HOLLYWOOD, where the streets are paved with epic milestones, Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra recently created a milestone of their own by appearing together in a film for the first time. The Voice and the Groaner joined forces in High Society, the M-G-M–Cole Porter musical version of The Philadelphia Story (1941), in which they co-star with Grace Kelly. In the film, they are driven to drink at a stuffed-shirt party, get well pickled and break into an old Porter tune called Well, Did You Evah?*

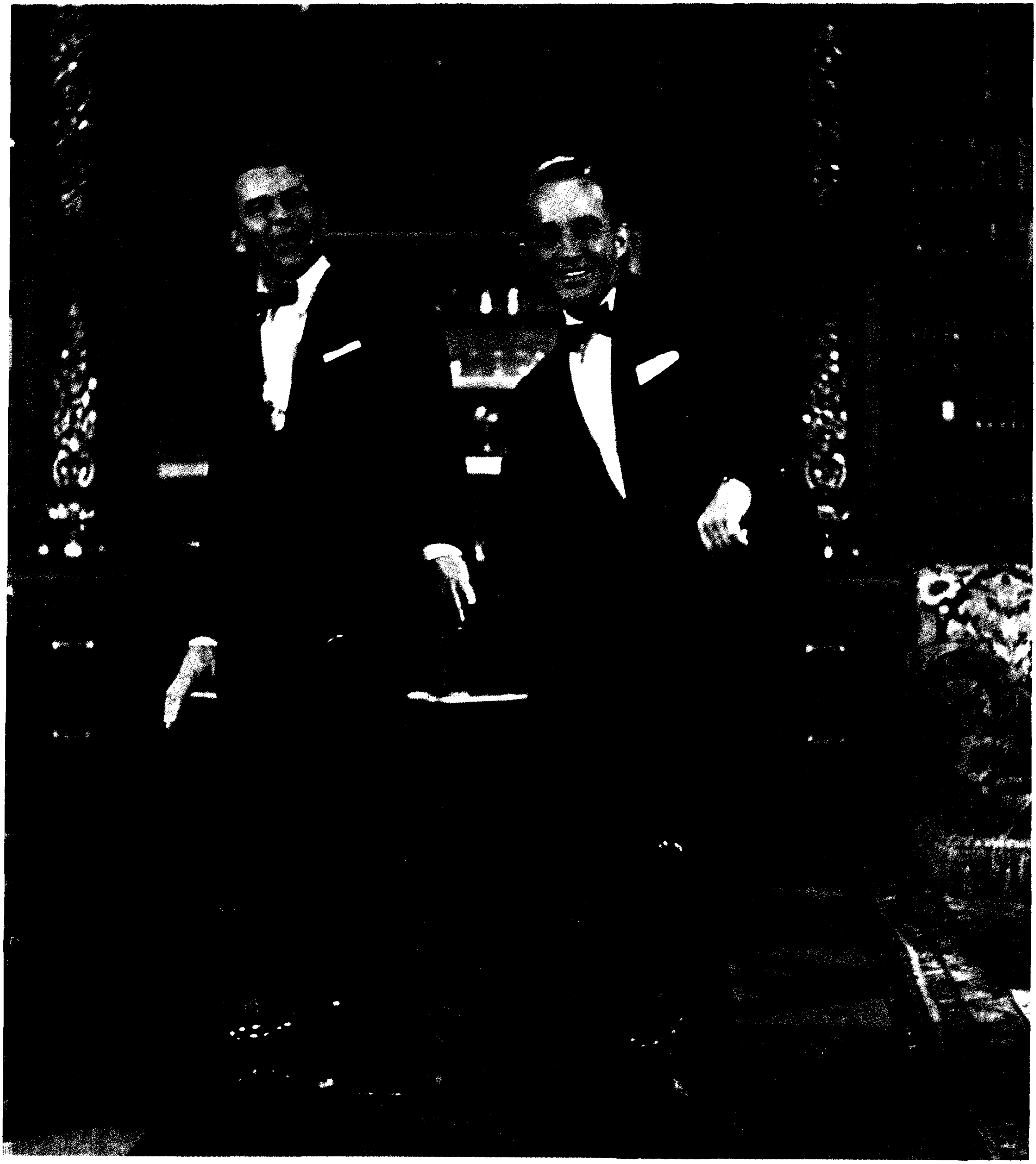
Cutups and old masters of the ad lib, the crooners turned their rehearsals topsy-turvy, invented dizzy dialogue while prancing through a deft soft-shoe routine and, as these pictures show, vied to see who could look the drunker. Some of their improvising was so good it remained in the movie. For example, singing such improbable lyrics as "Have you heard that poor dear Blanche / Got run down by an avalanche?", they added, "Game girl! Got up and finished fourth!" . . . "Kid's got guts!" More often, the gags were so farfetched ("Look out, Mama, there's a moose in the window") that audiences will not have the dubious pleasure of hearing them.

The number was rehearsed for three daffy days. On the screen it will last three minutes, during which not even the most appreciative audience can hope to enjoy the high clowns of crooning any more than they enjoyed themselves. —MARTHA WEINMAN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ZINN ARTHUR

In ballet pose, they croon cracks at upper-crust life

Now feeling no pain, Sinatra struts on down



In high gear, they both break into a shaky soft-shoe routine before shuffling back to the party

* © COPYRIGHT 1940 BY CHAPPELL & CO., INC., NEW YORK, N.Y.

HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON

By DR. WALTER W. VAN KIRK

“Religion will survive in Russia”

An American churchman just back from the U.S.S.R. reports that though Soviet officials still inveigh against God, five times as many churches are open as in 1935, and millions go to them

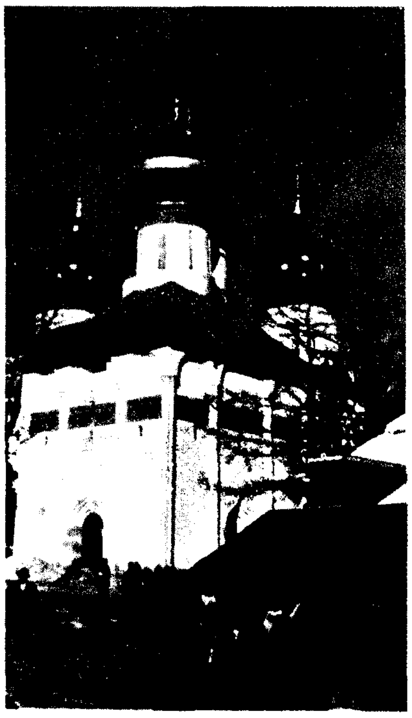
Dr. Walter W. Van Kirk is a prominent Methodist clergyman now serving as executive director of the Department of International Affairs of the National Council of Churches. Several weeks ago, Dr. Van Kirk was one of nine American churchmen who traveled to the Soviet Union. This is an account of what he learned

A FEW WEEKS AGO, on a Sunday afternoon, I stepped off the plane at the Moscow airport. I was met by the white-bearded Metropolitan Nikolai, and other dignitaries of the Russian Orthodox Church. The occasion was the arrival in Russia of the deputation of American churchmen sent to the Soviet Union by the National Council of Churches. Our purpose was to talk with Russian religious leaders about matters of common concern to Christians the world over.

Twenty years earlier when I was in Russia, religion appeared to be dying. The process of *rigor mortis* was under way and had been ever since the revolution in 1917. Although Lenin lay dead in his tomb in Red Square, his voice could still be heard. And his spirit was being invoked in a savage attempt to exterminate the things of God.

I saw the once-powerful Russian Orthodox Church in a sad state of disrepair. Anti-God museums were scattered all over Moscow. Confiscated icons were on sale in the bargain basements of the department stores. Anti-Christian literature was rolling off the presses of the “godless” publishing houses. The League of Militant Atheists was daily adding to its members. Scurrilous cartoons of the Deity were posted on street corners and in public places. Religious instruction, not only in the private and public schools, but also in the churches, had been forbidden. Forty bishops and at least 1,000 priests had been murdered. Others, and in considerable number, had been banished to Siberia.

It was the same in the country areas. I visited a commune some 300 miles from Moscow. As I walked along the narrow village roads on a Sunday morning, I passed a number of churches that were being used as storage places, pigsties and cow stables. When, at last, I found an open church the sight I beheld was one of melancholy. The priest was in rags. I counted the persons present. There were 15. The offering that morning consisted of five green apples, an egg and four kopecks. The priest told me he would eat the apples and the egg. He explained that as a disfranchised citizen he was not permitted to work. His was a beggar’s lot. I gave him two cans of fruit that I had brought all the way from America. He cried and took from the walls of his church an icon. “Take this,” he


CHARLES C. PARLIN

Church at Zagorsk, the seat of Russian Orthodoxy, 50 miles from Moscow

Worshipers in Leningrad. Most churchgoers are old, but enough young people attend to keep religion alive

From 1917 to 1935, the number of Russian Orthodox churches fell from 46,000 to 4,000, the number of priests from 50,000 to 5,000. But today there are 20,000 churches and 35,000 priests

said to me, "in thanks for the food you gave me." The icon is hanging in the living room of my home. It is for me a constant reminder of a suffering church under the travail of persecution.

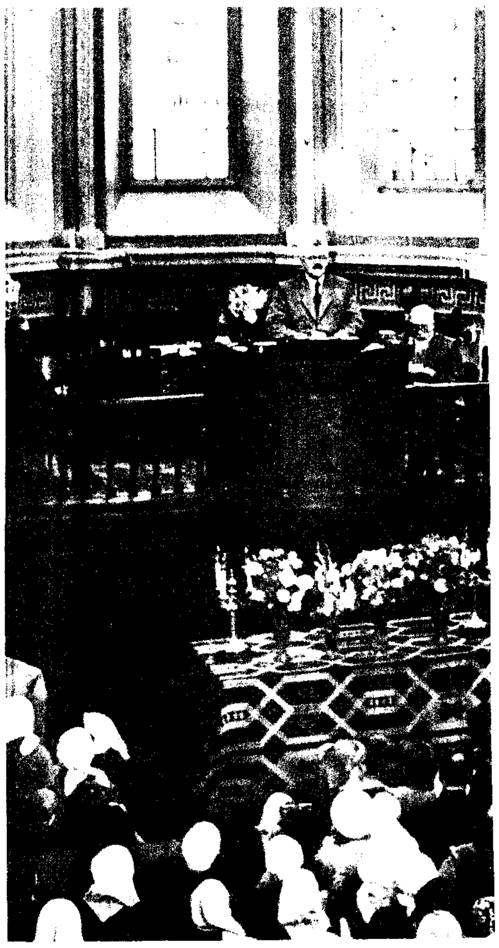
Thus it was that religion in Russia, in 1935, was on the defensive. True, the constitution allowed for "freedom of worship." It allowed, also, and more importantly, for "freedom of antireligious propaganda." Christians were permitted to worship in the few churches that remained open. They could pray before their icons and their altars. They could recite their creeds. But they were not permitted to propagate their faith. Only the "godless" enjoyed full propaganda privileges.

AND THE "GODLESS" had made full use of their privileged position. By day and by night, year in and year out, by press, radio and soapbox forensics they had railed against God. Religion, in its institutional forms, had all but disappeared. By contrast with the statistical position of the churches at the outbreak of the revolution in 1917, the number of Russian Orthodox Churches had been whittled down from 46,457 to 4,225; the number of priests from 50,960 to 5,665; the number of bishops from 130 to 28; the number of monasteries from 1,026 to 37. Communist agitators, in their zeal to blaspheme God, had desecrated the altars where Christians for centuries had confessed their faith.

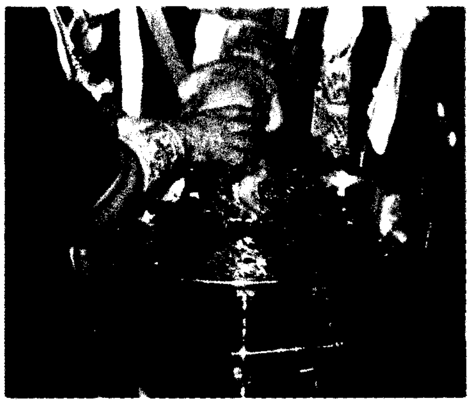
And now I was in Russia again. On the journey from New York to Moscow I had been thinking of the despoiled churches I had seen 20 years earlier, and the little band of intrepid Christians with whom I had worshiped. I knew, of course, that conditions on the religious front had changed for the better. There had been World War II, or, as the Russians prefer, the "Great Patriotic War." With the approach of the German *Wehrmacht* toward Moscow and Leningrad, the men in the Kremlin had become desperate. They had sought to stir the patriotism of the Russian masses to fever pitch. This could best be done, they had concluded, by exalting the Russia of tradition. The church had been a part of that tradition. In March, 1942, the Moscow radio had called upon the God-fearing people of the occupied territories to resist the German invaders who, it was said, were "menacing the very existence of Christianity and seeking the overthrow of Christ the King to install instead the philosophy of Alfred Rosenberg." Pressure against the church was suddenly relaxed. Many churches that had been closed were opened. So, too, a few of the theological seminaries. There was very little antireligious propaganda. The Russian Orthodox Church was permitted to elect a patriarch, and to resume publication of certain religious journals.

The newly elected patriarch was Sergius, a sincere patriot. He called upon the faithful to resist the aggressors. This they did—not because they loved their Communist oppressors, but because they loved Mother Russia with an undying love. Collections were received in the churches to support the war effort. Prayers were offered for the troops at the fighting fronts. Priests lost their lives in battle. Here was one of the strangest paradoxes of history. To save Russia, the churches had helped save the Communist regime. In resisting the aggressors from without, the churches had given aid and

Above, an Orthodox service at Zagorsk. This famous church was built almost 400 years ago



CHARLES C. PARLIN



Two scenes from a baptismal rite at an Orthodox church in a village just outside Moscow. At left, parents and their babies wait for service to begin. Above, naked child is plunged three times into a tub of tepid water. No less than 72 infants received their baptism in this one small church on one day

A. E. ANDERSON

IRVING R. LEVINE

Symbol of the Soviet leaders' low opinion of religion is renowned St. Basil's cathedral—now an anti-God museum

comfort to their oppressors from within. But like all paradoxes, the payoff was in both directions. To save Russia, the Communists had helped restore the churches—not because they loved the Christians, but because they hated the Nazis.

WHAT NOW in 1956? Had the upsurge of religion occasioned by the war persisted? Had the churches increased in numbers? Were they really free to fulfill their mission? Had the state reasserted its prewar hostility toward the Russian Christian community? These were among the many questions I asked myself as I arrived at the Moscow airport. During the 10 days that followed I had many opportunities to observe, at firsthand, something of church life in present-day Russia.

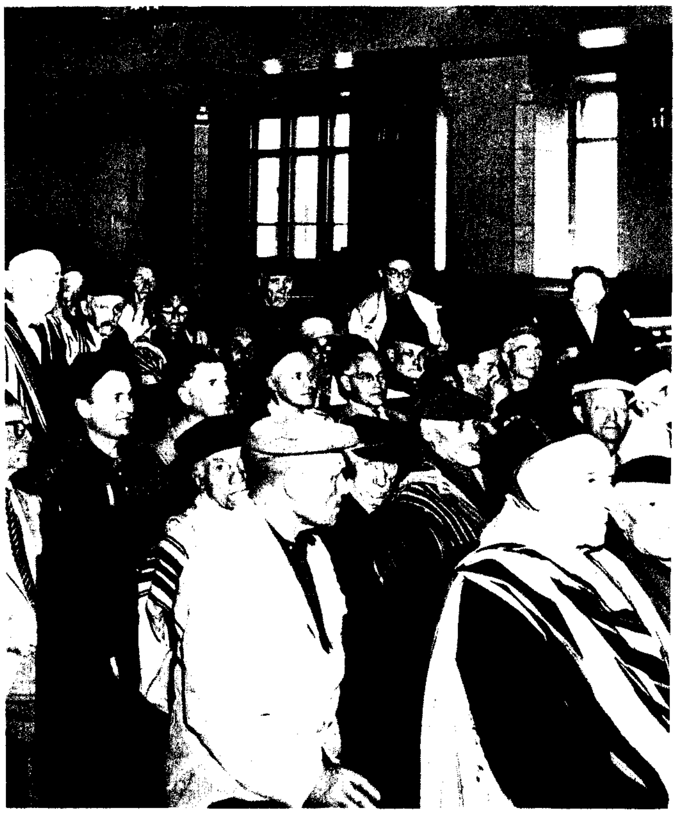
I spent a Sunday morning in Udelnoye, 20 miles from Moscow. The village church was crowded to the doors. The priest, wearing the vestments of the Russian Orthodox clergy, celebrated the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The faithful prostrated themselves before the glittering icons. Rising, they made their way, I among them, to the adjoining baptistery. On that day, in four services, 72 babies were baptized. The assembled fathers and mothers, their children in their arms, formed a semicircle in the presence of the priest. He enjoined them to nurture their offspring in the faith by which, a thousand years earlier, Prince Vladimir of Kiev had been baptized. Naked and squirming, each child, head first, was plunged three times in a tub of tepid water. Thereafter, the heads of the babies were anointed with oil, as were the palms of their hands and the soles of their feet. The benediction was invoked. The names of 72 Muscovite children had been written in God's book of remembrance.

On another occasion my colleagues and I attended a worship service in Moscow's Evangelical Baptist Church. When we were introduced, the vast congregation of 2,000, mostly women, swept forward in a surge of welcome. The songs I heard reminded me of the gospel revivals of the Billy Sunday era: What a Friend We Have in Jesus, and Blest Be the Tie that Binds. The words they sang were in an alien tongue. But the message of their singing was the universal story of God's redeeming love. Just before the preacher pronounced the benediction the congregation, accompanied by a salute of waving handkerchiefs, sang: God Be with You till We Meet Again. When the service was over I made my way among the throng of worshipers. I patted the heads of the little children and shook hands with their parents. Tears streamed down the faces of the women. They tugged at my coat sleeves and cried: "May Christ be praised."

On yet another occasion, I was made to feel the

Below, Sunday service in Evangelical Baptist Church, Moscow. Congregation numbers 2,000

WAN SPRANG



SOVFOTO

Saturday prayers in one of Moscow's three synagogues. During Jewish high holidays, a rabbi told the author, as many as 10,000 worshipers attend his temple alone

Despite its vitality, says the author, Russian religion will never be at peace while the Reds rule

presence of the Living God. This was at the famed Troitse-Sergiyevskaya at Zagorsk. The singing I heard within these cloistered walls was like the chanting of angels. Plaintive it was, with an undertone of melancholy. It was as though all the troubles of the burdened people of Mother Russia had been rolled together and transported on the wings of song to the gates of paradise. The members of the choir were young men in their early twenties. All their lives they had been exposed to the most vicious sort of anti-God propaganda. They had heard religion ridiculed and God reviled. Many times, no doubt, they had gazed upon the symbolic red star of Communism that towered high among the domes of the churches within the Kremlin walls. Yet here they were, in the Troitse Monastery, founded in the fourteenth century by Sergius, the patron saint of Russia. Most of them were studying for the priesthood. Others aspired to be teachers in the theological seminaries. Still others would be servants of the churches content to do work on the level of the commonplace and thereby glorify the Christ to Whom they were beholden.

Four of the U. S. clergymen who visited Russia. L. to r., Rev. Dr. Herbert Gezork, Rev. Dr. Franklin Clark Fry, the author, Rev. Dr. Eugene C. Blake

Elsewhere and almost continuously, during the 10 days of my pilgrimage in Moscow and Leningrad, I saw signs of a substantial religious recovery. By contrast with conditions that had prevailed when I was previously in Russia, the number of open Russian Orthodox Churches had risen from 4,225 to more than 20,000; the number of priests from 5,665 to nearly 35,000; the number of bishops from 28 to 73; the number of monasteries from 37 to 69. Earlier, all seminaries and academies had been closed. Now eight seminaries and academies were open where 915 young men were studying for the priesthood or some other form of church endeavor. In addition, I was told, 431 priests in parishes were taking correspondence courses preparatory to higher academic degrees. A new edition of the Holy Scriptures, the first since the revolution, is currently being printed. The Russian Orthodox Churches appear to be in a thriving financial condition. Their income is derived, in the main, from the sale of candles and from freewill offerings. The patriarchate, ably administered by Alexei, is a beehive of activity. Its operations include overseeing theological schools, business administration, international church affairs and pensions.

The Evangelical Baptists, I am told, have 6,000 churches, with an adult membership of 520,000, and an over-all constituency of some 3,000,000. There are 10,000 to 12,000 new baptisms each year. There is a Baptist journal, The Brotherly Messenger, published every two months. Baptist churches like Moscow's can be found in Leningrad, Kiev, Lvov, Odessa and in the Baltic areas. Elsewhere congregations use houses remodeled as churches.

In Latvia, the Lutherans are organized into 15 districts with 300 parishes and as many churches. There are 110 Lutheran pastors who are required, in most instances, to serve more than one parish. In Estonia, where the population is preponderantly Lutheran, the parishes are large, with an average of 6,000 to 10,000 persons in each parish. Three fourths of the Estonians' churches had been destroyed during the war. But the churches, I was told, are being restored. There are courses for the preparation of priests and organists. At present there are in Estonia about 150 Lutheran pastors, 100 churches and a total adult membership of approximately 350,000. In addition to the Orthodox, Evangelical Baptists and Lutherans, there are in Russia congregations of Moslems, Buddhists, Roman Catholics, Methodists, Reformed, Friends and Adventists.

As for the Jews, their lot is not an easy one. I visited one of the synagogues presently open in Moscow. I talked with the rabbi in his study. The air was musty. The prayer book on his table was old and thumb-worn. The rabbi told me there were some 150 to 200 Jewish congregations scattered throughout the Soviet Union. There is no central organization of synagogues. In response to my question, the rabbi allowed there were in Russia about 3,000,000 Jews. For Moscow's 300,000 Jews, there are only three synagogues available for public worship, and a few private homes are used for prayers.

The synagogues do not have a registry of their members. Here, as in the churches, contributions for religious purposes are on a voluntary basis. On high holidays, I was told, as many as 10,000 Jews would frequent the synagogue I visited. They were mostly well along in years. On special occasions 20 per cent of the congregation would be under thirty years of age. There are no schools for religious instruction. When invited to do so, the rabbi calls at the homes of his people and instructs the children. I asked the rabbi if he wanted some Hebrew prayer books sent to him from America. The answer was no, that a new prayer book, the first since the revolution, was soon to be published.

But enough of general observations and statistics. These indicate that the churches in Russia are neither dead nor in a coma. They show signs of recovery. This improved status of religion is reflected in the mood of the priests and pastors. There is about them a kind of relaxed buoyancy. On occasion they actually smile. Whatever the dangers that lie ahead, they feel that the long and perilous night of physical abuse and persecution has passed. It is the morning of a new day. Maybe, ere long, a new night of terror will fall upon them. But while it is yet day they will shepherd their flocks and praise God for the hope that is now theirs.

The Communists, on their part, while less pugnacious in their treatment of the churches, have in no sense relaxed their offensive against religion. How could they be at peace with religion? For them the only thing that matters is the proletariat state, man-made and man-directed. They utterly repudiate the concepts of the spiritual and the supernatural. Man was made not for God, but for the state. As such, he is expendable. History is nothing more than an articulation of the theory of economic determinism. Only science, as science is interpreted by the Communists, speaks the language of truth.

While in Moscow I visited the university, where nearly 20,000 students are enrolled. My guide pointed to the pictures on the wall. Scientists, all of them. I did not see the likeness of a single poet or artist or philosopher or humanitarian. It is in this adoration of science that religion is construed to be a fabric of falsehoods, or, worse still, a colossal humbug imposed by the priests for the enslavement of the people.

If, during the second World War, the Communists appeared to be less hostile to religion in Russia, the reason was one of tactics. The goal then as now remains the same: the dethronement of God. I felt that Russian church leaders were inclined to interpret the change of tactics as proof that peace would hereafter prevail on the religious front.

But there will be no firm and abiding peace on the Russian religious front. The Central Committee of the Communist party in the Soviet Union will see to that. I took with me to Russia a copy of the decree issued in 1954 over the signature of Nikita Khrushchev. This decree, by contrast to the policy of tolerance toward religion at the time when Hitler stood before the gates of Moscow, resumes the battle against religion but with a shift of strategy. Khrushchev, like all Communists, has an extraordinary gift for shifting positions. I was in Geneva at the time of the summit conference when he made one of his famous shifts; he substituted buffoonery for bulldozing. He shifted again when he pushed the image of Stalin off the pedestal of Communist adoration. And earlier he had shifted the position of the Kremlin in his disguised assault upon religion. This shift meant that hereafter, in their assault upon religion and in their effort to destroy the church, the Communists would wear a silk glove on the iron fist.

Nikita Khrushchev, in the decree published in Pravda, November 11, 1954, rebuked those who resorted to insulting attacks upon the clergy and believers. Soft words, these. The decree said: "Such errors in antireligious propaganda are fundamentally at variance with the program and policy of the Communist party toward religion and believers, and they are a violation of the party's repeated instructions on the impermissibility of offending the

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"Every religious service is a sharp thorn in the flesh of the Kremlin atheists who say God is dead"

feelings of believers." How considerate of the Communist bigwigs! They didn't want to offend the feelings of the faithful! How smooth the silk that covered the iron fist!

But the iron fist is there. "The fundamental opposition of science and religion is obvious," the decree goes on to say. "Whereas science relies on facts, scientific experiment and conclusions strictly checked and confirmed by life, any religion bases itself only on Biblical and other traditions, on fantastic fabrications. Modern scientific discoveries in the natural and social sciences convincingly refute religious dogmas. Science cannot be reconciled with fabricated religious concepts about the life of nature and man, hence it is incompatible with religion." There it is in a nutshell. The same old anti-God propaganda as in those earlier days when the Marxian slogan "Religion is the opiate of the people" was stuck up on Red Square, where once stood the Iberian Virgin, one of the more treasured of all the religious relics of Russia.

IN MAKING MY ROUNDS of Russian churches, and in talking with priests and pastors, I found that the Khrushchev decree respecting religion is being adhered to with scrupulous care. There is no more clumsy throwing of sticks and stones at the Russian clergy; no more confiscation of church properties; no more desecration of the altars and the crucifixes; no more vulgar name-calling; no more caricatures of the Deity in public places. Instead, the Communists are striking at the roots of religion. They believe that once the new scientific indoctrination wholly possesses the minds of the present and future generations of Russian youth, the roots of religion will be destroyed. Then, it is expected the institutions of religion will wither on the vine.

What, then, of the future?

It seems clear to me that the churches of Russia are not likely to break through the restricted walls by which they are contained under the watchful eyes of the Communists. This dire prospect did not seem to worry the Russian churchmen with whom I talked. The idea that it is the business of the churches to bring the secular community under the judgment of the God of Righteousness seldom, if ever, occurs to them. As a matter of fact, the churches of Russia have never sought to do this. In prerevolutionary days the churches, to a considerable degree, were subservient to the state. There was at that time no disposition among the clergy to challenge the political order, nor to utilize the forces of religion to correct the abuses and injustices of the social order. I saw, in the Kremlin Museum, the golden Easter eggs, studded with priceless diamonds, rubies and sapphires, given by the Russian Orthodox Church to the czars of yesteryear—at a time when the Russian peasants and workers were crying for food, shelter and clothing.

So today, the Russian churches, in several important respects, are (and are likely to remain) under the domination of the state. While in Moscow, my colleagues and I had an interview with G. G. Karpov, chairman of the Council for Affairs of the Russian Orthodox Church. In the American political pattern Mr. Karpov's status in government would be that of an undersecretary to a cabinet official. He is, of course, a convinced atheist, and proud of it. It is he who implements decisions as to when and where old churches are to be repaired and new churches built. It is he who had the last word as to when or where a theological seminary is to be opened, or a religious journal published. It is he who sees that the Russian Orthodox Church does not get out of bounds. And his associates of the Council of Religious Cults perform a like function for the evangelical churches and other religious bodies. In our interview with Mr. Karpov he made it abundantly clear that the Russian churches, within the narrowly prescribed limits of public and private worship, are free. And they are. But beyond that the clergy and the churches are not free, as we understand freedom.

If a priest or any other ecclesiastical official were to utter a syllable in criticism of a top-level political leader, that person would hear from Mr. Karpov. There are so many areas where the churches are not free that one almost despairs of the Russian people ever hearing from their religious leaders the prophetic voice of the Son of God. The churches are not free to organize youth groups. They are not free to engage in social-service endeavors. They are not free to deviate from the Kremlin line on matters pertaining to peace and war. They are not free to be the conscience of the state, nor to challenge the directives of the Communist party, nor to lift their voices in protest against the political abuses of the Kremlin. Separation of church and state in Russia does not include the freedom of the churches to criticize the state. Nor is it realistic to expect that this pattern of church deference to the political order will be supplanted by a ministry of Christian social action.

It is in the context of tension between religion and science that tomorrow's struggle between the churches and the Communist regime in the Soviet Union will be brought into the sharpest focus. The churches conceivably could win this battle had they the vision and the knowledge to interpret science as one of the creative processes by which divine truth is revealed in the mind of man. To do this the Russian churches would have to revamp their theology. There is little likelihood that this will be done, at least in the foreseeable future.

I RECALL, in this connection, a conversation I had in Moscow with one of the theological stalwarts of the Russian Orthodox Church. I told him that in America, as in many other countries, religion and science were deemed to be complementary; that a good scientist could be a good Christian, and a good Christian a good scientist. He shrugged his shoulders, stroked his beard, and told me that religion was revealed through the feelings whereas science was for the mind. "Religion," he said, "is for the emotions, science is for the brain." Pitiful, to say the least. At a time when the Communists are developing a scientific world outlook consistent at every point with their atheistic dogmas, top Russian churchmen will continue, as in the past, to talk about a religion in which a theological curtain is drawn between the emotions and the mind.

On the more positive side, Christians in the Soviet Union will hold fast to their faith. Their faith may not, in its liturgical and outward manifestations, be that with which we of the West are familiar. But it is their faith, a faith that has brought them through many crises during a thousand years of troubled history. It is now 39 years since the Bolshevik revolution. When I was first in Moscow I heard a great deal about religion and the institutions of religion withering on the vine. It might be supposed that by now the withering process would have run its fateful course. This has not happened. Whatever may be the accommodation arrived at between the church and the state, and for whatever reasons, the fact remains that for the masses that throng the churches God is praised and Christ is adored. And this, despite the ridicule with which, in varying degrees of intensity, the Communist dictators have derided religion and blasphemed the Cross upon which Christ was crucified.

TO BE SURE, those who attend public worship are, for the most part, of the older generation. But this older generation was, at the outset of the revolution, the younger generation. Those of the faithful who are sixty years old today were only twenty-two when the revolutionists carried the red flag of Communism into the courtyard of the czar's palace in Leningrad.

As for the youth, they are not all screaming atheists. It could be that the churches are losing the young people. But not all of them. I have referred elsewhere, for example, to the nearly 1,400 young men who are today studying for the priesthood. Theirs was a free and deliberate choice between the dialectic of Marx and Lenin and the gospel of Jesus Christ. They chose the latter. When the roll is called up yonder for the priests now bent with age, their places will be taken by those younger men who today are knocking at the doors of the theological seminaries.

Yes, religion will survive in Russia. And that is something of tremendous consequence. The Communists, despite all their rhetorical bombast and the fanfare of their synthetic trumpets, have not liquidated religion. Nor will they. Every religious service is a sharp thorn in the flesh of the Kremlin atheists who keep saying that God is dead. But God is not dead. For millions of people in the Soviet Union, God still lives. Every icon, every crucifix, every domed tower silhouetted against the Russian sky line is a symbol of those imponderables of the spirit by which the mighty are cast down.

It must confound the Communists, and occasion them no end of pained exasperation, to know that after these many years of materialistic indoctrination millions of Russians still go to church, still sing their hallelujahs, still recite their creeds, still lift their voices to God in prayer. I heard the people pray. All over Moscow, in Leningrad and in Zagorsk, I heard the people pray. Once, during the administration of the Holy Communion, I heard the faithful pray: "Glory to Thee, O God. O Lord Jesus Christ, my God and Saviour. I thank Thee for all Thy gifts and especially for the Holy Communion of Thy precious, immortal and life-giving Mysteries. I entreat Thee, O Lord of Mercy, grant me Thy protection, and keep me clean in heart and mind until the end of my life, that I may receive Thy Body and Blood as Thy worthy servant. For Thou Art the Bread of Life and the source of Sanctification and the Giver of all good things. I bless Thy Holy Name, of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, now and ever, Amen."

It may yet prove to be true, as Dean Inge of Saint Paul's Cathedral in London once said: "There is more dynamite in the Magnificat than in the Communist Manifesto." THE END

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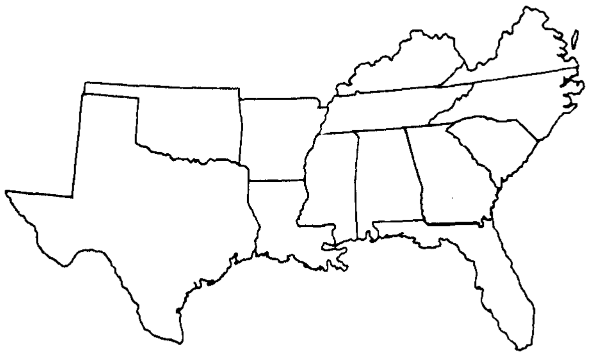
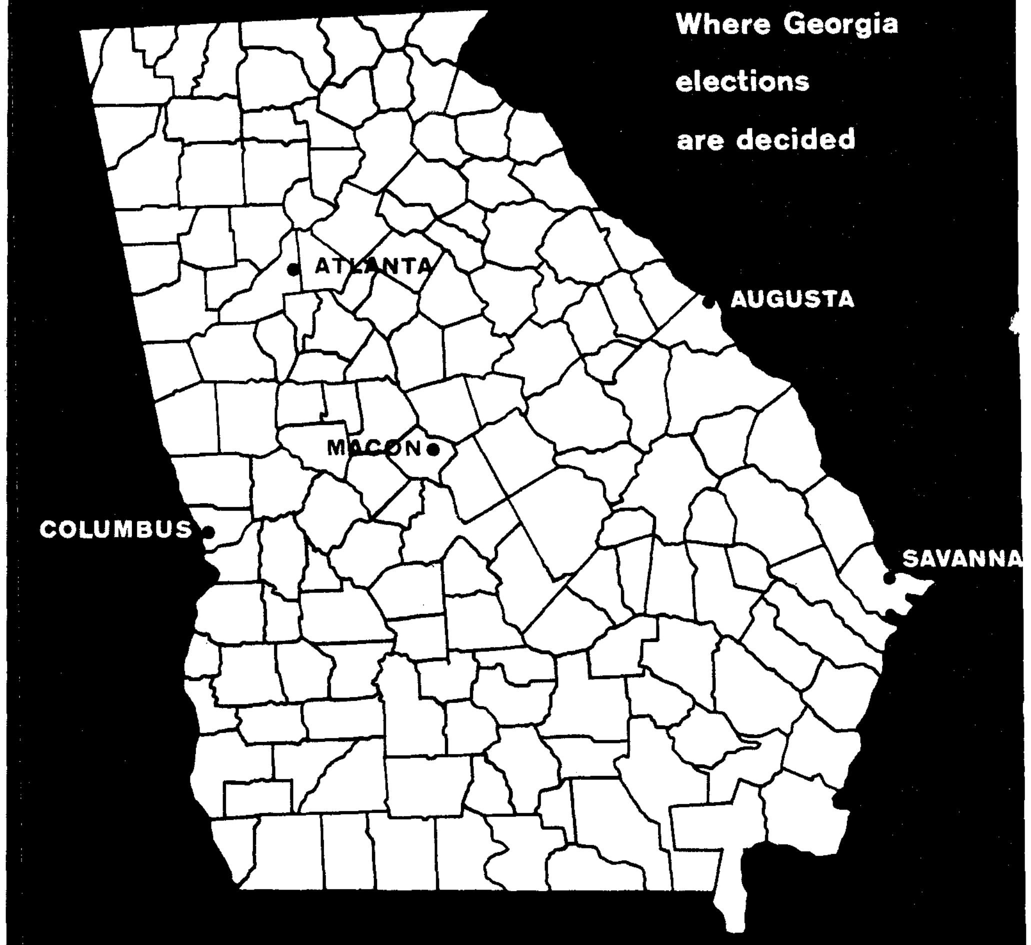


In Georgia, Old Gene Talmadge's boy Herman is taking on venerable Senator Walter George. Herman is a new breed of Southern politician—isolationist, urbane. Will he win? If so, experts say: As Georgia goes . . .



Where Georgia elections are decided

A Georgia primary can be won in state's 121 smallest counties (in darker tint). Each casts two "electoral" votes for the candidate who carries it. Under this system small margins in rural areas outweigh big pluralities in cities

. . . SO GOES THE SOUTH

THE United States Senate never comes closer to being the world's most august deliberative body than when seventy-eight-year-old Walter F. George, the senior gentleman from Georgia, takes the floor for one of his rare but influential speeches. George's important post as chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, his personal dignity and accumulated wisdom have earned him a respected place among his junior colleagues. It is one of those ironies of politics that Walter George, whose opinions on the cold war are marked attentively in all the world's capitals, should this year be threatened with political extinction in the back-road counties of his native Georgia.

After 34 years in Washington, Senator George's hopes for a seventh consecutive term depend upon his ability and desire to battle his way through this summer's Democratic primary. For all his lofty stature on the national stage, George has shown before that he had what it took to survive the one-party political wars back home. He proved it dramatically in 1938 when not even the disfavor of President Franklin D. Roosevelt combined with the corrosive onslaughts of the late Georgia Governor Eugene Talmadge were enough to unseat him. Now, nearly two decades later, he is being challenged by Old Gene's upstart son Herman, forty-two, himself an ex-governor of Georgia. If the Senator could beat the man, one wonders, shouldn't he be able to lick the boy?

The flaw in that logic is that young Herman is a new breed of Southern politician, as different from his ranting, gallus-snapping father as he is different from Walter George's patriarchal image of the Southern statesman. When Old Gene was governor, he put a cow to pasture on the lawn of the executive mansion in downtown Atlanta to show his contempt for city folks. Herman has gone to some pains to prove to Georgians that he is as at home in a corporation executive's carpeted office as in Georgia's piney woods. Herman owns a pair of red galluses and often wears them in Georgia's rural districts, but his normal workaday costume is a conservative business suit, white shirt, subdued tie and Argyle socks.

In one significant respect Herman still conforms to the Talmadge political imprint. He is a belligerent and dogmatic segregationist. If he does not quite match his father in openly bitter racism, he yields nothing to such present-day defenders of the South's racial *status quo* as South Carolina's Strom Thurmond or Mississippi's Senator James O. Eastland.

Herman Talmadge is, moreover, a forthright isolationist. If he is elected, he will be the first Southern senatorial candidate since Reconstruction to reach the Senate on that platform. While George is in Washington, sweating over reciprocal trade laws or whether tanks should be sent to Arabia, Herman is in Georgia arguing for the Bricker

Ex-Governor Herman Talmadge

Senator Walter George

By GEORGE McMILLAN

Amendment and telling Georgians that when he gets to Washington he's going to put an end to the "foreign giveaway program."

The man least worried about such paradoxes is Herman himself. And the explanation of the carefree, confident air Herman wears around Georgia these days may be that Herman believes he is a shoo-in to defeat George in a state-wide primary.

No matter how much he puzzles people outside Georgia, Talmadge is convinced he is attuned to his own bailiwick. When Georgians cast their primary ballots on September 12th, he expects them to prove that Walter George represents a South that has passed, or is passing, and that he, Herman, is the most expert manipulator in his region of the bewildering forces that make up what the South is, or is becoming.

If Senator George is unseated, with or without a battle, the earth will tremble beneath the feet of a host of Southern Senators and Representatives who have been elected, re-elected—and re-elected again—by those complacent coalitions that have so long marked the limited democracy of the deep South.

One of George's followers recently paid him and his junior colleague, Richard B. Russell, this sad compliment: "They will be the last gentlemen from Georgia to sit in the U.S. Senate."

A Southern political expert added: "All those old-timers up there in the Senate and the House better come home and see what's happening in the cotton patch. If Talmadge can beat George, somebody can come along with Talmadge's ideas and beat any of them."

Herman could succeed where Old Gene failed because he knows precisely how "new" is the New South. The new Talmadgeism is built on Herman's accurate (and cynical, his enemies insist) estimate of just how much adjustment is needed to accommodate the South's new industrial and economic interests with the South's antique political structure.

NOBODY KNOWS BETTER than Herman how many Negroes vote in Georgia, and where; nobody knows better than Herman how many Georgians belong to trade-unions, and where and how they vote; nobody understands better than Herman the exact and subtle implications of the South's new prosperity.

The New South is on view at Five Points, Atlanta's Times Square, where the sidewalks are crowded with bustling young men in gray flannel suits. A few doors away you can find Mills B. Lane, president of the Citizens and Southern Bank, in a high-paneled office, standing in loafers beside an ornate marble fireplace. "I'm for Herman Talmadge," says Lane, a bantam of a man in his up-and-coming forties, "and you can quote me." Lane's optimism about Talmadge's chances, about the future of Georgia, about the South, is expressed on the hand-painted ties he wears. "It's a Wonderful World," the ties say, and so does Lane when he answers the telephone.

But Herman Talmadge is also welcome in the languid atmosphere of any one of Georgia's rural county seats. Down in Waynesboro, cotton-growing country, the Old South still sits on the courthouse steps, or lounges on the bench in front of the small white "police" booth built on the courthouse lawn, or gathers at the back table across the street in Ward's Café. There you can find Roy Chalker, a country editor who is unswervingly loyal to Talmadge. Chalker, speaking in Burke County idiom, says he's for Herman because Herman "is a good old boy," meaning "one of us."

By Georgia tradition, political candidates make their first formal speeches on July 4th, and take to the barbecue pits through the steaming Southern summer to furnish one of the state's two sources of hot-weather recreation. The other, of course, is fishing. In a George-Talmadge primary "everything will be ventilated," predicts a veteran political reporter, "but the real issues."

Already Georgians are talking as if the campaign were one of those primitive contests of nature between a young stud and an old buck. "I just somehow wish that the old man didn't have to get out there in the heat and the gnats this summer," said one voter sympathetically. "I know what Herman means to do," said another, "and that's to wear the old man down."

George has told his campaign workers that he is going to wage a dignified campaign, but there is already evidence it may not be possible. "Some of the stories they're telling about the Senator," said a George campaign worker indignantly, "are downright lies! They're saying he has to be led in and out of the Senate chamber. God knows what they'll say if he should get a cold." Talmadge supporters are already making what they can of the fact, a not inconsiderable one among Georgia's low-income groups, "that the old man could retire with a pension of $15,000 or better, and why doesn't he?"

George may see a lot of Secretary of State Dulles, but the most damaging thing that can be, and is being, said about George by Talmadge partisans at home is that "he doesn't know anybody down here any more."

"Not long ago," goes the Talmadge booster's story, "George was at the courthouse in a county down in south Georgia shaking hands. When he was through, and had said hello to everybody, he asked, 'Where is my old friend John Smith? I expected to see him around here.'

" 'Why, Senator,' somebody had to tell him, 'your friend John Smith passed on in 1923.' "

As sure as the weeds will grow between the rows of cotton this summer, George will be attacked as "weak" and "timid" on the segregation issue. Some think that Talmadge will make it the major issue of the campaign, and it will not matter that George introduced in the Senate the Southern manifesto on segregation signed by him, and by 18 other Senators and 81 Representatives.

"Listen," said one Talmadge man, almost menacingly, "he's been up there all this time, letting the Supreme Court get away with murder. He could have done some hollerin', now couldn't he? He could have hollered *plenty*. Why didn't he?"

You can say that this is the stuff of a Southern political campaign, but you can't dismiss it. For George cannot return it in kind, or, if he could, has told his campaign workers that he won't.

George's famous organ voice, his seniority, his admitted skill as a politician, the old constituencies he has cultivated through the years might counter some of Talmadge's savvy—and, as one state political expert has observed, "If Herman goes too hard on the old man, sentiment might turn."

"The people of Georgia have chosen me to represent them in many public offices," George recently told a reporter. "I am confident this long record of close association with them will not be broken. They have not changed and neither have I."

George said he intended to stump the state "as much as necessary" after Congress adjourns. Until then, he declared, "I am sure no one would expect me to neglect duty for political expediency."

BUT AS THIS IS WRITTEN, there are signs that George's campaign workers are feeling frustrated. They are talking bravely but vaguely about the support George will get from "the ladies of the state," and from "the young people." They assert that "all the intangibles are going to work for Senator George," and that he is going to get "the city vote."

To those who know Georgia politics best, talk like that has an unworldly ring. It is as if you were talking about an election in such distant provinces as, say, New York or Michigan or California.

Herman Talmadge's camp, in contrast, dwells on his more specific and presumably irresistible assets—including Herman's fantastic memory. If Talmadge has ever met you, you can be sure he will know your name the next time he meets you, even if it is a year later. Herman told somebody once that "I probably know the names of 15,000 folks in Georgia," and very few Georgians would chal-

Herman appeals both to back-country voters and Georgia's go-getting young businessmen

Roy Harris, at left, a powerful state Democrat and former Speaker of the Georgia House, is supporting Herman Talmadge, at right, in this year's campaign

JAY LEVITON

Old Gene, Herman's father, was a fiery campaigner in red suspenders. He died in 1946. George defeated him in 1938

UNITED PRESS

lenge the estimate. But the startling thing is that Herman Talmadge knows more than your name. If you're in business, he'll remember the name of your firm. If you had a problem when you talked with him, he'll remember the focus of your anxiety. And, if he did a favor for you, he remembers that and expects your vote in return.

Talmadge can give the impression of having important affairs at hand without ever seeming to lack time to talk with everyone he sees. He is a public figure in the literal sense. Unlike those men who seem to be torn between an image they have created and an image they know they privately are, Talmadge is a serene extrovert. A man who knows him well states that Herman has no private personality: "Without people around, without someone to talk to, he's not himself, he's not anything."

Except that he was at various times in his youth the governor's son, Herman was relatively inconspicuous until his father died. He attended Druid Hill High School in Atlanta, went on, as every Georgia political aspirant feels he must, to the University of Georgia at Athens and stayed on for law school. He is reputed to have acquired in those adolescent days a taste for some rather sophisticated pleasures.

Perhaps because of the bad taste Old Gene left, the thing that Georgians most often say about Herman is that "he is a lot better than I expected him to be." Nothing has done more to dispel rumors about his personal life than "Miss Betty" Talmadge, his pleasant, red-haired wife, and mother of his two young sons. Whether Talmadge is in the governor's mansion or at his farm home in Lovejoy, Georgia, Miss Betty

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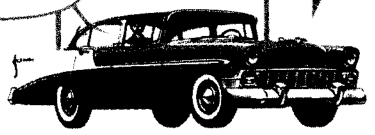
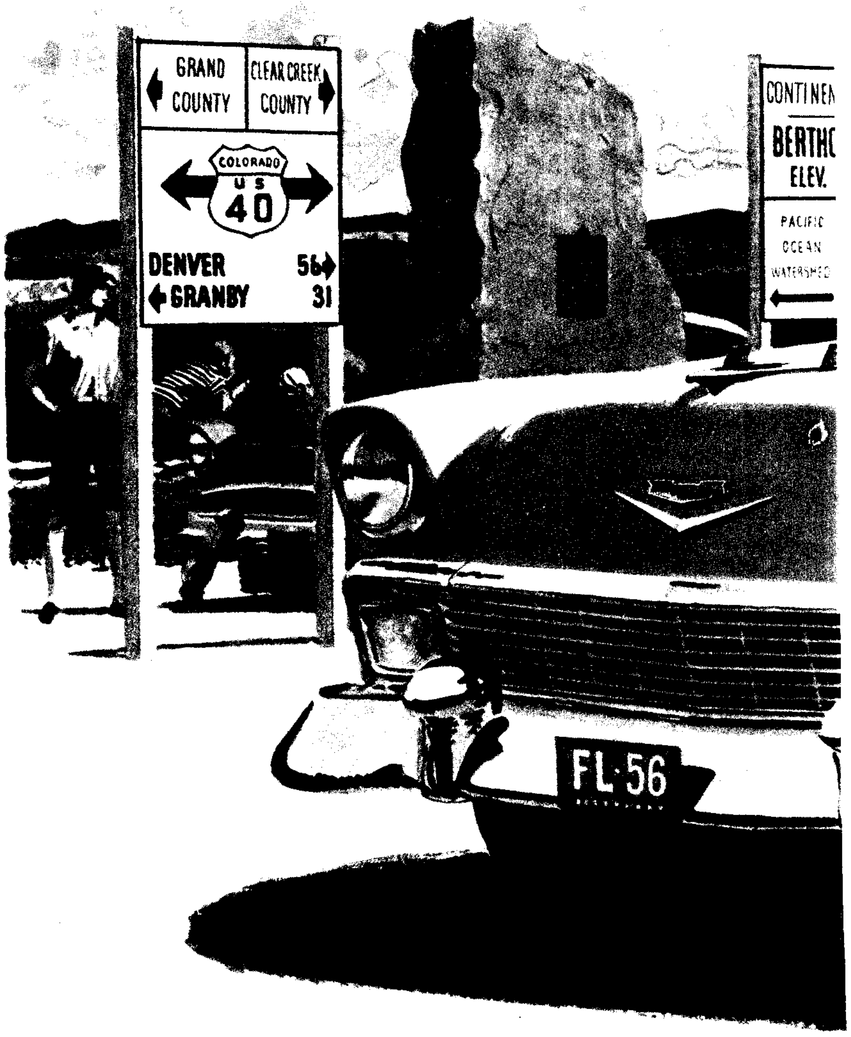




is on hand as hostess, a soft, ingratiating complement to a man who can sometimes be harsh and dogmatic.

Perhaps Herman's greatest personal achievement is to convince Georgians that he has all of his father's virtues with none of his particular vices. "Old Gene wanted worse than anything to go off to Washington," says an old-timer in Georgia politics. "But the people of Georgia were too ashamed of his carryings-on to send him up there."

HERMAN COMBINES Gene's folksiness with urbanity—and more. He talks and acts like the expert public administrator. On his weekly appearances on an Atlanta TV station, he is the model of a sincere, impartial and able public servant. It was Herman's behavior and accomplishments as governor that did more than anything to convince Georgians that he is not a one-dimensional figure. Many, probably most, Georgians believe that Herman Talmadge was the most progressive executive in the state's history, not excepting Ellis G. Arnall, a man who was elected in one of those waves of reaction to Old Gene's buffoonery and dictatorial rampages.

Arnall gave back to the state universities the independence Old Gene snatched away in a fit of pique at college professors, and Arnall gave Georgia its first civil service law. But he ruined himself in Georgia politics, or so it is widely held, by writing The Shore Dimly Seen, a reflective and temperate look at some of Georgia's and the South's problems, and by following its publication with a national lecture tour. Today he is practicing law in Atlanta —and refuses even to discuss politics for publication. But Arnall's views about Georgia are not, to put it mildly, any longer temperate. He told a friend not long ago that he thought the South today was asking for the same fate as Ireland, that it would probably suffer the same eventual future of parochial insulation and colonial neglect.

But Herman, Georgians insist, was a good governor, too. He spent a great deal of money on public improvements but not like a Huey Long, throwing public money right and left. He upgraded the state's aging institutions, adding buildings and equipment, raising salaries. On schools, for example, he spent more than all the other state administrations in the state's history *combined*. And he saw that the money was well spent. To whatever he started, Herman lent a strong, guiding hand. And yet he could, and would, delegate responsibility.

"He is probably the best executive among the post-World War II crop of Southern governors," a regional administrative official has said.

Not even that is enough to make an election a sure thing in Georgia. The personal attributes of George and Talmadge, even their achievements, are like the gravy and potatoes without the meat of Georgia politics. The central reality to any man who wants to win public office in Georgia is the county unit system. Its acknowledged master today is Herman Talmadge.

Ever since the small, and then poor, white Southern farmer joined the Populist revolt after Reconstruction, and succeeded in making his weight felt in deep South politics, the rural counties of the South have fought to dominate state politics. More often than not they have won.

Apportionments enacted in those days to weight the vote in favor of the farms and the rural counties against the cities explain why, in Georgia, the "crackers" and "wool hats" have always been a recognizable and important bloc; just as "red necks" are in neighboring Alabama.

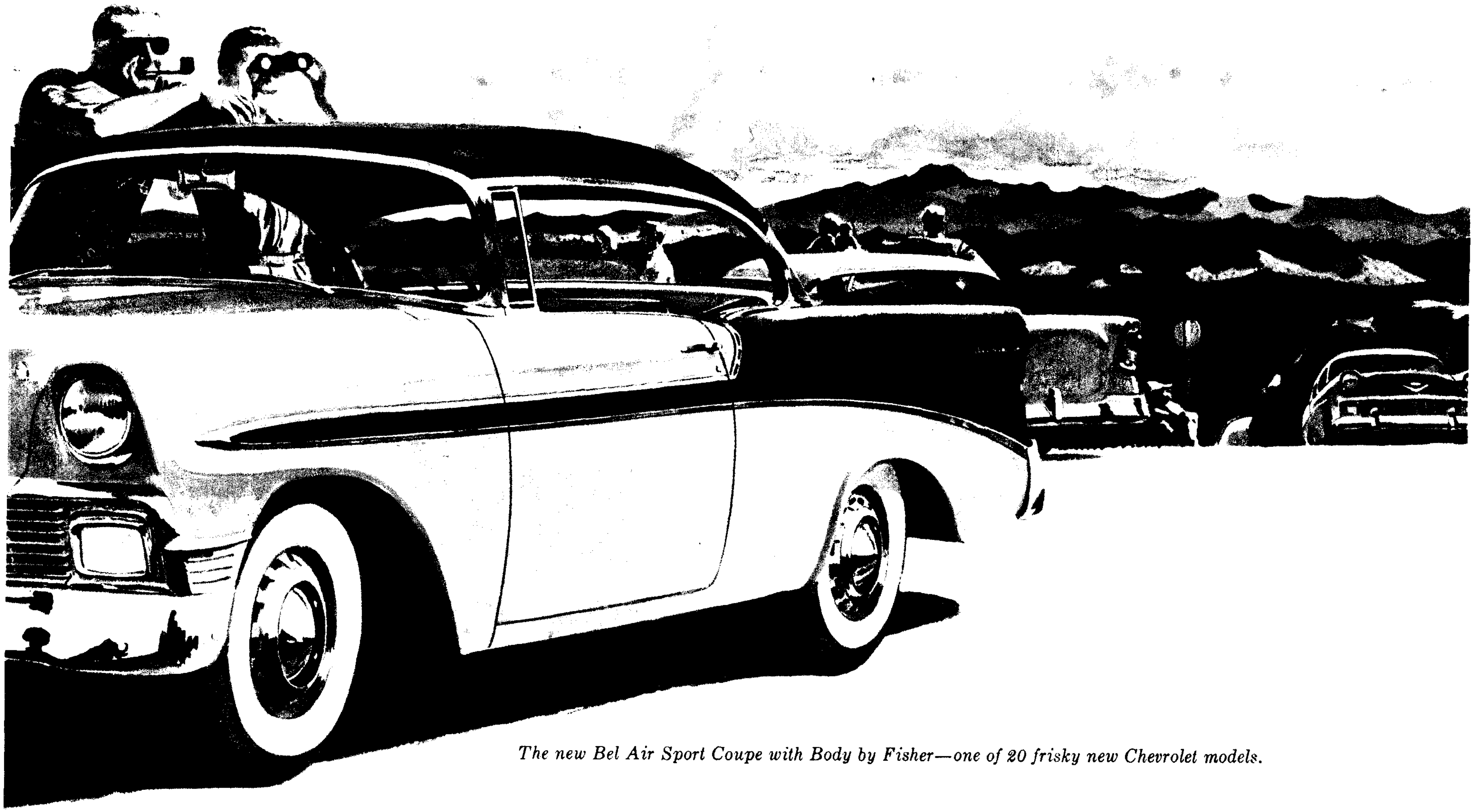
PINCHED BY THE plantation oligarchy, the small farmers succumbed to the blandishments of generations of demagogues. They took the word of men like Georgia's Tom Watson and South Carolina's Pitchfork Ben Tillman that the Negro was their enemy as surely as was the city slicker—and that the Negro must remain disenfranchised if the rural counties were to hold their political power. These distorted apportionments are still largely unchanged throughout the South.

Georgia's county unit system, a greater distortion than most, helps to dramatize how tough it is to be elected unless the "Black Belt" counties like and approve of you. (The term "Black Belt" derives from the dark, cotton-growing soil which stretches through the rural South from South Carolina to Mississippi.) In Georgia it's not just that the rural votes count for a little more; it is possible there for a candidate to be elected *without going near* any of Georgia's large cities, without carrying Atlanta, Macon, Columbus, Savannah or Augusta. Old Gene used to brag that he didn't want the vote of anybody who rode a streetcar to work.

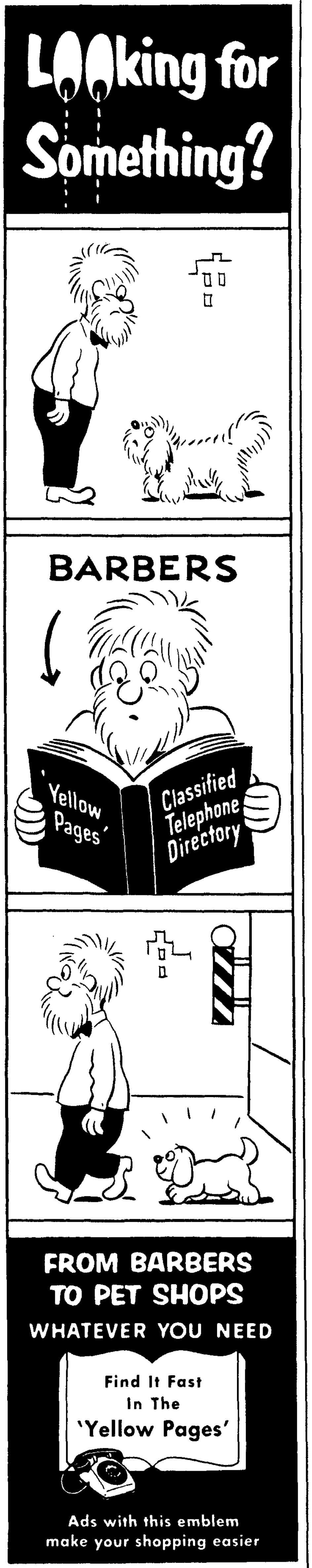
The mechanics of why he didn't, and why Herman and George needn't, are simple. Georgia's 159 counties are divided into three groups: 8 counties have six unit votes each; 30 counties have four; and 121 counties have two. A simple plurality of a county's popular vote gets its unit votes—in the same way a state's electoral votes are cast for President. To win a Georgia primary (equivalent to election) a candidate needs only 206 unit votes.

If a man could get 103 of those 121 small rural counties in Georgia, he'd be in. And it has happened almost that way, both to Herman and to George. In 1938, George survived the Roosevelt "purge" by tallying 141,235 votes, while his opponents got 180,076. But George accumulated 242 unit votes to his opponents' 168. When Herman defeated M. E. Thompson for governor in 1950, each unit vote he collected counted for only 975 popular votes,

and pleasure ahead !



The new Bel Air Sport Coupe with Body by Fisher—one of 20 frisky new Chevrolet models.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while each of Thompson's unit votes counted for 2,427 popular votes. In 1954, Herman's choice for governor, Marvin Griffin, won his post with 302 unit votes but only 36 per cent of the popular vote.

In that primary, Chattahoochee County cast 191 popular votes to poll its two unit votes while Fulton County (Atlanta) cast 77,358 popular votes to swing its six unit votes. An individual vote in Chattahoochee County was thus worth *135* times more than a vote in Atlanta on Georgia's political scales.

It is the county unit system that actually makes it less important for a state candidate to know 15,000 people than to know two or three hundred in the right places.

In Georgia, and across much of the deep South, the most important figure to the office seeker is the political leader in the rural Black Belt counties. Sometimes he is the sheriff, sometimes the county clerk—and nobody knows better than he how few votes are really needed to carry his county.

Say that 2,000 people vote in his county. Say that they're split in a campaign where two men like George and Talmadge run. It could be that 250 sure votes would swing the election for either candidate. So, when you count the leader's kinfolks, and the folks he has given jobs or contracts to, and you count *their* kinfolks, you have your 250.

IT'S NOT SURPRISING that, as sure as election time rolls around, there are rumors that this small county or that one can be "bought." The figure may not run as high as one smoke-filled-room estimate. "Twenty Georgia counties can be had with cash, and 20 more are open to suggestion," said an experienced politician some years ago.

"Why, some of those fellows," said a man whose chance at observation is more recent, "run from candidate to candidate. The most honest of them are bargaining. The real crooks just take from both sides."

Although Negroes represent from 25 to above 40 per cent of the population of Georgia's two-unit counties, very few if any Negroes vote in them. The county unit system and segregation are inseparable. "That's why," said an Atlanta liberal, "if you scratch the bark of segregation, the sap begins to run out of Talmadge."

The workings of the county unit system and Talmadge's success with it bear a moral for every officeholder in the deep South—from the elected county school-board member to the politically appointed trustee of a Southern state university, and from the state Senator to, more often than not, the U.S. Senator. And the moral is that if he wants to get office, and stay in, he must uphold and defend and, where necessary, enforce the racial *status quo.*

The disproportionate importance in Southern politics of the Black Belt counties, combined with the fact that Negroes do not vote in them, explains why many of the South's politicians run to the barricades in any segregation crisis. It helps to explain, for example, why the leaders of the Montgomery bus boycott were arrested; it explains why Autherine Lucy was expelled from the University of Alabama.

And it explains why the moderates in the deep South are so seldom heard from. If one of them dares to raise his head, the Southern politician will cut it off, probably before the white Citizens Councils reach the scene.

"So, when the band plays Dixie," one Southern liberal says, "I get down and crawl through broken glass with the rest of them."

The county unit system explains why the Negro vote is unimportant to Talmadge; at least 80 per cent of the estimated 125,000 registered Negro voters in Georgia are in Atlanta. Many of them, after registering in 1948 and 1950, no longer vote except in Atlanta municipal elections. And what is true in Georgia is roughly true across the South; the 1,100,000 estimated Negro vote is largely a city vote.

In a roundabout way, the county unit system also explains why the trade-union vote doesn't count for much in Georgia, although the regional AFL-CIO office there says it has 150,000 members in Georgia and 2,500,000 in the southeast. Nobody has made a tally, but it is obvious to most Southerners that the region's factory workers come mostly from the rural counties, and are bred to that brand of politics.

"The Southern factory worker," said one veteran organizer, "is the most susceptible man in America to local issues. His uncle or his cousin is always running for something, and he's not much interested in any other race."

Herman has never failed to take at least 110 counties, and he is the very particular darling of the "county courthouse gangs" of Georgia. He is a consummate master of "give-a-little, get-a-little" politics. He is simply too smart to promise anything he cannot deliver, and he almost never fails to deliver on any promise he makes. He is, above all, accessible. For the past several months he has spent only one day a week in Atlanta, the others in traveling throughout the state. When he's at home (he did the same thing when he was governor), he answers the phone himself: "This is Herman Talmadge."

"Don't call Herman and tell him you'd like to make a date for next week," says a friend. "He'll say, 'Come over right now!' " It is Herman's accessibility that makes people forgive his abruptness, and his direct honesty outwears his near arrogance.

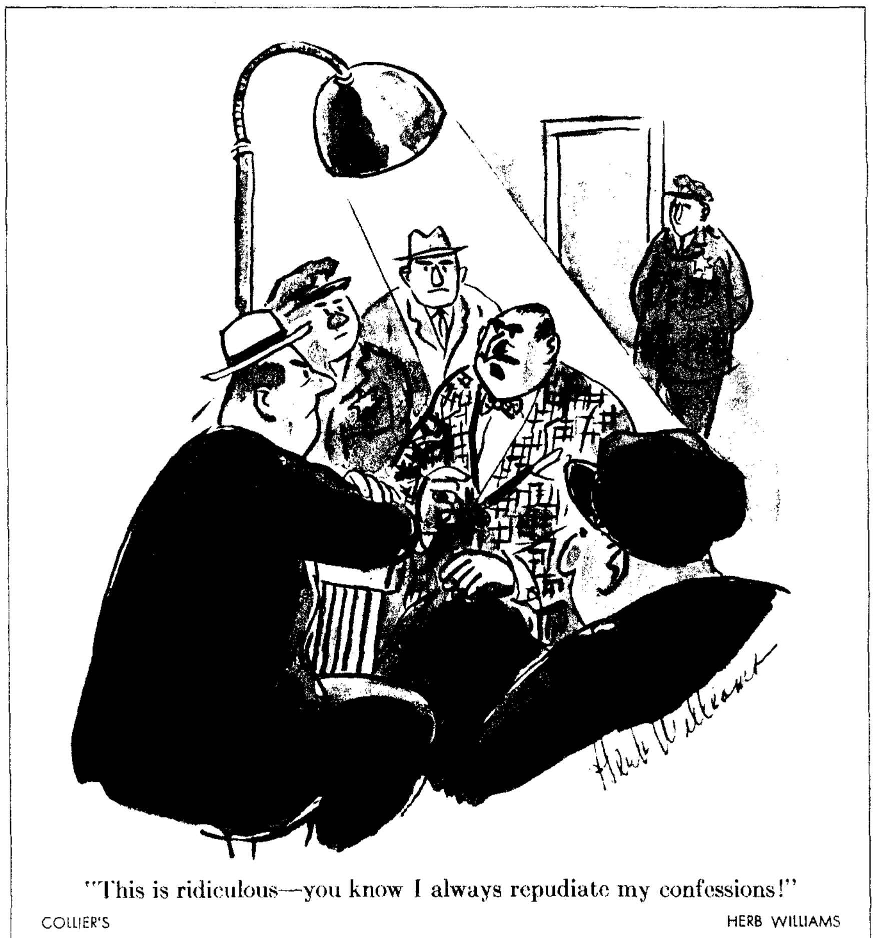
Roy Harris, an Augusta lawyer who has served as campaign manager for Herman, for George and for Arnall, reputedly the man in Georgia closest to the rural leaders, said not long ago:

"I'm for Herman all the way this time. I used to think I was a pretty smart fellow, but he shades me when it comes to knowing Georgia."

Sometimes, indeed, Herman acts more like the servant than the master of the county unit system. The system certainly encourages the man who understands it to take rash advantage of it, and that probably explains why Herman thought he could seize the governor's office in a Balkanlike *coup d'état* when his father died.

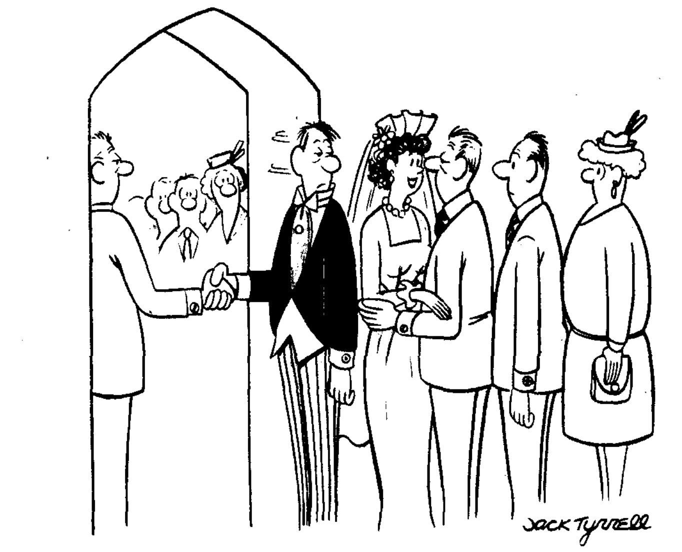
HERMAN CONTINUES to publish The Statesman, a newspaper his father started for the rural voters, and edited to appeal to their most rustic and prejudiced side. Nor has it changed much under Herman's guidance. It viciously attacks all moves toward racial equality and in a recent issue even blamed the "farm slump" on foreign aid. It carried a photograph this spring showing a severed hand hanging from a post, captioned, this can happen to "your son, brother, husband," etc., explaining elsewhere that this was the dire consequence of a ruling making American servicemen stationed overseas subject to foreign justice. The hand, it turned out, was that of a Moslem.

One of Herman's bitterest and ugliest fights took place when in 1950 he tried to extend the county unit system, which now applies only to primaries, to the general elections, in fear apparently that the two-party South was at hand. Some of the talk that followed passage of an amendment in his legislature was just folksy, some only legitimately (for Georgia) exaggerated: "If you like political barbecue and like having the big-shot politicians come down to see you now and then, you'd better vote for this referendum," one man warned.



"This is ridiculous—you know I always repudiate my confessions!"

COLLIER'S HERB WILLIAMS



"Why, Roger, you never kissed me like that before!"

COLLIER'S JACK TYRRELL

But even stronger stuff bore Talmadge's signature: a brochure full of dark hints—and a picture of a Negro dancing with a white girl.

Herman's isolationism, though probably satisfying several segments of Georgia, probably can be blamed at least partly on the county unit system. He may be, as some say, only making an issue with Senator George, who is so closely identified with Washington foreign policy. A journal so distant as the authoritative London Economist blamed Herman recently for George's increasingly stringent view of the foreign-aid program. Or Herman may be making overtures to the state's largest industry, the highly protectionist textile manufacturers. But his apparent indifference to the problems of the world outside Georgia started with, and probably can best be explained by, an elective system that pays the highest rewards for the narrowest insularity.

THE CRUELEST BLOW that Herman has struck at George, however, is to take from him the support of Georgia's business community. For it still takes money to win elections in Georgia. A study made in the 1940s concluded that Georgia political campaigns were won with: "The money of the corporation leaders, the expert skill of a few state politicians and the exaggerated influence of leaders in the small underpopulated counties . . ."

"Senator George," said a man who has raised campaign funds for him, "has never had a machinelike organization. When election time came, all he had to do was get in touch with about 125 gentlemen scattered around the state, and they'd pretty much do the rest." Some of these were known to be the state's business leaders of that decade.

Those were the days when Georgia's largest banks and businesses were still run by a few families whose instinct was to keep outsiders out. In some towns, they still try and still succeed. Business and credit control descend almost on a hereditary basis.

But the wonderful world of Mills Lane is a different world. Lane, with a regiment of other young businessmen in his train, is an entrepreneur who has no patience with the old business ways. "Mills will loan money to *anybody*," an Atlanta businessman says.

"Our bank alone spends $200,000 a year on the industrial development of Georgia," Lane asserts. "We want new business, and we've got 55,000 square miles in Georgia for plant sites."

It is certainly no accident that Lane's most frequent companion on trips outside the state in search of new industry is—Herman Talmadge. "When Herman gets up there in New York, he makes a very forceful impression, too," says Lane.

Herman scrounges for new business with the same fervor a college football coach uses in going after high-school stars. And what business needs in Georgia, Herman is going to give business. He's proved that he can make public improvements without raising business taxes. He likes to think that the monument to his administration is the development of port facilities at Savannah, giving the state's commerce an outlet to the sea. But he cushioned the cost of this and many other of his public improvements by creating public authorities and letting them raise cash by issuing long-term bonds. Herman urged his legislature to pass a state sales tax, and cheerfully signed it into law—thereby probably giving Old Gene (who opposed sales taxes) a turn or two in the grave.

"What Herman is doing in running against George," said an Atlantan, "is setting the young businessmen against the old-timers who have supported George all these years."

Some of Herman's appeal lies in a cold-blooded business calculation. "An investment in George," remarked one young Georgia businessman, "must be amortized over a very short period."

Of course there are a few dissenting voices. "Business and the county unit system can't live together very long," said a local political scientist. "Their interests are really as different as day and night, and another decade will prove it, prove that an industrial society and plantation politics are natural enemies. And something is gonna have to give."

For the present, however, an investment in Herman looks as good to much of the Georgia business community as a warehouse full of cotton when the price is right.

"Talmadge," predicts Ralph McGill, editor of the Atlanta Constitution, "is not the last Southern demagogue, but only the first of a new and shrewder breed." THE END

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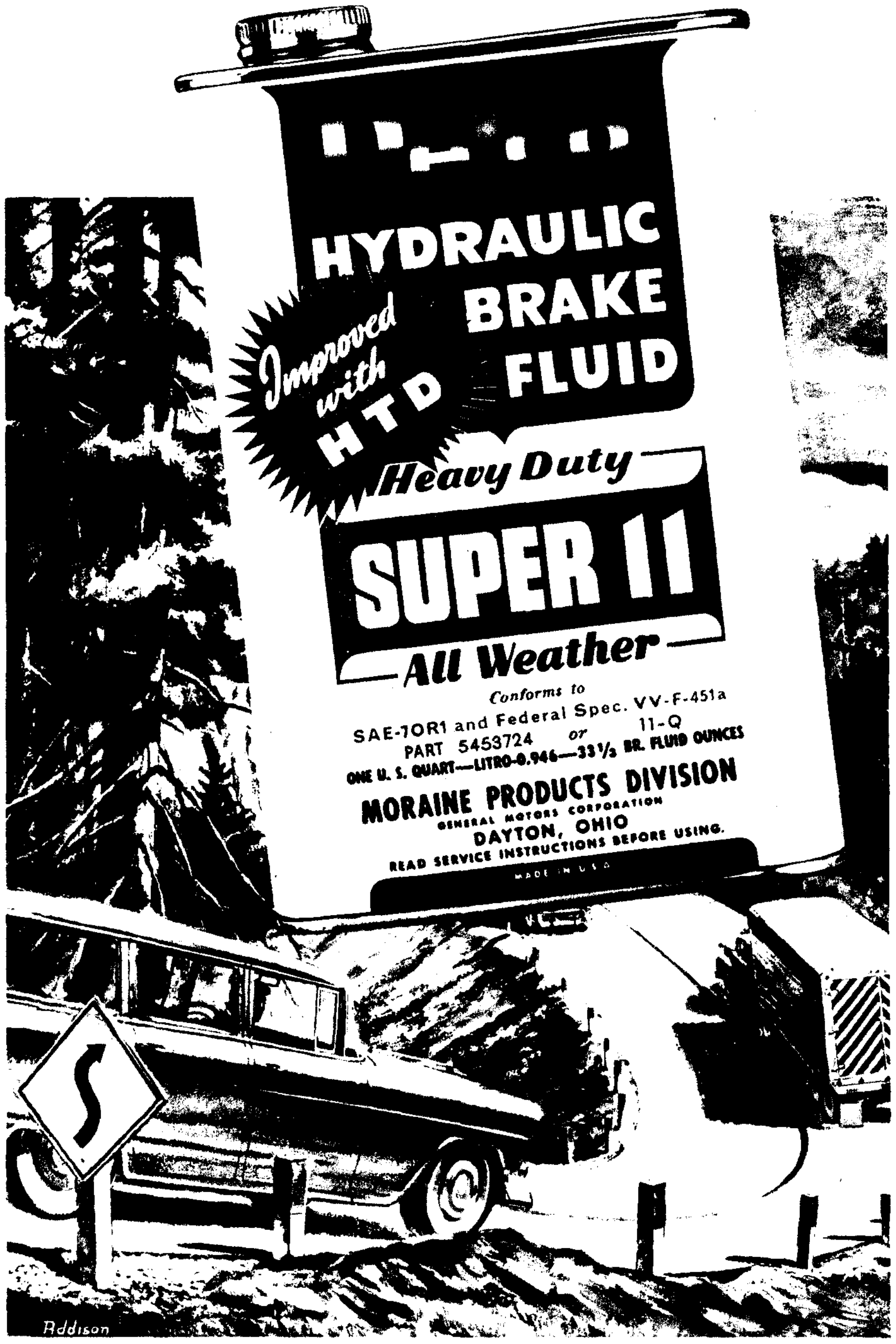
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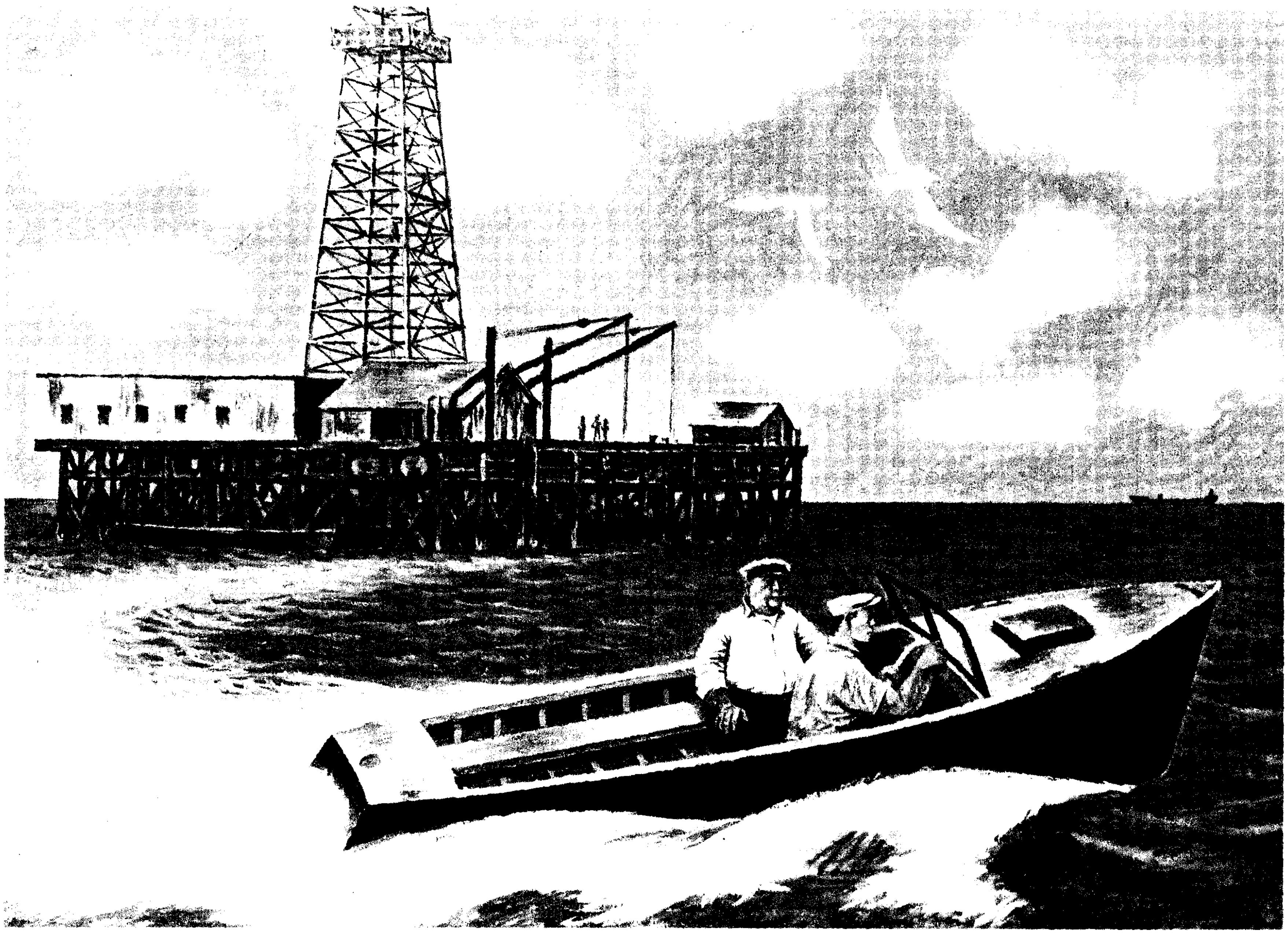

"You're nothing but a crook, Earl," Harry said. "Yeah?" Earl said. "Well, ain't we getting fancy. What's the matter—you getting worried about your girl?"

FLYING TIME: SEVEN MINUTES

By WALT GROVE

Harry had suspected his boss was pulling something fishy in this oil-drilling deal. Now he knew, and he was the only one who could prevent it—if he dared

THE boat was tied to the dock, and Harry and his girl were sitting forward out of the sun, eating lunch. The girl had on a faded cotton dress and a gray sweater with the sleeves pushed above her elbows. She was watching a tug move down the channel, towing a barge loaded with supplies for the drilling platform out in the Gulf. A man in a red cap leaned out of the wheelhouse of the tug and waved. The girl waved back.

"It'll take him an hour to get out there," Harry said. "On a day like this you could fly it in about seven minutes."

"Why don't you, then?"

"I didn't mean *I* could. I meant anybody could."

"Anybody but you."

"That's right," Harry said. "I gave it up."

The girl brushed the crumbs off her lap. She looked at Harry as if she were studying him. "You haven't said anything yet about what I've been talking about all morning. All you do is grunt. Why don't you say something?"

"Because I don't want to argue, Louise."

"Well, I don't care, I want you to say *some*thing."

Harry tried to swallow the last bite of the peanut-butter sandwich he was eating. He had to swallow twice. "Look. Earl's just trying to renegotiate the contract for the use of his boats, that's all. He's never had anything before. Now he's got a chance to build up a real business and have a whole fleet servicing drilling platforms. He's taking advantage of an opportunity—"

"He's taking advantage of my father," Louise said. "That's who your friend Earl is taking advantage of. He knows there aren't any more boats available around here to do this kind of work, and he knows how long it takes to get one from a yard in New Orleans, too."

"Well, how much money does your father have anyway?" Harry said. He hadn't wanted to talk about it in the first place. "A million dollars?"

"A million dollars?" Louise said. "Harry, look at my dress. Do you know how long I've had it? Since I was in school, that's how long."

"I didn't mean cash. I meant capital."

"Oh, you meant capital," she said. "Well, let me tell you something. My

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father formed a very small company with some other men. Most of them had to borrow money to finance the drilling. They don't even own the equipment. They're renting it, and it's costing them several thousand dollars a day, and the well won't be in for another month. By then it will've cost them more than nine hundred thousand dollars."

"Well, how much closer to a million can you get?" Harry said. "And it's your father's company's money. So what's the difference?"

"The difference is that my father can't pay Earl Snyder any more money!" Louise said. "Don't you understand? You can pump only so much oil from a well in a day. That's the law. You sell the oil and you get so much money, and that's all. My father simply can't pay Earl any more!" Louise stopped and shook her head. "Harry, my father's not young any more. Just about everything he's got in the world is tied up out there on that drilling platform, and if he loses it, what's he going to do? He couldn't stand for me to go to work and take care of him. He's not that kind of man."

HARRY tried to take her hand. "You're getting too upset about this. They'll work it out. Now what would be the sense in Earl's putting your father out of business anyway?"

"That's exactly what I'd like to know," Louise said. She sounded angry. "Well, let's go if we're going. Let's get it over with."

Harry cast off and then went forward to the wheel and started the engine. Louise stood beside him as he moved the boat away from the dock and turned it into the channel. After they had passed the point, they were out in the Gulf.

Harry pushed back his cap. "No, I'll tell you," he said. "You haven't got anything to worry about. I know Earl's uneducated, and he can be pretty crude sometimes, but he's just about the greatest guy in the world."

Louise stared at Harry. "You don't really, honestly and truly think that?"

"Let me tell you something," Harry said. "When I got out of the hospital and came home, he was the only one who understood how I felt. Everybody else in town either thought I was crazy, or scared to fly any more. I got shot up, all right, but I wasn't scared. I just wanted to forget about it. But every night when I'd lie down to sleep I'd be in that helicopter again, like a goldfish in a bowl, and that joker in the MIG would be coming in again, head-on, with his guns firing so fast it looked like the edge of his wing was in flames.

"Well, that's just not a very pleasant thing to remember. I wanted to forget it, and so I didn't want to fly any more. But right after I came home, old man Bradly at the bank offered me money to buy a helicopter and go in business for myself. I tried to explain to him. He didn't understand. Almost everyone thought I was crazy—except Earl. 'If you don't want to drive one of them things any more, then don't,' he said. 'Come to work for me and drive a boat instead.' " Harry laughed. "That's just typical of Earl. Drive a boat!"

Louise glanced at him. "And how much does the greatest guy in the world pay you?"

"He pays me enough," Harry said.

"He pays you nothing, and you know it," Louise said. "Why, every time you take me to the movies it's a big deal. You're nothing to him but slave labor, Harry."

"Listen, money isn't the important thing. Understanding how someone feels is important."

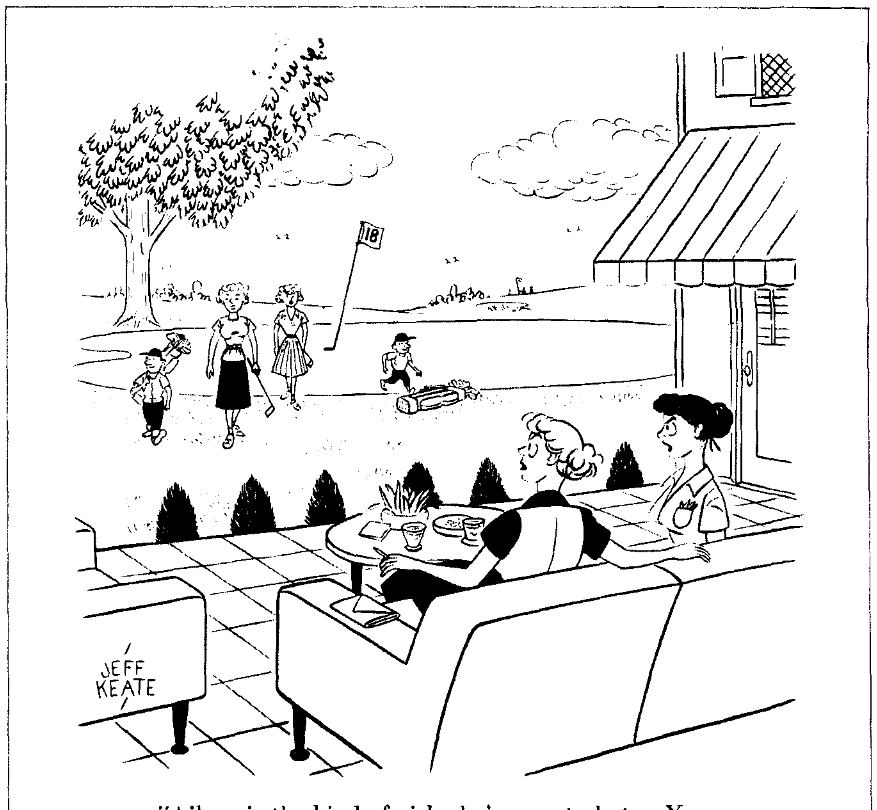
"Oh, Earl understands," Louise said. "He understands he can use you. And you won't fight back. That's what makes me so mad."

Harry pulled his cap down over his eyes. "You're the one who doesn't understand."

"Then just forget I ever mentioned it," she said. "It really isn't important at all."

"Okay," he said, gripping the wheel. "I will." . . .

The drilling platform was twelve miles out in the Gulf, out of sight of



"Aileen is the kind of girl who's easy to hate. You know—beautiful, sweet and happily married . . ."

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

land. There were no other wells in that area offshore, and the platform sat lonely and isolated in fourteen fathoms of water, anchored to the bottom. As far as you could see, there was nothing but water. Sometimes a single gull would wheel over, then coast away. At night, except for the lights on the rig, everything was black—black sky, black water.

Mr. Johnson, Louise's father, and Earl Snyder were standing there, shouting at each other when Harry and Louise drew near. Mr. Johnson had taken off his hat and he was standing with his arms folded, shouting, "You'll either take what I've been paying, or you can leave it! That's according to our agreement, and that's final!"

"Well, I'll just leave it then!" Earl shouted, leaning over Mr. Johnson and clenching his fists. Earl had no front teeth and his big belly hung over his belt. "We'll see how you get along when I pull out my boats and leave you stranded!"

Mr. Johnson pointed. "Get off this platform."

"Don't think I ain't," Earl said. "I don't have to be told. Well, the shoe's on the other foot now. We'll just see how you like her when she starts to pinch."

"Daddy," Louise said, climbing up onto the platform ahead of Harry. "What's wrong?"

"Why, he's asking damn' near double the price we agreed on, or else he's going to take away his boats. And he knows how hard I tried at the beginning to rent some from that yard in New Orleans, too, and couldn't because none were available. And now there isn't time for me to order boats specially built to haul mud and everything. I don't know what to do. I trusted this man, we had a contract—"

Earl grinned. "I already told you what you could do with that contract, Mr. Johnson."

"Daddy, haven't you got enough supplies to keep drilling for a few days?" Louise said. "Couldn't you go to New Orleans and see if something hasn't turned up?"

"Yes, I have the supplies, but what about my crews?" Mr. Johnson said. "I've got to get them back and forth, and they won't stay out here without some kind of boat available in emergency."

"Harry," Louise said, "can you get a boat? Any kind at all, just to haul the men back and forth for a few days until Daddy can go to New Orleans?"

MR. JOHNSON looked quickly at Harry. "Look, son, would you do that for me? Would you help us? You do, and I'll help you go in business for yourself. You won't have to work for *him* any more, you can be your own boss. You help me, and I'll see that you get the money to have some boats built, and I'll give you a contract doing this same type of work, which'll guarantee you a profit."

"Can't you get a boat somehow?" Louise asked. "Can't you rent one someplace?"

Harry shook his head. "I couldn't do that."

"Oh!" Louise said. She turned away in disgust.

"Now, listen," Harry said, trying to make her face him. "Earl's got a contract with your daddy. I work for Earl. I can't cut under him. That's not fair."

"Don't talk to me about what's fair!" Louise said.

"You're not going to turn down my offer?" Mr. Johnson said. "Why, son, it's like finding money in the street. I'm just picking it up and handing it to you."

"Mr. Johnson, you see that man standing there? Well, he's my friend," Harry said. "Now, you wouldn't have much respect for me if I went back on him, even though you are Louise's father, would you?"

"Believe me, I wouldn't say anything against a man's friend, if he was the worst dog in the world," Mr. Johnson said. "I just want to remind you that you're not making this decision purely for yourself. You're making it for my daughter Louise, too."

"Oh, no, he isn't!" Louise said.

"Aw, don't listen to him, Harry," Earl said. "You listen to him and they'll end up treating you like they done me. Come on, I want to go inshore."

"Louise, I'll send someone out for you," Harry said. "I promise."

She would not look at him.

HARRY followed Earl down the ladder. He cast off, then started the engine and headed the boat back toward the point. Earl flopped down on the seat that ran the length of the boat and stripped the wrapping off a cigar.

"Earl, it wasn't right to treat Mr. Johnson that way," Harry said suddenly. "He was paying you well."

Earl looked surprised. "How'd you know what he was paying me? I'll bet that girl told. Well, what's wrong with what I did?"

"You shouldn't leave those people on that drilling platform," Harry said. "They've got no way to get off, and you're going to get in trouble with the Coast Guard."

"Aw, I've run into them sailor boys before," Earl said, grinning. "Listen, old buddy, I'm just using a little psychology. This afternoon sometime Mr. Johnson will call me up and say he's ready to accept my terms."

"What if he doesn't? What if he gets boats from New Orleans?"

"He can't. I already asked, and there aren't any boats in New Orleans or anywhere around right now for his type of requirements. He could dig up some old shrimp boat or LST, I grant you that, but he would have to have some yard fit it out to haul mud and drilling supplies. And that takes time, and he ain't got time, because time's money."

"What about the contract? He can sue you."

"Man, I live in this town. You think people who have known me all my life are going to let some stranger come along and get the best of me?"

"What if he gets a change of venue?"

"Listen, he gets a change of venue and I'll hit him right in his face."

"You talk like a gangster," Harry said. He was disgusted.

"Aw, look now," Earl said. "You know I never hurt any man except in a fair fight, and I never carried a weapon. All I'm doing is putting some pressure on Mr. Johnson. I got it all figured out. I'm going to be rich."

Harry looked at him. "What do you mean, rich?"

Earl bit the end off the cigar and spat it over the side. "I took away the boats. Well, his crew don't know that yet. This afternoon them fellers is going to get to talking and to wondering what happened to the boats, and why Mr. Johnson is still on the platform, as well as his daughter, when he only came to make an inspection. Then probably the driller'll ask him about it. And *then* (*Continued on page* 54)

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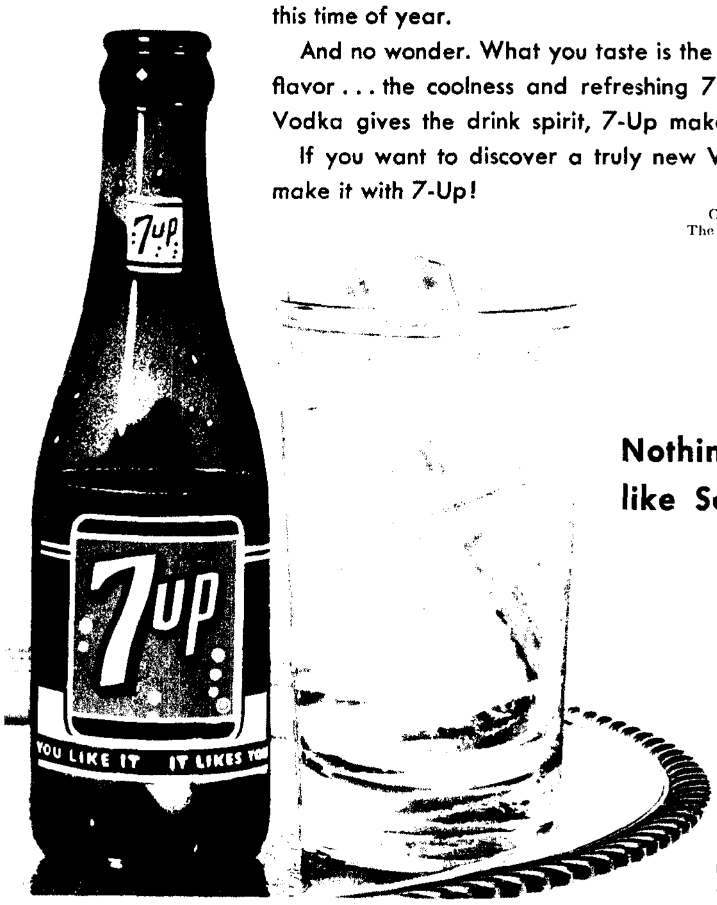

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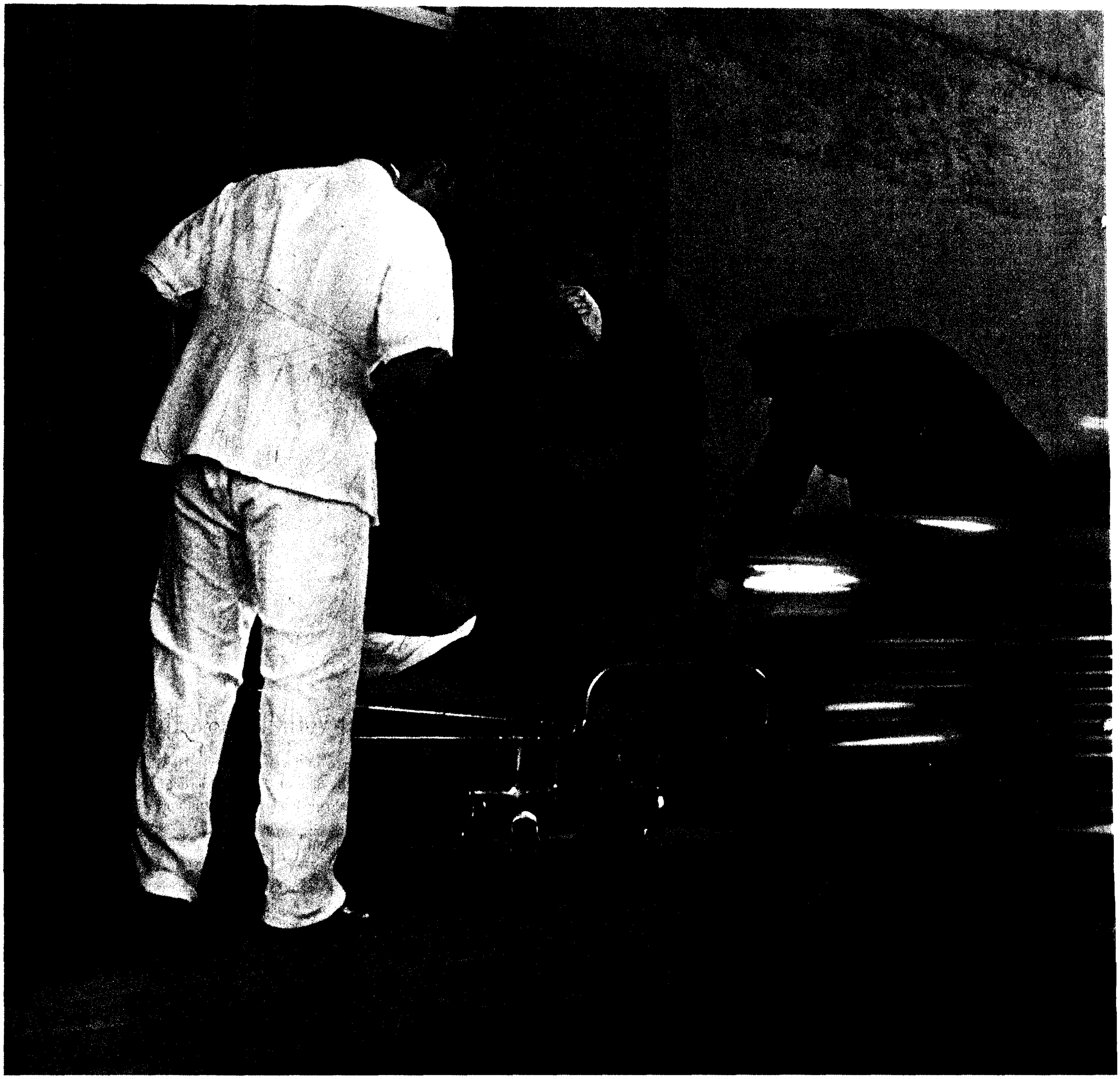

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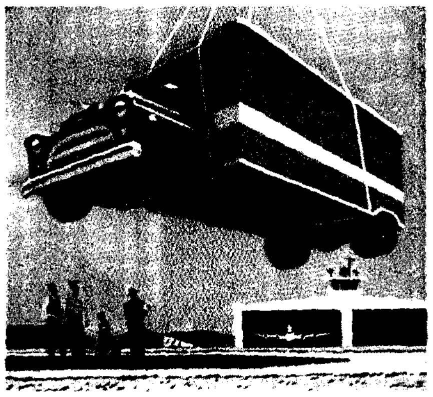

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El Capitan
ALL-CHAIR-CAR STREAMLINER CHICAGO-LOS ANGELES
Super Chief
ALL-PRIVATE-ROOM STREAMLINER CHICAGO-LOS ANGELES

(*Continued from page* 51) Mr. Johnson will have to admit he ain't got no boats and at that point the crew lays down their tools and says, we quit. And that's when Mr. Johnson gets on his little radiotelephone and calls me. I agree to your terms, he says. Oh, no, I'll say, I've changed my mind. Mr. Johnson, I don't want any more money from you, I'll say. I just want the same share as you and your other business associates get."

Harry stared at him. "What makes you think you're entitled to a share in his well?"

"Because it should never have been his in the first place!" Earl said. "He's got no moral right to that oil offshore of our town. It's *our* town, ain't it? Why, they're just robbing us blind up there at the state government. Letting fellers like him lease what ought to be ours, simply because none of us got the money. Well, *I'm* putting an end to it. I'm going to get the money. Mr. Johnson is going to cut me in on that well, or else."

"He'll never agree."

"Oh, I bet he will," Earl said. "Specially if a good squall blows up this afternoon. Somehow I got that itchy feeling something bad's going to happen this afternoon."

"You don't know what you're saying," Harry said. "Why, somebody could get killed."

Earl grinned. "Well, I guess that's just the chance Mr. Johnson and I have got to take."

"Earl, I didn't think you'd do a thing like this," Harry said. "You're nothing but a crook."

"Yeah? Tell me what law I broke."

"You can be a crook without breaking a law."

"My, my," Earl said. "Ain't we getting fancy. What's the matter? You ain't worried about that little girl?"

"You're damn' right I'm worried," Harry said.

Earl laughed. "Well, like I always say, why buy a cow when milk's so cheap?"

Harry had heard that one before. About a thousand times. It was one of Earl's favorite aphorisms, and it was all right—if you wanted something cheap.

On the way in they passed the tug towing the empty barge. Earl cupped his hands and shouted across the water, "You dock and stay there until you hear from me, you hear!" The man in the red cap nodded his head up and down vigorously several times. Harry took the boat around the point and into the channel. When he docked it, Earl jumped out and said, "Say, you might as well come with me since you haven't got nothing else to do."

The old pickup truck had been parked at the edge of the dock. They drove it across town to Earl's house. His grandfather had built it, and the house was Victorian, decorated with a lot of scrollwork and gingerbread. It had not been painted in fifteen or twenty years, and it was weathered gray and rotting.

EARL ran into the house to telephone, and Harry walked around to the back yard. An old shrimp boat was blocked up and two of Earl's men were replacing some boards in the hull.

The old Negro man who cooked for Earl was sitting in a swing reading a comic book. "Mr. Harry, if you want something to eat there's some cold biscuits left over," he said.

"No, I'm just waiting for the boss."

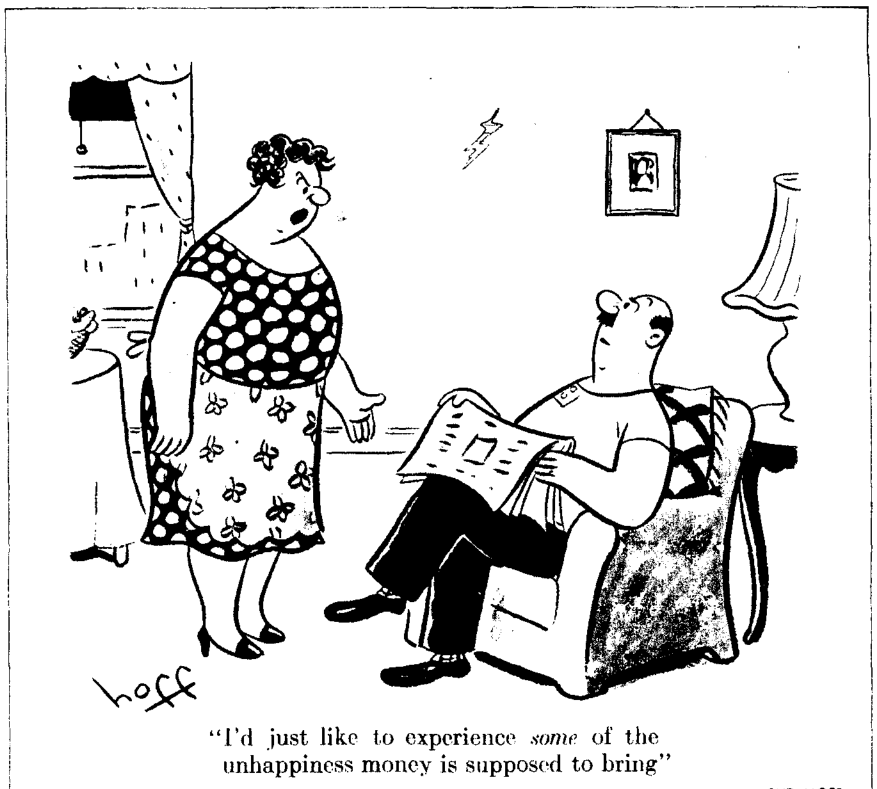
Harry picked up a pecan that had fallen from a tree and threw it over the fence. As he watched the two men working on the boat he realized that almost all the men who worked for Earl were bachelors who had no close relatives. Most of them lived in Earl's house and ate there too. On Sundays they stood idly around, or went to the picture show. The ones who drank, drank quietly and alone in their rooms, lying on the bed staring at the spotted paper on the ceiling. What a miserable life, Harry thought. It made him feel cold. He did not want to end like that, homeless.

Earl came running down the back steps. "Why, I called and they already went to the dock. I bet we missed them, but it don't matter. They must have left it." He laughed. "They sure couldn't have taken it with them."

"Who? Taken what?" Harry asked.

"Never mind. You come on."

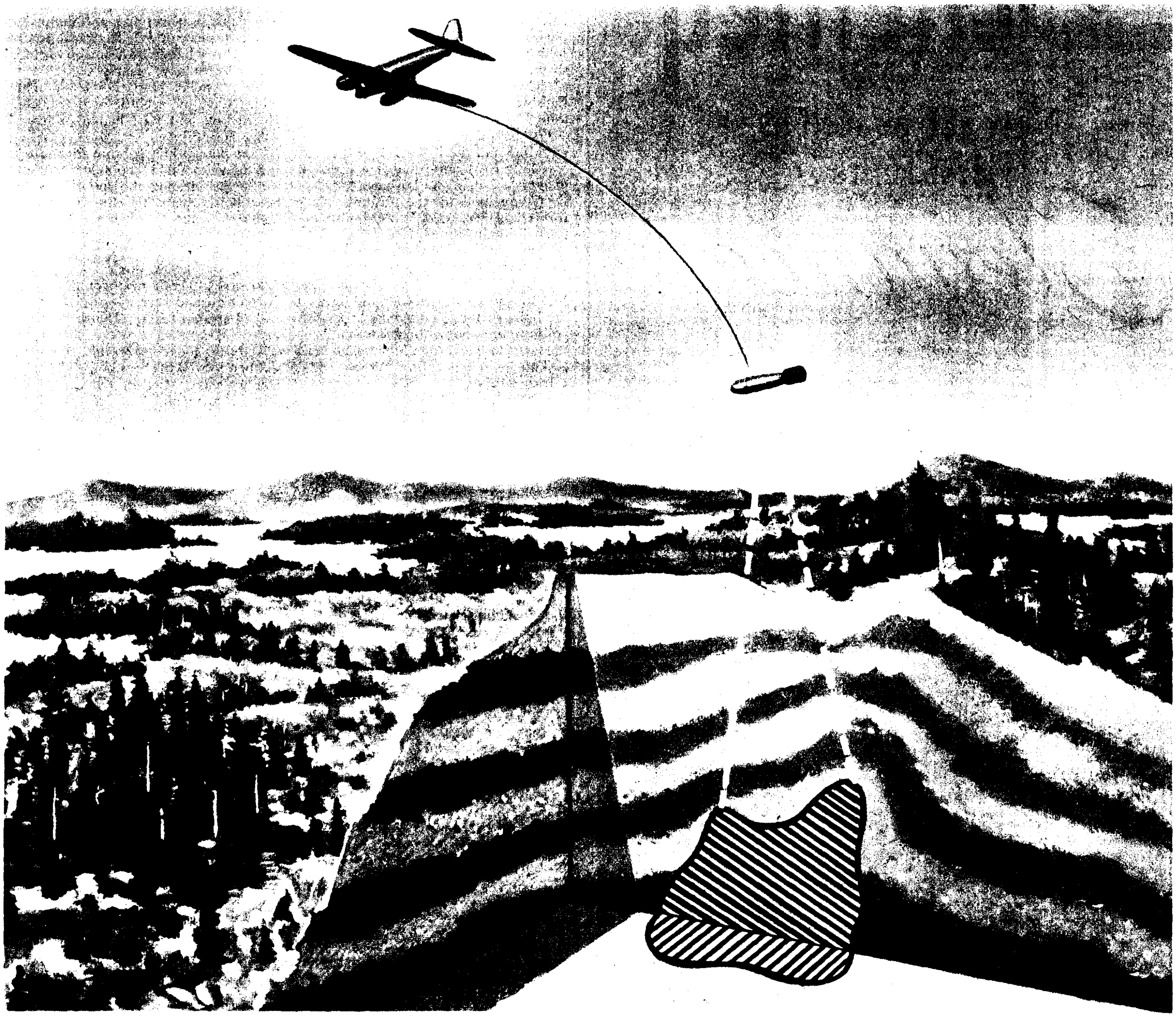
Earl drove the pickup back through the small business district. He was feel-



"I'd just like to experience *some* of the unhappiness money is supposed to bring"

COLLIER'S SYD HOFF

Nickel Progress Report



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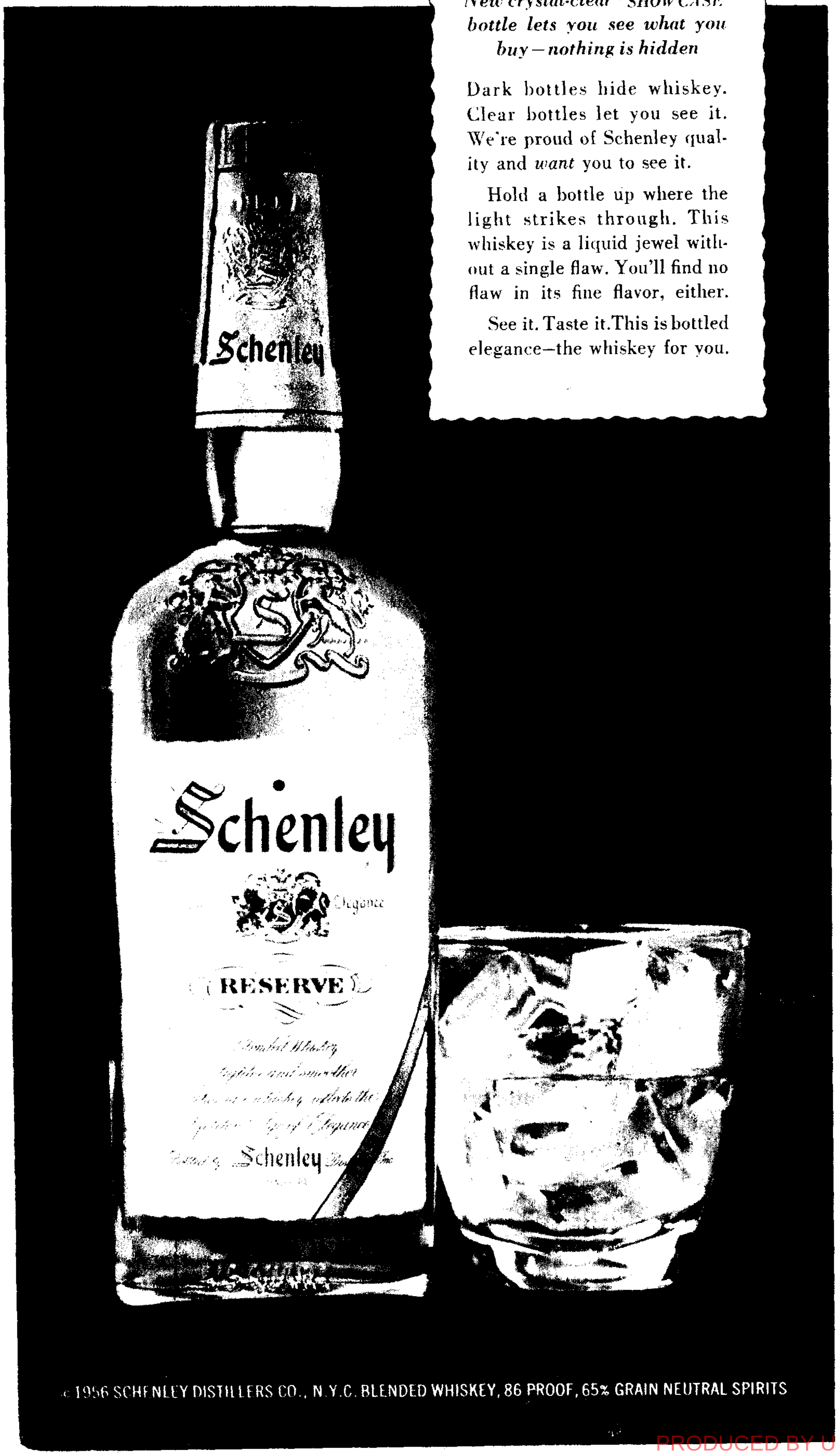

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ing good, and he kept honking the horn and waving to people. He stopped the truck at the edge of his dock. Next to the dock was a shack where an old man sold bait. It was closed. Next to the shack, on the dock, was a helicopter.

"There, how do you like that one?" Earl was grinning. "Ain't that something?"

"Is that thing yours?"

"Mine and the bank's. I got her off a feller. He'd only used it a little. I plan to use it in my business."

"Going out to the drilling platforms?" Harry said. "It's too small, Earl. It's only three-place."

"Oh, I know you couldn't haul a whole crew in it," Earl said. "I mean for executive trips. Say someone like Mr. Johnson had to go out and inspect the hole, or they had a mud specialist go out there. Something like that."

Harry walked around the helicopter, looking at it carefully. "Who're you getting to pilot it?"

Earl grinned. "You."

Harry straightened up. "What makes you think so?"

"Because you're an old buddy of mine and you know there ain't anyone else in town who can. Oh, I'll pay you more. Don't worry about that."

"No," Harry said.

"What do you mean, no?"

"I mean no. Earl, I told you how I felt."

Earl looked blank. Suddenly he understood. "Oh, you mean about getting shot that time when you was with the Army in Korea. That was a long time ago, old buddy."

"I told you how I felt," Harry said stiffly.

"But you *got* to fly this thing for me," Earl said. "There ain't nobody else, and one of the reasons I used in raising the price on Mr. Johnson was I could provide him with helicopter service."

"That was a dirty, underhanded thing to do."

"Now, hold on," Earl began to frown. "I ain't underhanded. How'd I know you was still scared?"

HARRY put his hands on his hips. "I'm not afraid of it or you or anything," he said. "I just don't want to remember unpleasant things."

"Aw, you're just talking a lot of words," Earl said. "You're scared. There ain't no other way to say it. You got no guts."

"Is that your opinion of me?" Harry asked. "Well, I think we'll see who's got the guts."

"Listen, sonny, don't get in my way."

"Boy, you had me fooled," Harry said. "You really had me fooled. I quit. As of this minute." He took a key ring from his pocket, threw it down on the dock and started walking away.

"All right, then, you're fired!" Earl yelled after him. "Get off my dock. I don't want you around here any more. And don't bother my men who're working on my boats, either!"

Harry kept walking along the road that ran along the shore. He was too angry to yell anything at Earl. After I told him how I felt, he kept thinking. He only pretended to be my friend. Louise was right about him. She was certainly right.

That was true, but it didn't give Harry any satisfaction. . . .

Pete's Bar stood on old cedar posts in the marshy ground off the shore road. It had a musty smell inside, and a fine view of the bay. For an hour Harry leaned on his elbows and stared at a glass of beer. Then a spry little old man came in whistling, and thumped a fifty-cent piece down. He was a fisherman. Harry had known him all his life.

"Hello, Sidney," Harry said.

"Why, hello, Harry," the old man said. "Give me a bottle of beer, Pete. Heard you and Earl had a disagreement, Harry."

"I'm not working for him any more."

Sidney nodded politely. "Well, well." He cleaned the mouth of the beer bottle with his thumb. "Well, here's to health." He drank.

"Know where I can get a boat?" Harry asked.

"No, sir. I sure don't."

"Know anybody who would?"

"Not around here."

"All afraid of Earl. That it?"

SIDNEY looked over his shoulder, then moved his beer bottle closer to Harry's glass. "Let me tell you something. I seen him kill Gregory's dog. Now I *seen* him do that, and there wasn't any reason in this world for him to kill that dog. Dog wasn't bothering him. So I don't want any part of anything that's got anything at all to do with Mr. Earl Snyder." Sidney glanced out the window, and then stared intently. "Say, what's that? What's that out there?"

Harry turned and looked. Beyond the point there was a column of smoke beginning to rise on the horizon.

"Nothing that goes up and down this coast smokes like that," Sidney said. "Anyway, that smoke ain't moving. It's standing still. Say, you don't suppose those fellers out there drilling that well have managed to catch theirselves afire, do you?"

Harry dropped his beer glass and ran. "Call the Coast Guard!" he shouted. He ran down the macadam road that curved around the shore. He ran, and everything else seemed to stand still. It was a long way to Earl's dock. His feet kept pounding, and he sucked at the air until his throat felt as if it were bleeding. He ran down the dock, stumbled and fell into the boat, and crawled forward. The engine would not start. He lifted the hatch. Part of the distributor was missing.

Harry ran to the end of the dock, to the tug. The man in the red cap was sitting, brooding at the water. "Where's that—distributor part?" Harry panted.

"Don't know nothing about it."

"Earl on board?"

"No, he ain't. He's somewheres else."

Harry started on board. The man in the red cap stood up and pulled a knife out of his belt. It had a red-and-yellow-striped handle, like stick candy. He stood, holding the knife against his thigh, waiting.

"Earl!" Harry yelled. "I want to see you!"

On board the tug something fell. There was a clatter. Then Earl looked out the wheelhouse. "I knew you'd change your mind. I figured you'd come to work for me."

"I want that part that's missing from the distributor, Earl," Harry said. "You took it."

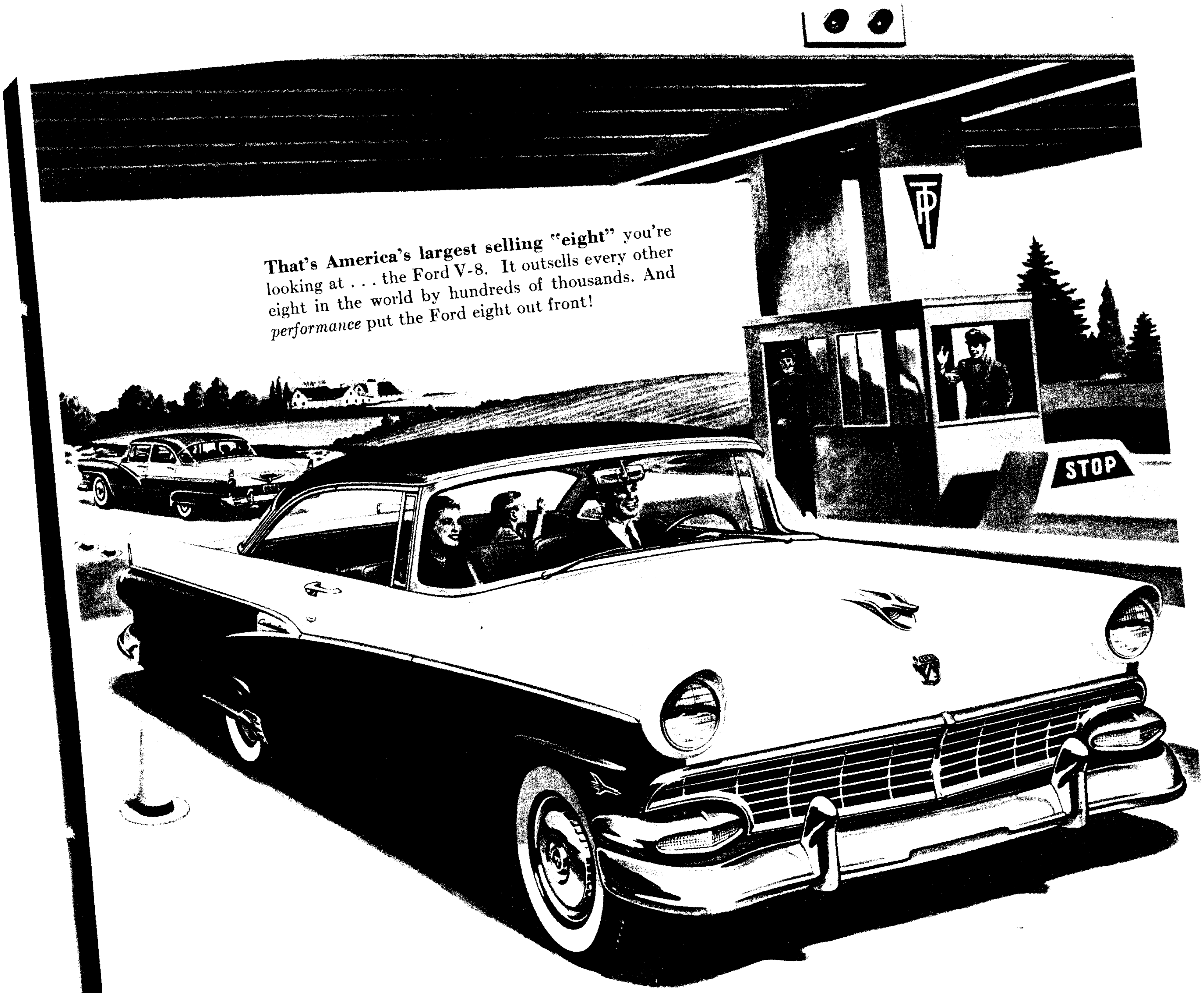
Earl grinned. "Aw, go on."

"See that smoke?" Harry said, pointing. "Something's gone wrong out there."

Earl shaded his eyes with his hand. "Well, I'll be dog. Look at that, Fred."

"Say, she's sure on fire, ain't she?" the man in the red cap said.

Earl frowned. "Now, that's a funny



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thing. Seems like if old Mr. Johnson caught afire he would have hollered for help on the radiotelephone. Fred, there wasn't any calls?"

"No, sir, there sure wasn't."

"I hope he ain't dead, because if he's dead he sure can't do me no good," Earl said. "Well, I guess I had better get out there and see about my prospects."

"Will you pick them up?" Harry said.

"Why, sure," Earl said, grinning. "I'll pick them up. I'm going out there with my boats and I'm going to fish old Mr. Johnson out of the water and then I'm going to tell him something like this," Earl said. " 'Mr. Johnson, I want my share of your well. Now if you agree, Mr. Johnson, then I'll pick up everybody, but otherwise I won't.' " Earl paused. "Now, I think Mr. Johnson will agree," he went on, "but if he don't, then I'll just toss him back in the water. Then I'll pull him out and save his life all over again and ask him again. I bet I do that a few times and he sure will." Earl turned. "Say, Fred, I'm going to take out the steel-hulled boat myself. You follow with the tug."

"You can't do that," Harry said. "I'm not—"

"And, Fred, while you're at it chase *him* off somewheres," Earl said. "I don't care where."

The man in the red cap leaped onto the dock. The way he held the knife, you couldn't knock it out of his hand. "You git," he said, walking toward Harry.

"Put that thing down," Harry said, backing away. "Man, people may be dying out there. You don't know what you're doing."

"I know what I'll be doing in about two seconds."

Harry backed to the end of the dock. He walked backward past the helicopter, past the shack where the old man sold bait. The man in the red cap forced him into the middle of the road. "Listen," Harry kept saying. He was holding his hands in front of him.

THE man in the red cap stooped and picked up a small stone. He threw it at Harry, as he would at a dog or cow he was trying to drive. "Now, you git," he said. "Go on and git. We don't want you around here any more."

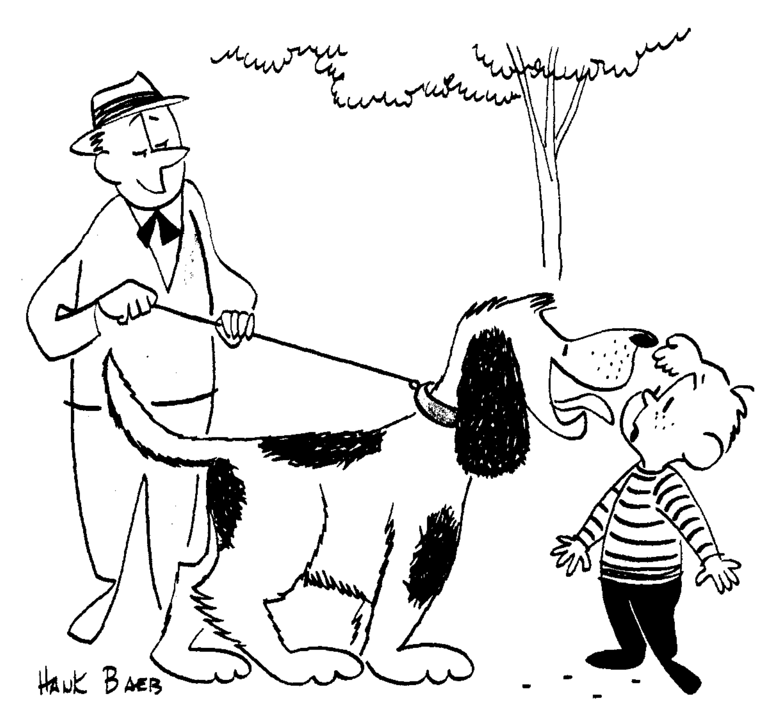
The stone had struck Harry on the cheek. He walked across the road, stopped and wiped his face. Standing there, he could see Earl getting into the personnel boat and casting off. The man in the red cap was running down the dock toward the tug. The engine in the personnel boat roared, wide open, then Earl throttled it back. It moved away from the dock and turned into the channel.

Harry looked at the helicopter, and swallowed. It was equipped with floats, and a rope had been passed over them and tied to stanchions on either side of the dock. All Harry had to do was cut the rope. He thought about taking off in the helicopter and his mouth and throat began to feel very dry. He hadn't flown in a long time and he knew he needed a refresher, he needed to get checked out again.

Taking Earl's helicopter was stealing, too. Probably grand larceny. He glanced out beyond the point. Smoke was still rising. It looked thicker. The personnel boat, the one Earl was in, was just turning out of the channel toward the point. The tug was still beside the dock. The man in the red cap was not on deck, he had gone below.

Harry knew that he could fly out there before Earl could get there in the boat. The flying time was only about seven minutes, but it would take longer than that to get the people out of the water. And he had to get to Mr. Johnson before Earl could say anything to him. Louise was out there, and she was just something else Earl could use. Mr. Johnson would agree to anything to save his daughter.

HARRY looked toward the point again. The personnel boat had gone around it, and was out in the Gulf. The tug was still beside the dock, its engine not started. I'll give him about one more minute, Harry thought. He crossed the road and stood behind the shack where the old man sold bait. From the tug he couldn't be seen standing there. He waited a moment, and then got down on his hands and knees and lay on his belly. He inched himself along the dock until he was lying beside the float. He rolled over on his back, took a jackknife out of his pocket, and cut the rope. Anyone looking at it from the tug wouldn't know it was cut if they didn't look close.



"Maybe he doesn't bite, but does he swallow?"

COLLIER'S HANK BAEB

Harry lay on his back, sweating, and tried to go over the check list in his mind. You can't get in a helicopter and press the starter and drive away as you can in a car. He knew from the moment the engine started until someone came piling out of the tug and tried to stop him he would have about a minute, if he was lucky. That wasn't long enough. He would have to take off without checking everything.

Harry raised his head and peered over the float. There was still no one on the tug's deck, no one looking out the wheelhouse. He jumped up, opened the door, and got in the helicopter. He wiggled the controls to be sure they were free, then turned the battery and generator switch to ON. There were about eighteen gallons of fuel, enough. He placed the mixture control in FULL RICH, the carburetor heat in COLD, set the main rotor-pitch control at minimum. Then he closed the throttle, turned the ignition switch to BOTH and pressed the starter pedal. The engine roared. The big rotor blades beat at the air.

Harry tried to keep one eye on the tug, and the other on the oil-pressure gauge. He couldn't take off until his oil pressure was up to thirty pounds, until the tachometer needles were synchronized, and until the temperature of the oil was 40° C. and the temperature at the engine heads was 100° C. That took time.

The man in the red cap suddenly popped up on the tug's deck. He looked in the direction of the helicopter, and yelled. He hesitated, wiping the palms of his hands on his thighs, and then vaulted over the side of the tug and came running up the dock.

Harry increased both the power and the main rotor pitch. The helicopter became light, it began to tilt to the right. Harry corrected that with the control stick and then, holding the helicopter into the wind with the rudder pedals, he moved it swiftly forward and up. At five hundred feet he leveled off and glanced back. The man in the red cap was standing helplessly on the dock, watching him. . . .

You could tell from the color of the smoke, for one thing, that it was gas burning and not oil. Somewhere deep down in the earth the rotary bit, drilling the hole, had cut through overlying rock into sands where gas had been trapped for ages. The gas had rushed back up the hole with tremendous pressure, spewing sand several hundred feet into the air. Some little spark had ignited it. On a steel drilling platform it is easy to make a spark. The scrape of a nail in a man's boot heel is enough.

Harry circled in from the west. The derrick had toppled off the drilling platform and lay in the Gulf pointing toward shore. The crew had gone over the side. From the air it looked as if they had first piled into the barge and then cut it loose. But both the current and an onshore wind were taking the barge closer inshore, moving it slowly along the side of the drilling platform toward the burning well. Men were leaping off the end of the barge into the Gulf.

Harry circled, looking for a blonde female head. He let down until he was six feet off the water. At that altitude the air beating down from the rotor blades formed a cushion between the helicopter and the surface of the water. It was not too rough on swimmers, but it could be frightening. The men in the water lifted their hands, waved and yelled. Harry could not do anything for them. He could not yell so they would be able to understand.

Then he saw Louise and her father in the water, facing each other. He maneuvered the helicopter until it hovered over them and slowly let down a sling on the end of a nylon rope. It was operated by a winch. He had no way to tell them that it would be easier if Mr. Johnson came up first and then helped Louise into the helicopter. He saw her father putting the sling under her arms and around her body. Harry took up on the winch. Louise's face appeared at the side, wet and strained-looking. She was clinging to the rope with both hands.

"Pull yourself in!" Harry yelled.

She tried, but she was not strong enough.

"I can't let go the controls!" Harry yelled. "I'll gain altitude! You'll be okay?"

Louise swallowed and closed her eyes and nodded. One thing they had never talked about, Harry realized, was whether she was frightened of heights. Harry climbed the helicopter to five hundred feet with Louise hanging outside, suspended by the sling and rope.

"I'll give you a hand!" he yelled. "Try not to kick the controls when I haul you in!"

He let go of the main rotor-control stick and, heading the helicopter into the wind with the rudder pedals, he reached down with one hand, grabbed her arm and hauled her in. She promptly kicked the control stick and the helicopter banked steeply. Harry pushed her away, grabbed the stick and leveled off.

"I never in my life thought I would do anything like that," Louise said, when she could talk. She was wet and cold, holding his arm and trembling.

Harry kissed her so hard their teeth bumped together. "I thought I'd lost you."

"Harry, you couldn't *lose* me."

IT WAS easier to pick up Mr. Johnson. With only a little help he managed to pull himself in, wet and dripping. "I've got to do something for my men," he said. "We've got to get them help some way."

Harry pointed toward the east. "See? That's the Coast Guard coming."

Mr. Johnson shook his head. "Just look at that awful mess down there. Just look at it."

"Well, I don't care," Louise said shortly. "It may be the best thing that could have happened. At least there's some insurance."

"No, honey, we can't take this lying down," Mr. Johnson said. "Somehow we'll have to refinance. I don't know. I'll have to talk to my partners."

Harry banked the helicopter, headed for shore. He didn't say anything to Mr. Johnson about it, because it wasn't the time and he'd been a big enough fool; but when he landed he was going straight to the bank and into old man Bradly's office, and he was going to ask for that loan to buy a helicopter, one big enough to fly a whole drilling crew out at one time. And he was going to get that loan if he had to get down on his knees and beg old man Bradly, because he was going to have his own business. And be his own boss.

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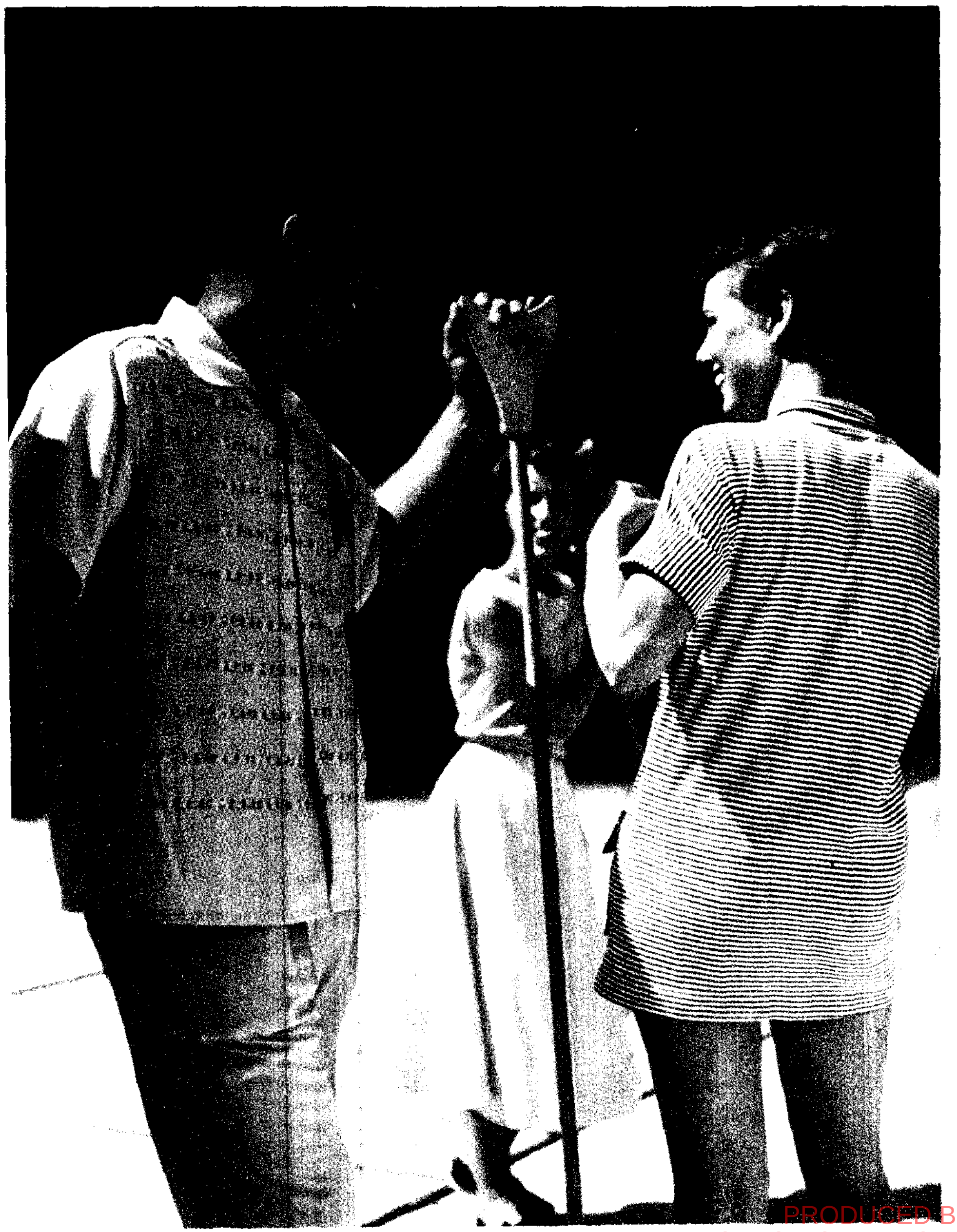
MODERN SIZE

Wearing checked cotton shorts, pitcher Clem Labine warms up in the sun. Like most new swim cottons, Clem's shorts are completely lined, have neat waistline

DOLLED-UP DODGERS

Can't tell the players without a uniform? A survey of the Dodgers' off-duty duds shows the champions vie for honors in the sartorial field too. Here's a glimpse of the Dodgers in civvies, plus the news in men's summer sport clothes



Everybody—including the Brooklyn baseball squad—is happy about the spare-time clothes men are buying this summer. More than in any recent year, variety in style and fabric, and—that endearing quality—easy upkeep are combined in current fashions. Briefly, this is the news:

Shirts: Thin and cool, and take your pick of color and design. There are plaids, stripes, neat embroidered patterns—in colors that vary from cool, pale tones to bold and bright. Lightweight fabrics make laundering easy and many of the shirts need no ironing.

Shorts and slacks: For the street as well as the beach, shorts now come in varied lengths, from Bermudas (almost to the knee) to Jamaicas (three inches shorter). Like slacks, shorts often come in synthetic blends for easy washing and next to no ironing. Pants this season are predominantly Ivy League style—with plain fronts, that is, and a tighter fit.

Hats: By comparison, your wife's latest chapeau may seem conservative. From the Southern-planter version to the Mexican and Basque peasant adaptations, leisure lids have been adapted to playwear in straws of all colors, including dusky pastels as well as brilliant oranges and purples.

Sport jackets: Cut like blazers, they come in solids, gay stripes, checks and plaids, and in varied weights to suit any climate.

Shoes: A wide selection here—ranging from slip-on moccasins, tie types and *espadrilles* to wedge soles—in solid and mixed colors, and in fabrics or leather or both.

Beachwear: Among trunks and robes, there are hundreds of combinations of style, color and pattern to choose from. The trend is toward briefer, more tailored trunks with buttoned tabs at the waist, either at the front or on the side, and with zippered closures.

Easygoing gear for Carl Furillo includes embroidered shirt, wrinkle-resistant slacks

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE BARKENTIN

Carl Erskine and his sons comb the beach, Carl in bosun's pants, sailcloth shirt, sandals

Manager Walter Alston keeps cool in batiste shirt, miracle-fiber slacks. Don Zimmer (r.) prefers ease of shorts, stretch socks, classic shirt, straw cap

Pee Wee Reese, the family chef, sports knit shirt, Dacron-cotton slacks. Meanwhile, back at the showers Gil Hodges (r.) wears print boxer trunks

The police felt sure this was murder, and they expected Dr. Coffee's lab test to break the case. Instead, it presented them with a weird and baffling clue

STACKED DECK

By LAWRENCE G. BLOCHMAN

DR. DANIEL WEBSTER COFFEE, chief pathologist at Pasteur Hospital, looked up from his microscope and frowned at the ungodly and unscientific sounds coming into his office through the closed door from the laboratory. He recognized the calm, ingratiating voice of Doris Hudson, his lab technician, and the booming Texas bass of Dr. Bryan, resident in surgery. But he could not identify the third voice—the desperate, tearful voice of a hysterical woman. Dr. Coffee arose and opened the door.

Young Dr. Bryan was planted squarely in the path of a wispy, freckled, snub-nosed blonde. Two small children—a little girl of three and a solemn-faced boy of seven—clung to the skirt of her cheap print dress. They began to wail in unison when Dr. Coffee loomed in the doorway.

"Come in, Mrs. Woods," Dr. Coffee said. "Trouble?"

"This redheaded young jerk said you were too busy to see me," Flora Woods complained. "I might have known that was just a big stall."

"She's manic, Doctor," Bryan said quickly. "I just thought she ought to have a sedative before she crashed in on you." The resident squared his broad shoulders. "She's got blood in her eye."

"She's certainly been very abusive." Doris Hudson slipped down from her work stool and smoothed the back of her white smock. "She threatens to leave her children here with you."

"Mrs. Woods," Dr. Coffee began, "you didn't—"

"Sure, I did. And why not? You said they couldn't keep my husband in jail because you were sure he wasn't guilty. Well, he isn't, but they have."

"Yes, I know, Mrs. Woods. The way the evidence stands now, the police couldn't do otherwise. But I'm still convinced—"

"Jerry didn't kill this guy Pete Mannock, or

(*Continued on page* 66)

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

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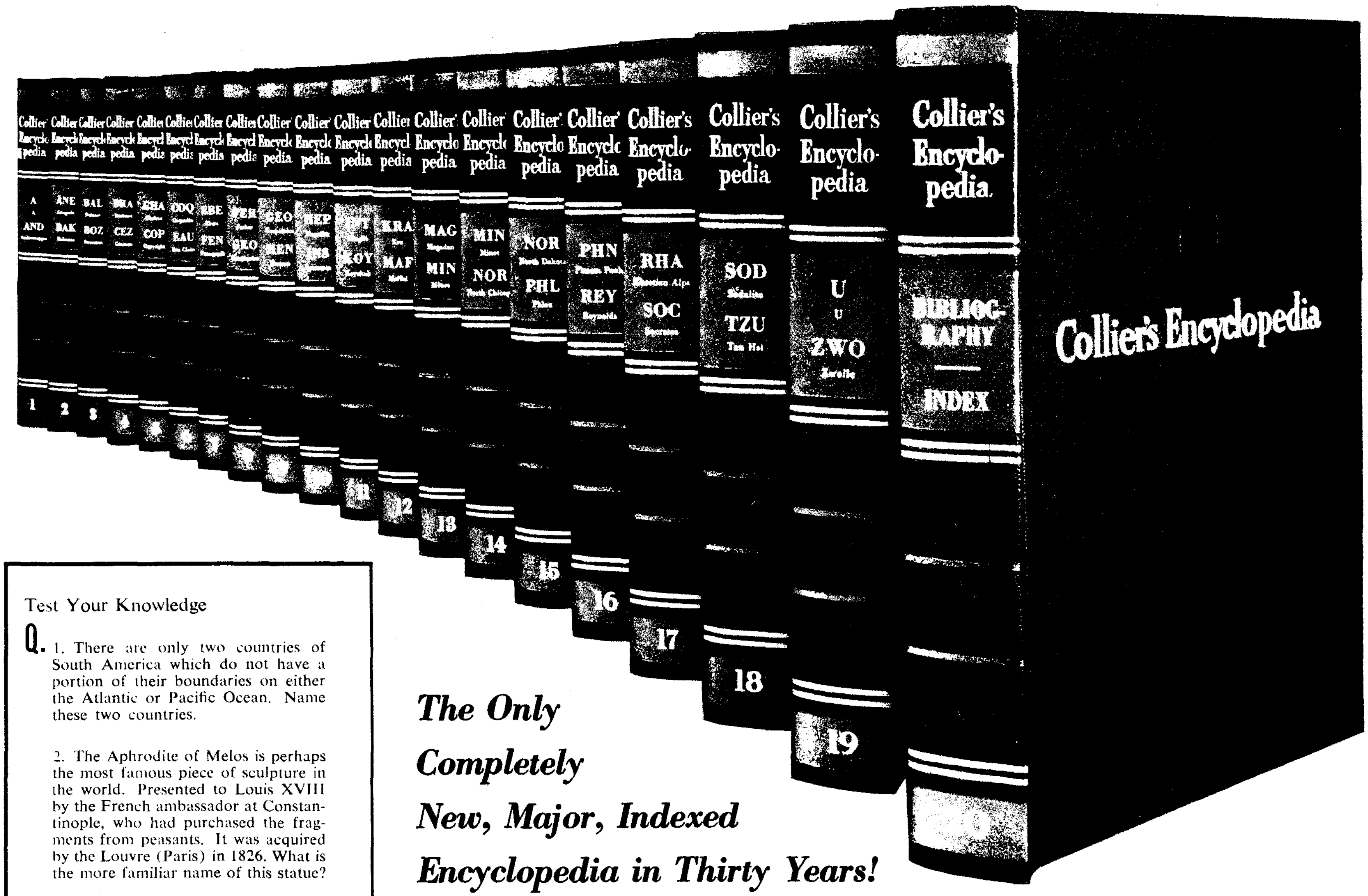

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Test Your Knowledge

Q. 1. There are only two countries of South America which do not have a portion of their boundaries on either the Atlantic or Pacific Ocean. Name these two countries.

2. The Aphrodite of Melos is perhaps the most famous piece of sculpture in the world. Presented to Louis XVIII by the French ambassador at Constantinople, who had purchased the fragments from peasants. It was acquired by the Louvre (Paris) in 1826. What is the more familiar name of this statue?

3. While a student of Oberlin College, Charles Martin Hall formulated an electrolytic method of producing large amounts of a now vital material. It is used in cooking utensils, furniture, shingles, and building facings. It is essential in airplanes, and automobiles. It is a fine insulating material and a useful wrapper for foods. It is used in paints and incendiary bombs. It is used for a great variety of purposes where lightness, strength, and durability are desired. Name this material.

4. What is the name of the largest of sea birds? Its wing span has been measured at over eleven feet. This bird is mentioned often in the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

A. 1. Bolivia and Paraguay. 2. Venus de Milo. 3. Aluminum. 4. Albatross.

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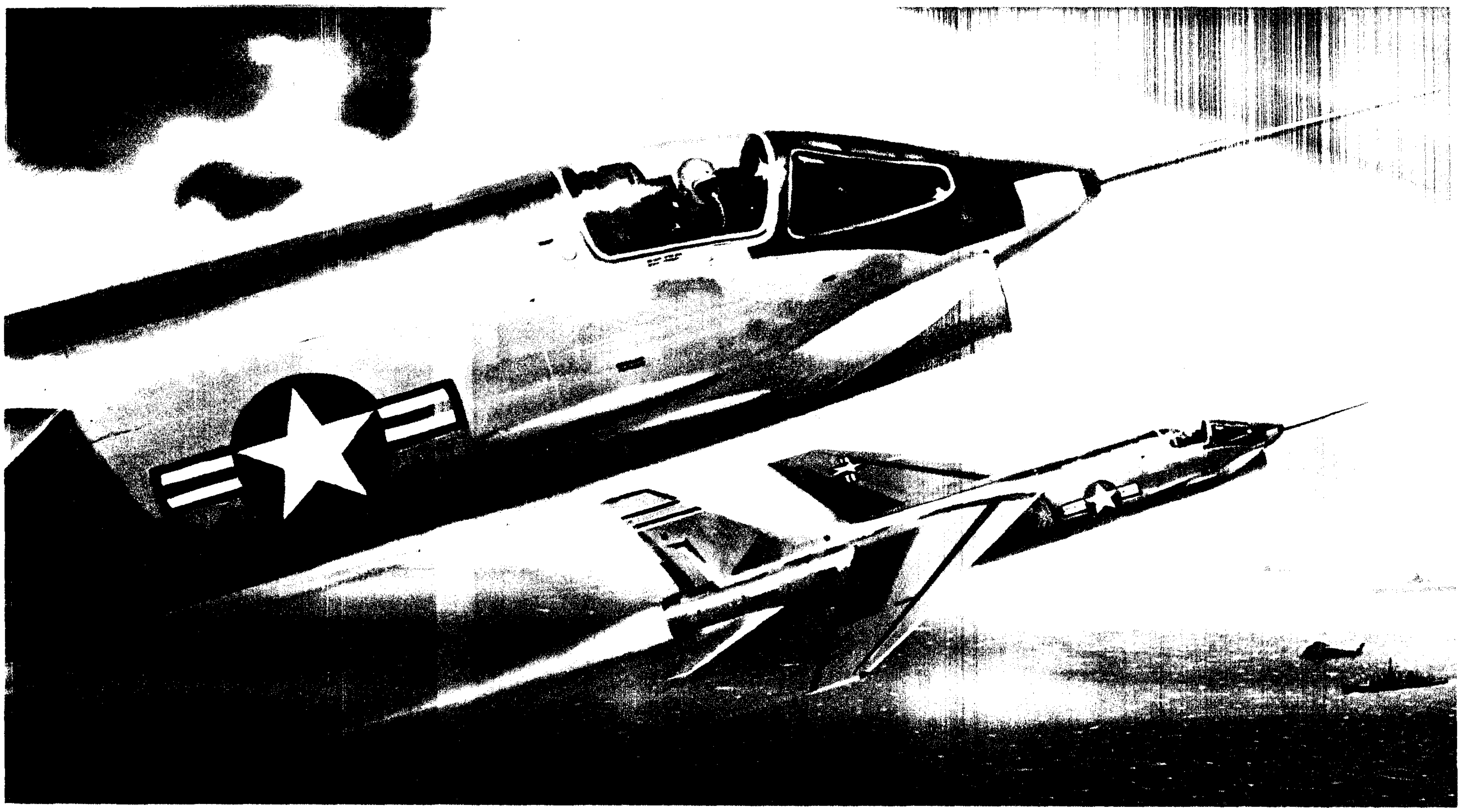
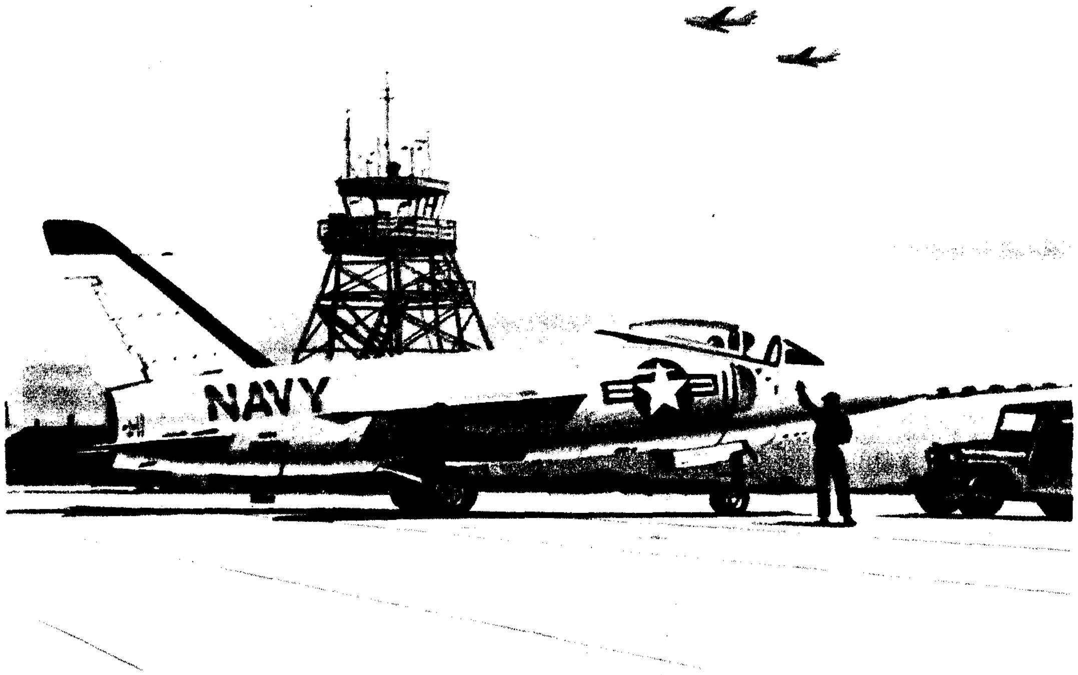
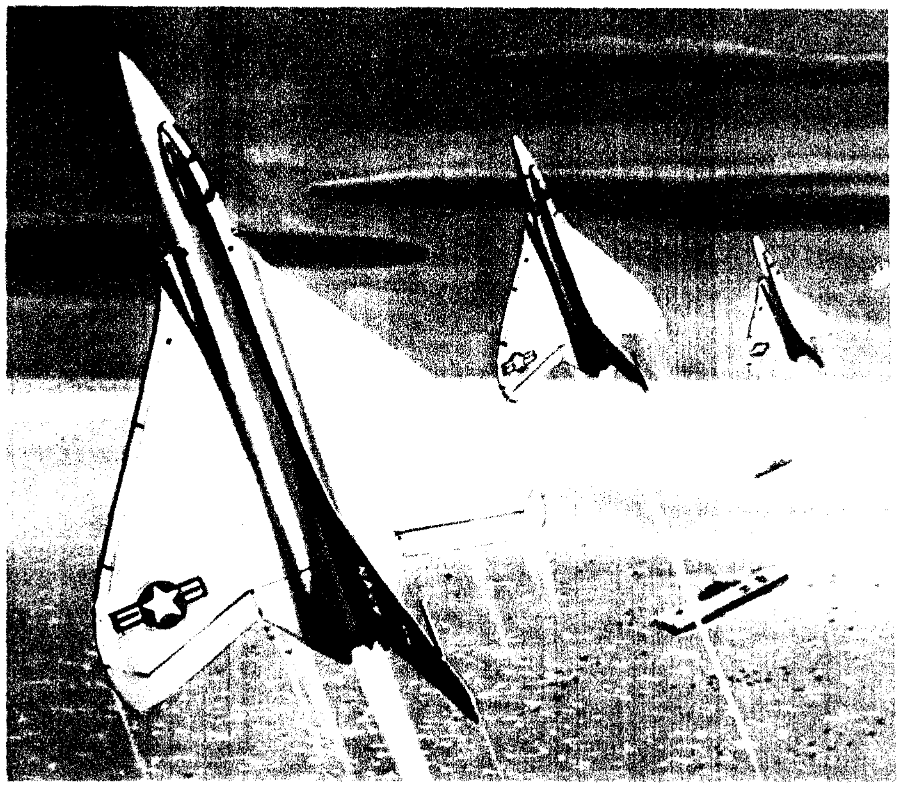






AMONG THE FASTEST NAVY FIGHTERS are CHANCE VOUGHT F8U-1 (top) powered by a **PRATT & WHITNEY AIRCRAFT** J-57 jet engine; GRUMMAN F11F-1 (lower left), with a WRIGHT J-65; and DOUGLAS F4D (lower right), using a P&WA J-57 engine.

How Can America Continue to Have Navy Aircraft Second to None

The atomic age has changed warfare so radically that if an aggressor should strike the United States, there would be no time to build defenses. America to be safe must be ready beforehand. This requires years of planning because modern weapons are so complex—aircraft in particular—that they take years to design, develop, and produce.

Today the U.S. Navy, Air Force, Marines, and Army have aircraft second to none. But to continue to hold this leadership, programs of aviation research, development, and production must be maintained year after year. Only in this way can the United States continue to exceed the known air progress of other nations.

Navy airplanes, a few of which are pictured here, provide an idea of the complexity of modern aircraft, and the diversity of their missions. Some of these have taken seven years to progress from drawing board to service with the fleet. Tomorrow's aircraft will take even longer and cost even more because of even greater performance demands. Yet if America is to remain free, U.S. military air power must continue to be unchallenged in the sky.

How Yesterday's Research and Development is Paying Off Today

From the decks of far-ranging Navy carriers, from shore and water bases, hundreds of new fighting aircraft now fly in battle readiness. These fighters and attack airplanes, transports, helicopters, and guided missiles are typical of your Navy's growing strength. They are the fastest, most powerful and efficient aircraft ever built to perform their vital missions. They are a major part of modern U.S. Air Power. They exist today only because of past years of aviation research and development.

A typical example of the time it takes to get leading aircraft in quantity is the Navy's first supersonic fighter. Design of this aircraft was initiated in 1949, five years before one full squadron was available to join the fleet. Every increase in speed, altitude, range and armament raises innumerable new problems in engine design, aerodynamics, materials, electronics and weapons. There is no shortcut to making superior aircraft. In fact, as military requirements increase, the time needed to meet these demands increases too.

How Today's Research and Development Can Pay Off Tomorrow

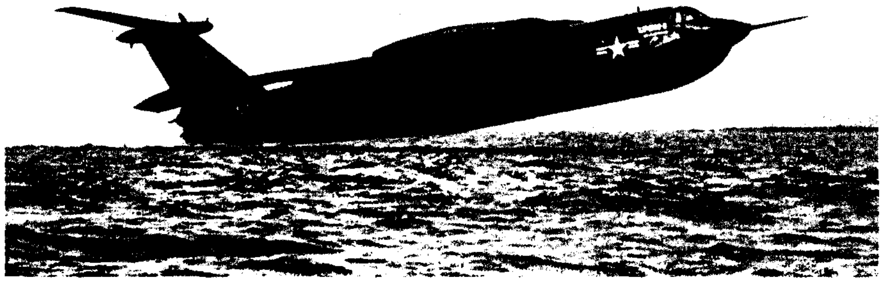
Tomorrow's Navy planes are *today* on drawing boards, in engine test cells and flight test stations. They will be deadlier, faster, and have greater range than present aircraft. Some may even have atomic power plants.

An example of the next generation of naval aircraft is the Navy's supersonic F8U-1 *Crusader,* made by Chance Vought and powered by Pratt & Whitney Aircraft's J-57 jet engine. This fighter has been under development for several years, is currently being test flown, and is now in production. Yet deliveries to the fleet will not reach squadron strength before the end of this year.

Problems faced today by the aviation industry are innumerable. In developing the J-57 engine, for instance, over 4,000,000 separate problems had to be solved before volume production could begin.

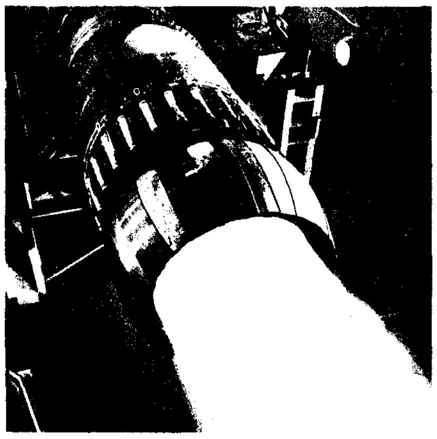
Only by such continuous and uninterrupted effort can America continue to have Navy aircraft second to none.

LONG RANGE ATTACK AIRPLANES, Douglas A3Ds, are the Navy's "Sunday punch." Powered by two J-57 jet engines, these 600-700 mph bombers can carry more than twice the bomb-load of their World War II counterparts. They typify the tremendous new striking power developed for the Navy.

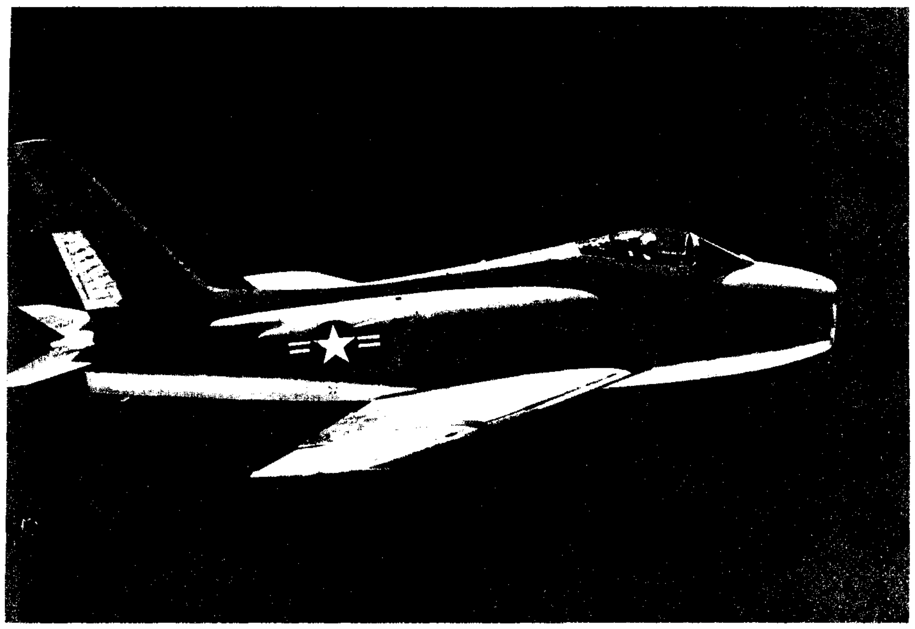


FIRST BIG JET SEAPLANE is Martin's XP6M-1 *SeaMaster,* powered by four Allison J-71 engines. Built for photo reconnaissance and mine-laying, its speed is over 600 mph. Production P6Ms will have Pratt & Whitney Aircraft J-75 engines.

LATEST McDONNELL FIGHTER for the Navy is the F3H-2N, now being test flown. This newest model in the "Demon" series is powered by an Allison J-71. An after-burner gives it extra bursts of speed when needed.



MILLIONS OF ENGINEERING HOURS lie behind P&WA's J-57 turbojet. This engine pushes fighters to supersonic speeds, bombers to over 600 mph. Even more powerful P&WA engines are now being tested.



CARRIER-BASED FIGHTERS are being constantly improved. This thin-wing, advanced FJ-4 is the newest in North American's "Fury" series. Powered by a Wright J-65 turbojet, the FJ-4 is armed with four 20-mm. cannon, can fly faster than 650 mph.

YOUNG MEN: The U.S. Navy offers exciting flying careers to men who can qualify. For full information write to NAVCAD, Washington, D. C.

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(*Continued from page* 62) McMann, or whatever his name is. He didn't kill anybody. Jerry wouldn't hurt a fly."

"I'm confident I'll be able to prove it very soon, Mrs. Woods."

"Soon! And who feeds the kids in the meantime? Oh, I can buy the grub —I can drive Jerry's cab. I hacked for him that other time he was in the clink on account of McMann. But I can't push a taxi ten-twelve hours a day and look after kids too. So maybe if *you* look after the kids, you won't forget about springing Jerry like you promised."

DR. COFFEE opened his mouth to rebuke this impertinent woman he scarcely knew, but he said nothing. There was something pathetic about her leftover, washed-out prettiness. Everything about her seemed fragile and tired. "Very well, Mrs. Woods," he said finally. "I'll ask my wife to look after the children while you're driving the taxi."

"You will?" Flora Woods's tone was incredulous. Then, quickly, she added, "Okay, then. I'll pick them up at suppertime."

Her hasty exit was marked by renewed wails from the two children.

Dr. Coffee raked his fingers through his tousled, sandy hair. "Doris," he said, "get Mrs. Coffee on the phone. But first tell me a good way to stop children from yowling."

"Children are a little out of my line," Doris Hudson said, pointing the telephone at the young resident. "But you might ask Dr. Bryan. The childish way he's been acting around here lately, he must know."

"How about it, Bronco?"

Dr. Bryan had been christened "Ignatius Sylvester," but he much preferred "Bronco." He was about to reply to Doris Hudson's crack when Dr. Coffee said desperately, raising his voice over the wails of the children: "Try letting the boy look through your microscope. Maybe the little girl will play with paraffin blocks. Doris will give you some old ones."

"Mrs. Coffee doesn't answer," said Doris Hudson unhappily.

Dr. Bryan made a face. "Then we'll be baby-sitting for the hackie's kids all day?"

The children's howling increased.

"I'm sure I can prove Jerry Woods didn't kill Mannock," Dr. Coffee said distractedly. But his voice was more hopeful than confident.

THE pathologist retired to his office and closed the door, half wishing that Police Lieutenant Max Ritter had not dragged him into the case. Well, he had not been dragged, exactly. He was always glad to act as unofficial medical examiner, since the Northbank police had no laboratory and the city and county were at the ignorant mercy of an elected coroner who didn't know an acid-fast bacillus from a hole in the ground. Dr. Coffee had really been pleased when his friend Ritter had called him out of bed one night a week ago to examine what appeared to be the scene of a murder. Great stars! Had it been only a week since he had rushed to that dismal apartment house in the river-front district?

Apartment 4-A had been a shambles when he arrived, but there was no corpse. There was only tall, droopy-eyed Lieutenant of Detectives Ritter browbeating a plump little doll-faced brunette while photographers' flash bulbs glared and technical men crawled about looking for fingerprints. A rummage sale in a high wind, Dr. Coffee had thought as he looked around the room—furniture overturned, draperies yanked down, cigarette butts and broken ash trays strewn about the floor, and blood spattered on the walls and upholstery.

"It's on account of the blood I called you, Doc," Max Ritter said. "I remembered that Smith case, and how you always want samples while sticky. Since you're here, though, meet Mrs. Mannock. Emily thinks somebody knocked off her husband. Maybe she'll talk to you about it, Doc. She won't tell me a thing. She don't like cops. Do you, Emily?"

"Not since I met you." The brassy voice didn't fit the demure, downcast eyes Dr. Coffee had first noted. Then he saw they were no longer demure; they were defiant. And the doll-like mouth had become a sullen pout. "When I called the cops, I thought you'd find out what happened to Pete instead of just yammering at me. I can't tell you nothing because I don't know nothing."

Her long earrings flashed as she tossed her head. She was still wearing her hat, if you could call it a hat—a mere handful of beads flung into her short hair. The uneven, squirrel-chewed bangs that were supposed to give her the gamin look made her appear even more brazen.

RITTER said, "Emily's just a hash slinger. She won't explain how a hash slinger owns two suitcases full of expensive clothes, or why the dresses are packed in valises ready to go, instead of hanging in a closet."

"Pete bought me those clothes when he was in the chips," Emily snapped. "And they're packed because we had a fight this morning. I said I'd leave him if he didn't get a job right quick."

"Now she talks." Ritter chuckled. "Emily says she was slinging hash at Milton's Café till eleven tonight. It checks. She got home an hour ago. You tell it again, Emily."

Emily sniffed, touched up her pout, and turned her head twice to peer into the mirror of her compact before saying slowly: "I knew something was wrong the minute I started down the hall. The apartment door was half open —and Pete's kept that door locked and on the chain ever since we came to Northbank."

"How long ago, Mrs. Mannock?" Dr. Coffee asked.

"About a month. Pete started acting scared almost right away. When I'd ask him about it, he'd only laugh."

"What does your husband do, Mrs. Mannock?"

"He's—well, he's out of work right now. He wanted to come to Northbank because a friend of his lived here. I don't remember the name, but it was somebody who owed Pete a lot, he said. He came here to square accounts. Well, when he couldn't seem to locate this guy, I got a job so we could keep eating—"

"Okay, Emily, so you found the door half open. Then what?" Ritter asked.

"Nothing, except I went in. When I saw the mess I got a stomachful of butterflies. I thought I was going to keel over but I didn't. I yelled, 'Pete! Pete! Where are you?' He didn't answer. I ran around like mad, opening closets, looking under the bed, in the bathroom, everywhere. No Pete. So I called the cops."

Dr. Coffee opened the small black

bag he had brought with him. He said: “I'd like a sample of your blood, Mrs. Mannock, if you please.”

“You can skip the blood test,” Emily said. “I'm negative.”

“Your arm, please,” Dr. Coffee said firmly.

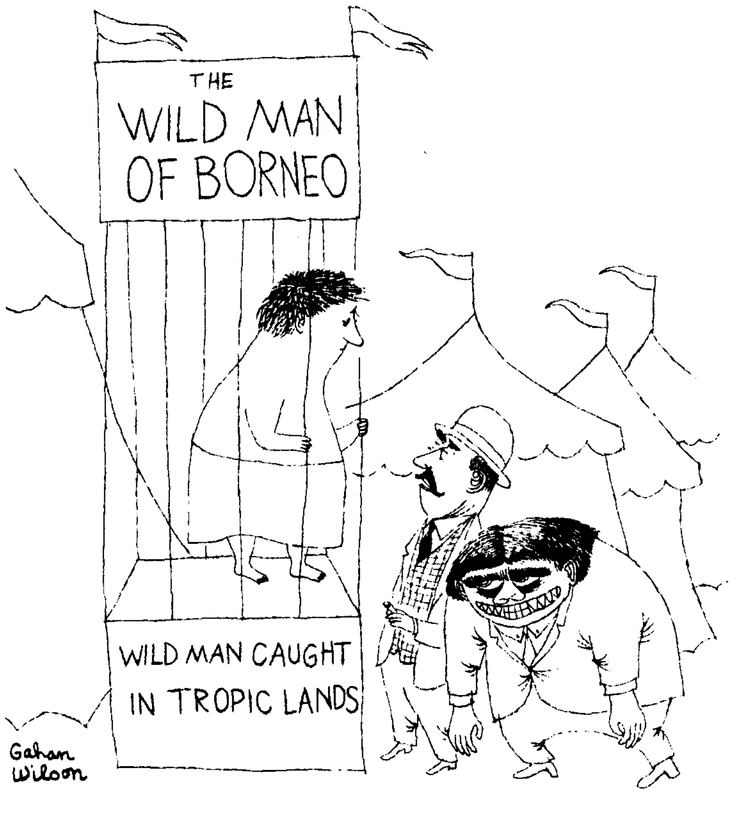
“Look, Doc,” Max Ritter said, “when you get around to taking blood samples from the furniture and what not, will you skip those stains on the door? There's a perfect set of prints there I want to save.”

THE morning after his visit to the Mannock apartment Dan Coffee was late to work. As he entered the laboratory Dr. Bryan said, “The police must have a nine-state alarm out for you. That cop friend of yours has called three times in the last half hour.”

“Ritter can wait. Anything cooking, Doris? Any biopsies?”

“No biopsies ordered. But I see work in progress all over the place,” Doris Hudson said. “Were you here all night again, Doctor?”

“I dropped in to run some precipitin tests,” Dr. Coffee said, “which I couldn't complete because we have no animal antiserum. I phoned the medical examiner's office in New York, and Dr. Wiener is sending me a lot by air. So I want you at the airport at noon to meet the pilot of Flight Nine-oh-five, Doris. Meanwhile, stain these slides and set up a micrometric eyepiece so we can measure the corpuscles. I want Dr. Bryan to look at them after he's seen my makeshift homework from last night. You haven't been out of medical school so long, Bronco,” he said, turning to Dr. Bryan. “You ought to remember a lot of your hematology. Take a look.”



“I'm afraid you're out of a job, Montgomery”

COLLIER'S GAHAN WILSON

The telephone rang, and Doris Hudson answered. “Lieutenant Ritter again,” she said.

“Hi, Doc,” Ritter said when Dr. Coffee had taken the telephone. “I got news.”

“I've got news too, Max. Let's meet for lunch at Raoul's. Today it's braised veal kidneys in red wine,” Dan Coffee said hopefully. Mrs. Coffee believed that kidneys were unfit for human consumption and refused to cook them at home.

“Okay, Raoul's at twelve thirty,” Ritter said. “But we don't dawdle, Doc. This case sizzles.”

When the pathologist hung up, Dr. Bryan was whistling softly as his coppery head bent low over the microscope.

“What do you make of it, Bronco?” Dr. Coffee asked.

“Unnucleated red cells. Round, rather than oval. So we can eliminate the fish, fowl and good red herring. Also the reptiles. It's mammal blood, all right, but—say, Doctor, aren't the red corpuscles pretty small for human blood?”

“Exactly,” said Dr. Coffee. “And that's as far as we can go until we get the antiserum from New York.” . . .

Dr. Coffee could sniff the pleasant aroma of Raoul's *rognons de veau* from half a block away. As he climbed the narrow stairway to the diminutive second-story restaurant, he mentally reconstructed the processes he knew went into the preparation of the dish. Raoul would slice veal kidneys wafer-thin, dust them with seasoned flour, brown them in butter with a few tiny onions, and then simmer them in good red wine with a pinch of thyme, a bay leaf, a few mushrooms and a clove of garlic.

The number of gnawed radish tops in the ash tray told Dan Coffee that the police detective had been waiting for some minutes.

“Well, Max,” Dr. Coffee said as he sat down, “it looks as though your case isn't homicide after all.”

“No?” Lieutenant Ritter leaned back. “Why not?”

“I think Mannock is still alive. I think this murder act is an insurance fraud that Mannock and his loving wife cooked up.”

“Why so, Doc?”

“That blood in the apartment can't be his. It's not human blood.”

“Oh.” The detective pondered this statement while Raoul served the kidneys from a steaming casserole and opened a bottle of wine. “Sure of that, Doc?”

“Positive. Under the microscope the red cells are much too small. I checked with a precipitin test, and I got no cloudy ring in the test tube with my human antiserum.”

Ritter bit savagely into a crust of French bread. “Then why should the bloody fingerprints on the door belong to a convicted murderer?”

“You tell me, Max.”

Ritter shook his head. “It don't make sense,” he said.

“It's not human blood, Max. That much I know. But it may be several days before I know more.”

“For once, Doc, I think you're wrong,” Ritter said. “Last night I wired the print classification to Washington and this morning the FBI answered that the prints belong to a killer named Jock McMann, who sneaked out of the Nevada State Pen hospital a year ago with a high fever and a guard's uniform. So I've got to decide whether Jock McMann is really Pete Mannock—the guy we're looking for—or whether he's the guy who killed Pete Mannock. So I phoned Reno and Washington and I talked some more with Emily Mannock and I got an answer: McMann *is* Pete Mannock, and vice versa. It's like this. . . .”

RITTER had pieced together a bizarre tale of a bizarre character. Mannock—or McMann, as he was known at that time—had come home from occupation duty in Germany with a chestful of medals (some authentic), an uncanny skill with the dice and with the nine-millimeter Walther pistol he had got in Berlin, an excellent recipe for *hasenpfeffer*, and a strong disinclination for hard work. He had made a few desultory passes at the slow-but-honest dollar, and then had fallen back on his skill with the dice, which landed him in Reno, Las Vegas and other Nevada points where his virtuosity was appreciated.

McMann had worked both sides of the tables. For a while he had been a croupier, for he had charm and dexterity. However, he also had a habit of going off after work, in a jeep well stocked with girls and bourbon, to shoot rabbits in the nearby sagebrush with the Walther pistol. At sunup he and the jeepful of girls would arrive at his bachelor quarters, there to breakfast on *hasenpfeffer* made from rabbit meat marinating since the last expedition. Inasmuch as their arrival was often accompanied by the discharge of several volleys from the Walther, a practice apt to attract the state police, most casinos had decided after a time that McMann was not really croupier material.

On the other side of the table McMann had not been a success. He seemed to have lost his GI touch with the dice. He began drawing to seventeen at blackjack. And he developed an unswerving loyalty to a complex roulette system that ate voraciously into his reserve.

To keep up his standard of living, he had knocked over a casino at closing time one night when the house was even farther ahead (*Continued on page* 70)

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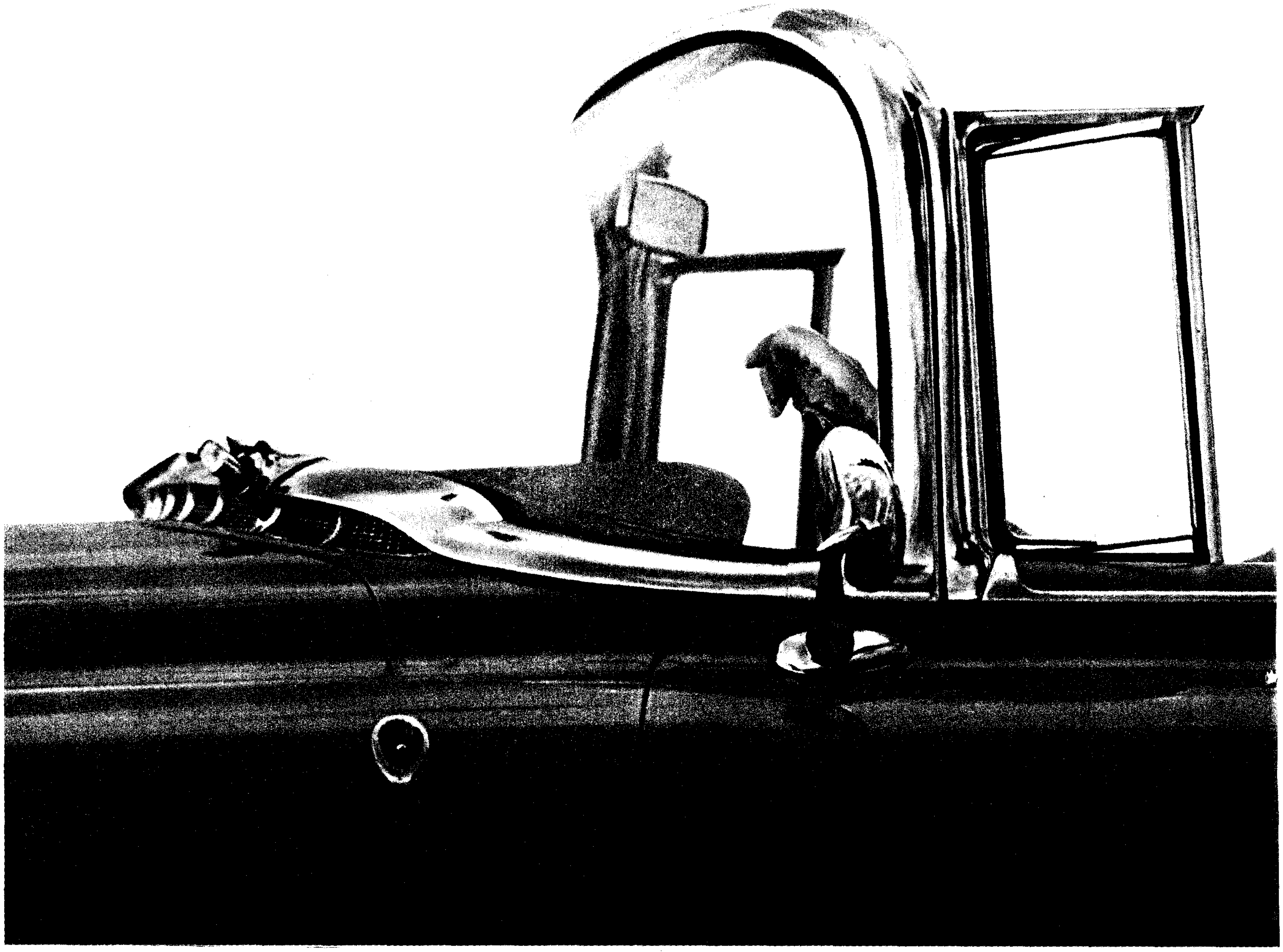

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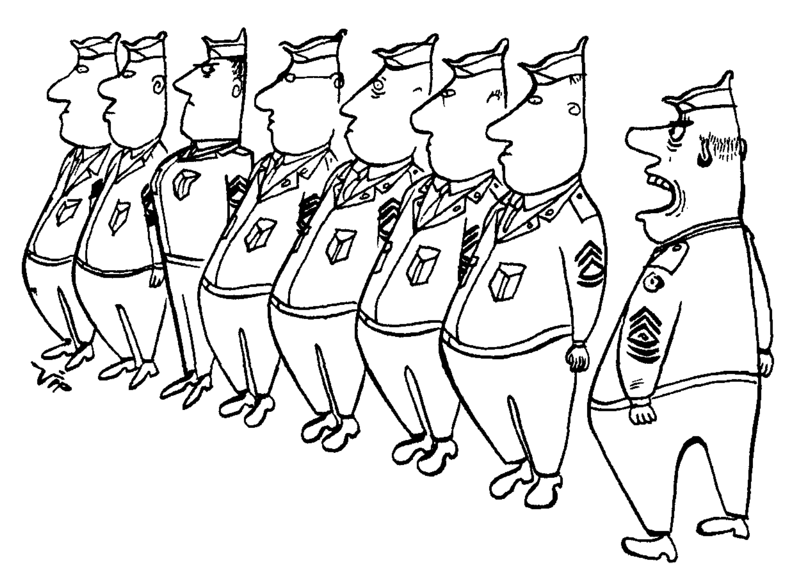

"*You*, Kosgriff! Suck in that chest!"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

(*Continued from page* 67) than usual. Unfortunately, he was surprised while departing with the swag and had to shoot the assistant manager. He got away by bribing a taxi driver and he successfully cached some $40,000 before he was caught.

The taxi driver turned state's evidence, claiming he did not know he was aiding and abetting murder, and got off with six months. McMann was lucky to get life. A few months after the cabby was released, McMann escaped.

THE FBI had picked up traces of Jock McMann's flight—in Ogden, Denver, Kansas City, Omaha, Miami, Houston and Chicago. Somewhere along the line he had changed his name to Pete Mannock and married Emily.

"This cabby's name is Jerry Woods," Max Ritter concluded. "Emily claims she doesn't know if Woods lives in Northbank or not. I say he does, and that's why Pete Mannock was scared and kept the door locked. And I say Jerry Woods rubbed out Mannock, either for self-preservation or because he didn't get his cut of the forty grand. And I predict that before the sun sinks in the golden West, my boys will find out what name Jerry Woods is hiding under."

"Max, why are you so positive that Jerry Woods is your man?" Dr. Coffee asked.

"Because the assistant manager of that Nevada casino was shot with a nine-millimeter Walther," the detective replied, "and they never found the Walther in Nevada. But we found an empty cartridge in the Mannock apartment last night which, judging by the ejector marks, was fired from a Walther nine millimeter. But again we didn't find the Walther. So I say this Jerry Woods has had the Walther pistol in his possession ever since the Nevada shooting."

"It's a puzzler, Max." Dr. Coffee stared thoughtfully into his wineglass. "Did the neighbors hear any shots fired?"

"Well, yes and no. Most of the tenants didn't hear a thing—they were asleep. Of the two tenants who were awake at the time, one guy remembers hearing something like a shot, but he thought at the time it was a truck backfiring. The other guy was watching a Western film on television; he says he wouldn't have noticed one shot more or less, on screen or off. So write your own ticket."

Dr. Coffee raised his glass. "Let's drink to the right answers, Max." . . .

Lieutenant Ritter had indeed located Jerry Woods before sundown that day, through the simple expedient of looking him up in the telephone book. Not only was Woods using the same name, but he was following the same trade of taxi driver and was married to the same loyal, self-effacing wife who had stood by him when he went to jail in Nevada.

Woods and his wife denied everything—Woods indignantly, his wife tearfully. Woods was a balding, stocky, cocky man with a squint in one eye, and a fast, angry answer for every question. He swore he had not seen Jock McMann since Nevada. No, he hadn't heard the man was in Northbank and what's more he didn't give a damn. No, he had never heard of anybody named Mannock on River Street or any other street. Emily Mannock? Never heard of her. No, he didn't own a Walther. He had never fired a pistol in his life and he didn't expect to, not even at that slob who had almost wrecked his life. All right, so he'd been suckered into a lousy deal once, but he'd paid for it and no hard feelings. He wasn't packing a grudge against that slimy so-and-so forever. He had enough worries just making a living for the wife and kids. And if anybody thought hacking in Northbank was a bed of roses . . .

Lieutenant Ritter had been sympathetic, but not very. Hidden atop a rafter in the Woods garage he found a nine-millimeter Walther, the barrel fouled by recent firing. So while Flora Woods sobbed, Ritter had taken the cabby downtown to the lockup.

It was nearly a week later, with Jerry Woods still behind bars, that Flora Woods had parked her children in Dr. Coffee's laboratory.

THAT same afternoon, having finally got his wife to take the Woods children off his hands, Dr. Coffee was in the laboratory, holding a series of test tubes up to the light and then replacing them in the rack, one by one. He sighed. "Are you sure of your controls, Bronco?"

"Why wouldn't I be sure, Chief, after five months in your lab?" Dr. Bryan

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said. "And with pretty, precise Miss Hudson double-checking every little thing I do?"

"Then why the devil don't we get at least one positive reaction?" the pathologist demanded. "Dog, horse, cow, pig, cat, sheep—all negative. What kind of blood could Mannock have used to pull that murder act—kangaroo?"

"Maybe it was whale blood," Dr. Bryan said glumly.

"I'm not keeping my promise to Mrs. Woods," Dr. Coffee said and shook his head. "I hate to think the habeas corpus is mightier than the precipitin test, but my brightest hope right now is that they won't dig up a corpus delicti, and will have to turn Woods loose."

THE corpus delicti was found that night. At eleven o'clock Ritter telephoned Dr. Coffee: "Going to bed? . . . Well, put your pants back on, Doc. I'll pick you up in ten minutes."

A dozen miles beyond the western outskirts of Northbank, where a secondary road wound back from the river through the rolling hills to become a weed-grown cart track, a shabby coupé without license plates stood beside a tumble-down shack. It was in the shack, Ritter explained to Dr. Coffee, that two hunters had stumbled upon a grim discovery.

Police emergency lights flooded the scene, pointing up the broken windows and doorless doorway of the deserted shanty.

The beams of light converged on the body of a man, sprawled on his back, arms outstretched, eyes closed. Even in death he had a sort of waxen handsomeness, a bloodless, debonair smile. There was little doubt that the dead man was Jock McMann, alias Pete Mannock. He matched the FBI photos. Just to make sure, however, Ritter sent for Emily Mannock.

Dr. Coffee had been examining the corpse for five minutes when Emily arrived. Flanked by two plain-clothes men she strode into the glare of lights with the swinging walk of a musical-comedy soubrette making an entrance. She smiled and batted her eyes at her audience, nodded curtly to Lieutenant Ritter, took one look at the dead man, shrieked, and crumpled to the ground.

AFTER Emily had been revived and led away, Max Ritter said, "I guess this trumps your no-murder theory, don't it?"

"Does it, Max? A week ago this woman was so sure her husband was dead she gave you hell for not rushing right out to find the body. Tonight she sees the body and faints cold. What does it mean?"

"It means we charge Jerry Woods with murder," Ritter said.

"Don't, Max."

"The D.A. insists. Soon as we find the body, the D.A. says, he'll draw the complaint."

"The D.A. is sticking his neck out a mile," Dr. Coffee said. "Let's take another look at the corpse. Don't you think the deceased looks remarkably unbloody, in view of all that gore we found in his apartment? I see no stains on the clothes, which practically rules out a body wound. And I don't see any bullet wounds on the face or head."

"Didn't I read somewhere that a bullet can go in a guy's ear so that nobody notices any hole at first?"

"It's possible, Max. In which case we would recover the bullet at the autopsy."

"Then maybe Mannock was shot through the ear at his apartment a week ago. Maybe he did all his bleeding at home and then, after he died, he stopped bleeding. And if there was any blood on his face it got wiped off when the killer brought the body out here."

"This man didn't die a week ago, Max. He's in *rigor mortis* right now."

"Shouldn't he be, Doc? He's dead, ain't he?"

"*Rigor* usually starts wearing off about forty-eight hours after death," the pathologist explained. "In three days it's almost always gone. This man is supposed to have been killed a week ago, but see how rigid his limbs are." Dr. Coffee tried to flex the left arm, then the fingers. Suddenly he bent closer to examine a long, ridgelike ulcer that started at the base of the thumb and crossed the palm of the left hand. He rocked back on his heels, looked up at Ritter, and gave a low whistle. "Max, I'm a fool," he said. "I've just found out why all my tests went wrong."

"I don't get it, Doc."

"Help me persuade the coroner to let *me* do the autopsy. There must be one, and the D.A. will want a bullet to match the Walther pistol if he's going to try Woods for murder. The coroner won't have to worry about an autopsy fee. This one will be on me."

"Think you'll find the bullet, Doc?"

"I think I'll find plenty. And tell the D.A. to keep his shirt on."

DORIS HUDSON met Dr. Coffee at the elevator the next morning as he returned from his weekly teaching session with the interns. She handed him a slip of paper and walked along beside him.

"Two telephone calls, Doctor," she said. "Lieutenant Ritter says to tell you that Woods will be arraigned on a first-degree murder charge at four this afternoon. Then some matron from the city jail called with a message from Mrs. Woods. Seems Mrs. Woods won't pick up her kids tonight. She was arrested for driving a cab without a hack license, and she's still in jail because she refuses to divert grocery money to hire a lawyer or pay a fine."

Dr. Coffee slammed the lab door behind them with an exasperated bang. He said: "Call up and find out what the fine is. I'll send a check over by messenger. I want her in court this afternoon. Where are the sections from the Mannock autopsy?"

"Dr. Bryan has been looking at them." Doris Hudson pursed her lips. "Buster Bronco seems to be working up a sensational diagnosis. Or maybe it's just a form chart."

"Nothing sensational whatever. Just textbook stuff," said Dr. Bryan. "Have a look, Chief?"

Dr. Coffee swung a leg over a stool next to the young resident and switched on the reflecting light behind the second of two microscopes on the workbench. He took the tiny rectangle of thin glass that Dr. Bryan passed him and slid it under the lens of the microscope.

"Lung tissue," Dr. Bryan announced. "Just like in medical school. Extensive necrotic areas in the alveolar walls."

"Typical, all right." Dr. Coffee's eyes were glued to the twin lenses.

Dr. Bryan passed him more slides. "Same necrosis in the liver, spleen and lymph nodes. And look at the section from the ulcer at point of entry. Look at the mononuclear cells. Am I right, Chief?"

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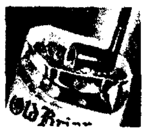

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"No doubt about it, Bronco." Dr. Coffee twisted the focusing knob. "Doris, pack a microscope and a set of these slides in my bag. I'm going to take them to court." . . .

At a few minutes before four that afternoon, Dr. Coffee hurried into the nearly empty courtroom. He was relieved to note that the judge was not yet on the bench. He nodded briefly to Max Ritter, sitting outside the rail between the flashy brunette Mrs. Mannock and the washed-out blonde Mrs. Woods. He strode past two reporters lounging in the jury box, past the bald, chubby Jerry Woods sitting inside the rail between two uniformed policemen, past the protesting bailiff, who tried to bar his way to the judge's chambers.

The magistrate was just donning his judicial robes. "Sorry to burst in like this, Your Honor," Dr. Coffee said, "but I wanted to stop this man Woods' arraignment. I want—"

"The defendant Woods has until now refused counsel," the judge said firmly. "The court has not yet appointed an attorney to defend him. So if you will please retire—"

"I'm not a lawyer, Your Honor. I'm a pathologist—Daniel Coffee of Pasteur Hospital. At the coroner's request, I performed an autopsy on the deceased in this Woods case. I've just finished my microscopic diagnosis. I think I can prevent the prosecutor from making a fool of himself."

"Oh?" The judge sat down, and then spoke into the intercom. "Please ask the prosecutor in the Woods case to come in."

WHEN the dapper young deputy district attorney bustled in, the judge said: "Hendrix, meet Dr. Coffee. The doctor says you're about to make a fool of yourself, and he offers to stop you. Do you consent to the dismissal of the murder charge against one Gerald Wilson Woods?"

"I—certainly not, Your Honor." The prosecutor flushed. "I think I have enough evidence to go to trial. I have motive. I have an empty cartridge, found at the scene of the crime, that fits the weapon found in possession of the defendant—and for which, the coroner informs me, Dr. Coffee himself will produce the bullet, recovered from the body of the victim."

"The coroner misinformed you," Dr. Coffee said. "I told him that *if* there was a bullet, I would recover it at the autopsy. As a matter of fact, there *was* no bullet in the body, no gunshot wound whatever. The deceased was not shot."

"Really?" The judge sat up. "What killed him?"

"Poetic justice, Your Honor."

The judge leaned back and glared. "Doctor, you are flirting with contempt charges."

"Not at all, Your Honor. If you will give me five minutes, I think I can prove that nobody was responsible for Pete Mannock's death but himself—with the possible exception of Mrs. Mannock, who is sitting outside in the courtroom and who, I think, will corroborate my statements."

"Very well, then. Five minutes—if counsel has no objection."

"No objection, Your Honor," the prosecutor said.

"Ever since he escaped from the Nevada penitentiary, Mannock was a hunted man, constantly on the jump," Dr. Coffee said. "It must have been exasperating to Mrs. Mannock to live in a suitcase, to take menial jobs and live in mean surroundings just to create a mask of respectability—of mistaken identity. I suggest she served Mannock with an ultimatum: that she would leave him for good if they were forced to run away again. She kept her bags constantly packed as a reminder of this threat. So Mannock decided on a new deal—with a stacked deck.

"He traced Jerry Woods to Northbank. He came here to kill two birds with one stone. He would establish prima-facie evidence of his own death, so that he could stop living as a perpetual fugitive. And he would even an old score with Woods for turning state's evidence by framing Woods for an imaginary murder.

"So Mannock went into the hills back of the river and shot a rabbit with his Walther. He saved the empty cartridge to leave in his apartment, and he planted the Walther in Jerry Woods' garage. Then he made a shambles of his apartment with rabbit blood and left a clear set of his own fingerprints on the door, knowing that transmission of the prints to the FBI would revive the whole Nevada story and point a finger at Jerry Woods. He was then ready to hide out and await developments.

"At this point, Your Honor, I failed Jerry Woods. Although my lab indicated the blood in the Mannock apartment was not human blood, I was unable to identify it exactly—because the precipitin test we were using is based on antiserum produced in laboratory rabbits, and naturally it gave no reaction to rabbit blood.

"The rabbit, however, had the last word. While Pete Mannock was bleeding the rabbit carcass, the knife cut into the palm of his left hand, infecting him with tularemia. Tularemia—rabbit fever— is fatal in about one case out of twenty. Mannock was the twentieth. A few days after his disappearance he must have experienced sudden chills, fever and headache. His lymph glands grew large and painful. Alone and without care, he quickly developed tularemic pneumonia and died—probably only a day or so before we found him, since he was still in *rigor mortis.*

"Now, Your Honor, to prove my points, I have here microscopic sections from the organs of the deceased. If Your Honor will permit me to set up this microscope, I should be pleased to show the court and the district attorney—"

"Never mind!" The judge stood up. "Hendrix, if you'll go on outside, I'll open court so you can step up and ask that charges be dismissed. I'll oblige. Thank you, Doctor . . ."

WHEN it was over, Flora Woods vaulted the rail into the inner enclosure. She threw her arms around the prisoner, kissed him resoundingly on his bald spot and then bestowed a more tender buss upon his lips. "You lucky stiff!" she said. "I ought to kiss Doctor Coffee, too. You ought to be very thankful to him. And to Mrs. Coffee."

"I'm sure it's the other way around," Dan Coffee said. "It's my wife who will be thankful that—uh—that you and the children will soon be together again. I—hey, Max, where's Emily?"

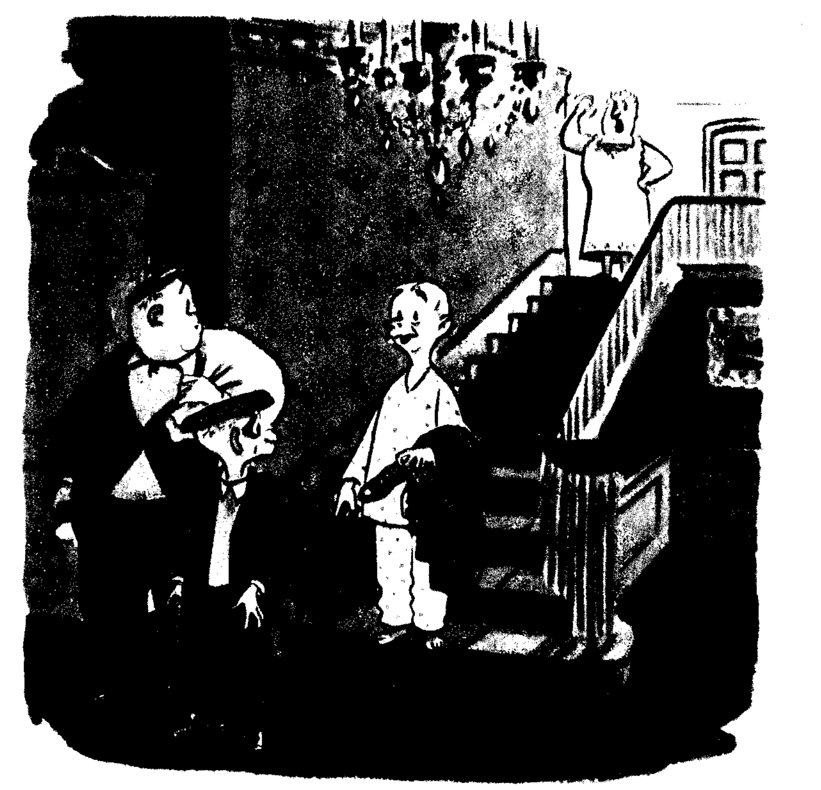
Lieutenant Ritter turned around just in time to see a flash of color—which might have been an impertinent flick of Mrs. Mannock's skirt—disappearing through the rear doorway of the courtroom.

"Let her go," the detective said and shrugged. "I don't think I can build an airtight case against her for obstructing justice. She has a perfect alibi for the night Mannock disappeared."

"I suppose so," said Dr. Coffee wistfully. "But I was hoping she might have remembered Pete Mannock's recipe for *hasenpfeffer.*"

—LAWRENCE G. BLOCHMAN

BUTCH



"You fellows have a hide-out way off in some remote, inaccessible spot?"

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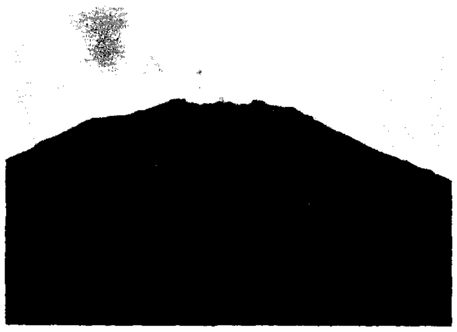
El Salvador is full of exploding mountains —but the star performer is fiery Izalco, which both blew its top and split its side

VOLCANOLAND



San Salvador, El Salvador

RARELY HAS MAN SEEN such a sight. There, ahead of us, an entire mountain had split down its side —and from the deep, curving crack, glowing reddish gold in the gathering darkness, oozed burning cinders that bounced down the mountainside like so many balls of fire.

The mountain was Izalco, one of the world's most active volcanoes and star performer of El Salvador, "volcanoland" of the Western Hemisphere. (For its size, El Salvador has as many volcanoes as any country in the world: four big clusters of them studding the mountains that stretch almost its entire 160-mile length.) With only occasional interruptions, Izalco has erupted almost continuously since its birth in 1770.

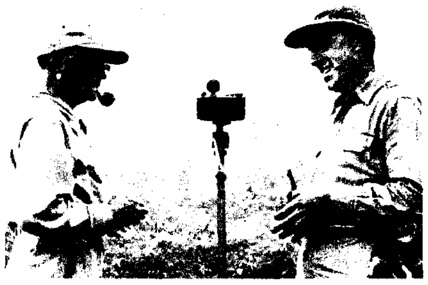
We—American volcano expert Dr. Sharat K. Roy and I—had climbed Cerro Verde, a neighboring crest, to spend the night observing 6,000-foot Izalco in torment. During a visit to the base of Izalco in daylight several days earlier, we had noticed an exceptionally black line curving from top to bottom of the volcano. Dr. Roy, chief curator of geology at the Chicago Natural History Museum, had been paying visits to Izalco for seven years to study its vagrant ways—but never before had he seen this phenomenon. He speculated then that the line was a gigantic crack in the volcano's flank.

Now, in darkness, we had spectacular confirmation that the mountain had split its side. The glowing coals visible through the fissure carved an eerie path of light down the black slope. Although small cracks in volcanoes are common, Dr. Roy told me, rarely does a volcano split from cone to base as Izalco had done.

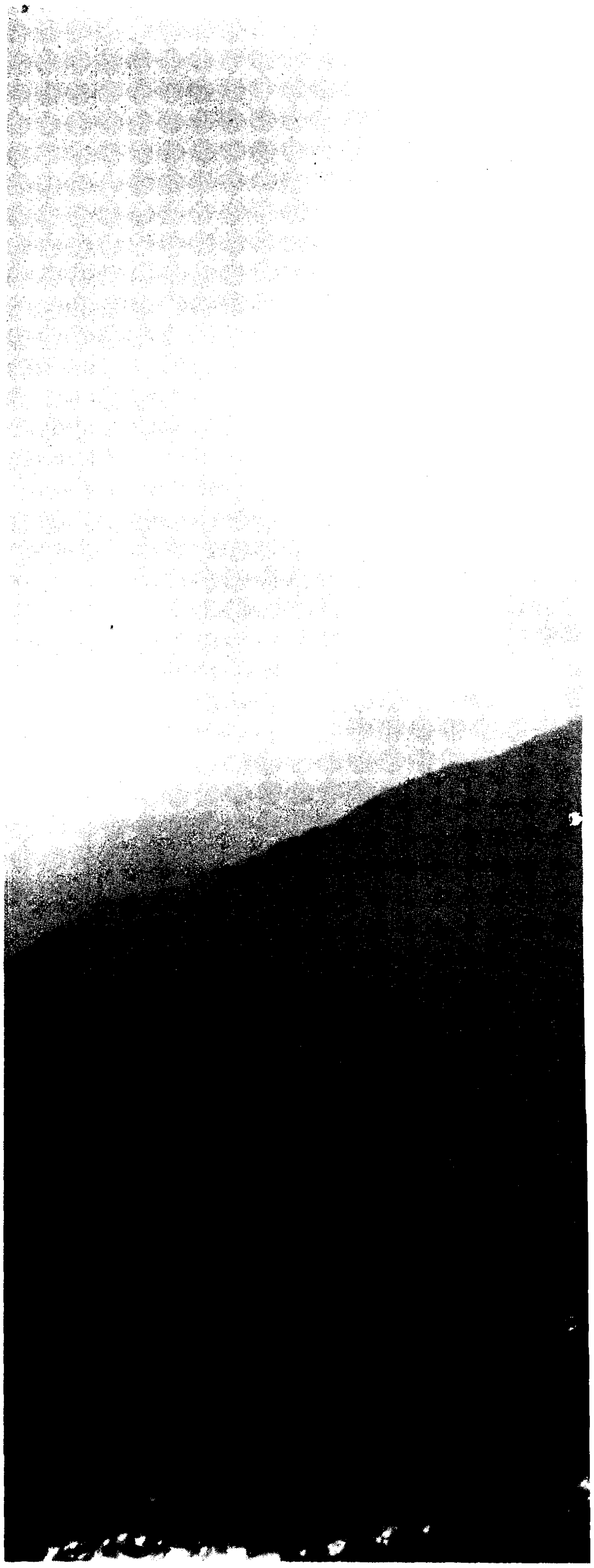
The night before I left El Salvador a week later, we climbed up onto Izalco's lava field for a last look at the volcano. The crack was not quite so red now; it had begun to seal as the lava that had welled into the fissure gradually solidified. But in some ways (as will be seen from the picture at right) the mountain presented an even more fantastic appearance. Not only was the glowing crack still visible, but —with less pressure escaping from the side—the volcano was shooting its flames even higher into the night sky.

After midnight, we headed slowly back across the lava by the light of the volcano's eruptions and our flashlights. But you can't walk straight away from spectacular Izalco. We must have turned around a dozen times as we made our way across the lava field for the last time.

—LEONARD A. STEVENS



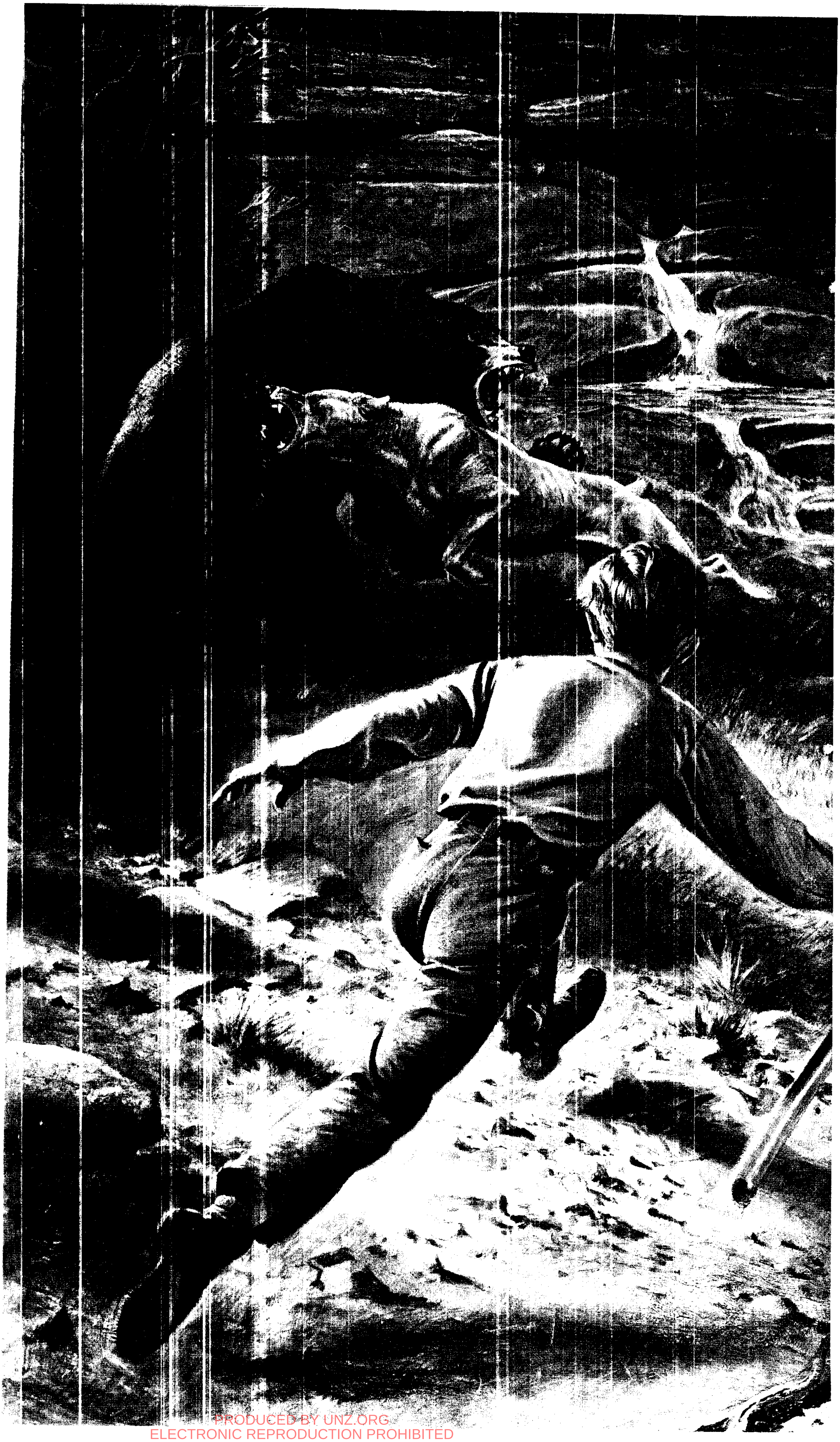
Author Stevens (r.) and volcano expert Dr. Sharat K. Roy discuss exposure time for photographing big fissure in Izalco



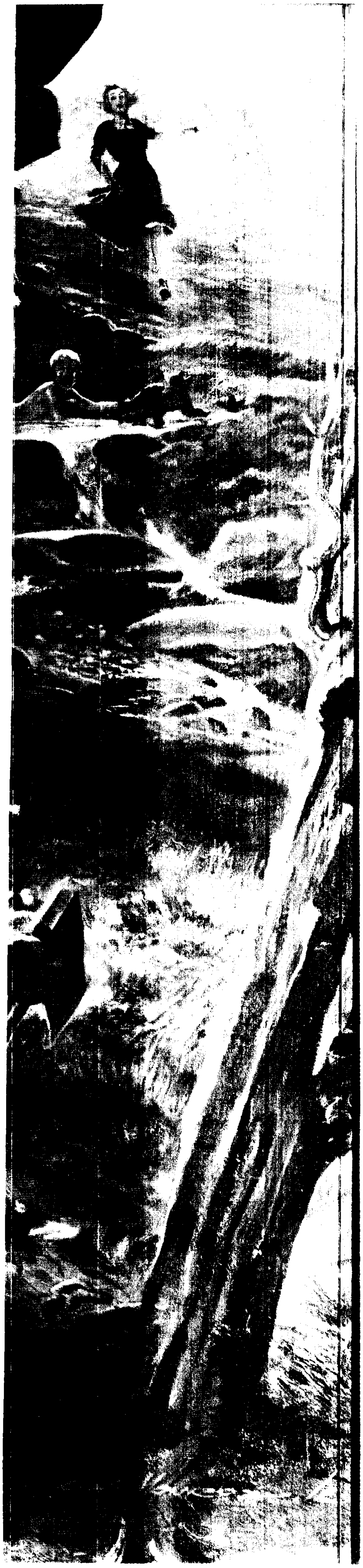
Dr. Roy, chief curator of geology at Chicago's Natural History Museum, studies boiling mud in fumarole—natural vent in volcanic countryside

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

This rare photograph of cone-to-base split in volcano was taken at dusk from lava field of Izalco, deep in the jungle of El Salvador. As the writer and Dr. Roy watched, burning cinders burst from the gap and bounded down the mountain. Later, fissure gradually healed as the lava that had welled into gap solidified



Just as the angry she-bear went lunging into the creek toward Little Arliss and her cub, a flash of yellow streaked out of the brush. It was that big yeller dog



Beginning a new three-part serial

Here is a wonderfully warm, tender story of a frontier family, and of the ugly yellow dog that strayed into their lives—to give them love and laughter and a heartache they'd never forget

OLD YELLER

By FRED GIPSON

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WE CALLED him Old Yeller. The name had a sort of double meaning. One part meant that his short hair was a dingy yellow, a color that we called "yeller" in those days. The other meant that when he opened his head, the sound he let out came closer to being a yell than a bark.

I remember like yesterday how he strayed in out of nowhere to our log cabin on Birdsong Creek. He made me so mad at first that I wanted to kill him. Then, later, when I had to kill him, it was like having to shoot some of my own folks. That's how much I'd come to think of the big yeller dog.

He came in the late 1860s, the best I remember. Anyhow, it was the year that Papa and a bunch of other Salt Licks settlers formed a "pool herd" of their little separate bunches of steers and trailed them to the new cattle market at Abilene, Kansas.

This was to get "cash money," a thing that all Texans were short of in those years right after the Civil War. We lived then in a new country and a good one. As Papa pointed out the day the men talked over making the drive, we had plenty of grass, wood and water. We had wild game for the killing, and fertile ground for growing bread corn; and the Indians had been put onto reservations with the return of U.S. soldiers to the Texas forts.

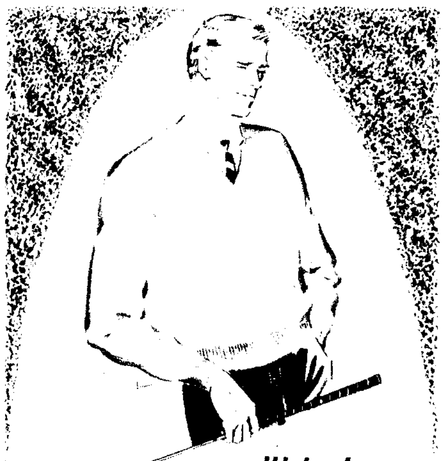
"In fact," Papa wound up, "all we lack having a tight tail-holt on the world is a little cash money. And we can get that at Abilene."

Well, the idea sounded good, but some of the men still hesitated. Abilene was better than a thousand miles north of the Texas hill country we lived in. It would take months for the men to make the drive and ride back home. And all that time the womenfolks and children of Salt Licks would be left in a wild frontier settlement to make out the best they could.

Still, they needed money, and they realized that whatever a man does, he's bound to take some risks. So they talked it over with one another and with their women and decided it was the thing to do. They told their folks what to do in case the Indians came off the reservation or the coons got to eating the corn or the bears got to killing too many hogs. Then they gathered their cattle, burned a trail-brand on them, and pulled out on the long trail to Kansas.

I remember how it was the day Papa left. I remember his standing in front of the cabin with his horse saddled, his gun in his scabbard, and his bedroll tied on back of the cantle. I remember how tall and straight and handsome he looked, with his high-crowned hat and his black mustaches drooping in cow-horn curves past the corners of his mouth. And I remember how Mama was trying to keep from crying because he was leaving, and how Little Arliss, who was only four and didn't know much, wasn't trying to keep from crying at all. In fact, he was

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. MONROE, JR.



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howling his head off—not because Papa was leaving, but because he couldn't go too.

I wasn't about to cry. I was thirteen years old, pretty near a grown man. I stood back and didn't let on for a minute that I wanted to cry.

Papa got through loving up Mama and Little Arliss and mounted his horse. I looked up at him. He motioned for me to come along. So I walked beside his horse down the trail that led under the big live oaks and past the spring.

When we'd got out of hearing of the house, Papa reached down and put a hand on my shoulder. "Now, Travis," he said, "you're getting to be a big boy; and while I'm gone, you'll be the man of the family. I want you to act like one. You take care of Mama and Little Arliss. You look after the work and don't wait around for your mama to point out what needs to be done. Think you can do that?"

"Yessir," I said.

"Now, there's the cows to milk and wood to cut and young pigs to mark and fresh meat to shoot. But mainly there's the corn patch. If you don't work it right, or if you let the varmints eat up the roasting ears, we'll be without bread corn for the winter."

"Yessir," I said.

"All right, boy. I'll be seeing you this fall."

I stood there and let him ride on. There wasn't any more to say.

Suddenly I remembered and went running down the trail after him, calling for him to wait. He pulled up his horse and twisted around in the saddle. "Yeah, boy," he said. "What is it?"

"That horse," I said.

"What *horse*?" he said, like he'd never heard me mention it before. "You mean you're wanting a horse?"

"Now, Papa," I complained. "I've told you time and again."

I looked up to catch him grinning at me and felt foolish that I hadn't realized he was teasing.

"What you're needing worse than a horse is a good dog."

"Yessir," I said, "but a horse is what I'm wanting the worst."

"All right," he said. "You act a man's part while I'm gone, and I'll see that you get a man's horse to ride when I sell the cattle. I think we can shake on that deal."

HE REACHED out his hand, and we shook. It was the first time I'd ever shaken hands like a man. It made me feel big and solemn and important in a way I'd never felt before. I knew then that I could handle whatever needed to be done while Papa was gone.

I turned and started back up the trail toward the cabin. I guessed maybe Papa was right. I guessed I could use a dog. All the other settlers had dogs. They were big fierce cur dogs that the settlers used for catching hogs and driving cattle and fighting coons out of the cornfields. They kept them as watchdogs against the depredation of loafer wolves, bears, panthers and the occasional raiding Indians. There was no question about it: for the sort of country we lived in, a good dog around the place was sometimes worth more than two or three men. I knew this as well as anybody, because until last summer I'd had a good dog.

His name was Bell. He was nearly as old as I was. We'd had him ever since I could remember. He'd protected me from rattlesnakes and bad hogs while I was little. He'd hunted with me when I was bigger. Once he'd dragged me out of Birdsong Creek when I was about to drown, and another time he'd given warning in time to keep some raiding Comanches from stealing and eating our mule, Jumper.

Then one day he got bit by a big diamondback rattler, and he died that same night. I cried for a week. Papa tried to make me feel better by promising to get me another dog right away, but I wouldn't have it. It made me mad just to think about some other dog's trying to take Bell's place.

And I still felt the same about it. All I wanted now was a horse.

THE trail I followed led along the bank of Birdsong Creek through some bee-myrtle bushes. The bushes were blooming white and smelled sweet. In the top of one a mockingbird was singing. That made me recollect how Birdsong Creek had got its name. Mama had named it when she and Papa came to settle. Mama had told me about it. She said she named it the first day she and Papa got there, with Mama driving the oxcart loaded with our house plunder, and with Papa driving the cows and horses. They'd meant to build closer to the other settlers, over on Salt Branch. But they'd camped there at the spring; and the bee myrtle had been blooming white that day, and it seemed like in every bush there was a mockingbird, singing his fool head off. It was all so pretty and smelled so good and the singing birds made such fine music that Mama wouldn't go on. "We'll build right here," she told Papa.

And that's what they'd done. Built themselves a home right here on Birdsong Creek and fought off the Indians and cleared a corn patch and raised me and Little Arliss and lost a little sister who died of a fever.

Now it was my home too. And while Papa was gone, it was up to me to look after it.

I came to our spring that gushed clear cold water out of a split in a rock ledge. The water poured into a pothole about the size of a wagon bed. In the pothole, up to his ears, in the water, stood Little Arliss. Right in our drinking water!

I said: "*Arliss!* You get out of that water."

Arliss turned and stuck out his tongue at me.

"I'll cut me a sprout!" I warned.

All he did was stick out his tongue at me again and splash water in my direction.

I got my knife out and cut a green mesquite sprout. I trimmed all the leaves and thorns off, and then I headed for him.

Arliss saw then that I meant business. He came lunging up out of the pool, knocking water all over his clothes lying on the bank. He lit out for the house, running naked and screaming bloody murder. To listen to him, you'd have thought the Comanches were lifting his scalp.

Mama heard him and came rushing out of the cabin. She saw Little Arliss running naked. She saw me following after him with a mesquite sprout in one hand and his clothes in the other. She called out to me. "Travis," she said, "what on earth have you done to your little brother?"

I said, "Nothing yet. But if he doesn't keep out of our drinking water, I'm going to wear him to a frazzle." That's what Papa always told Little Arliss when he caught him in the pool.

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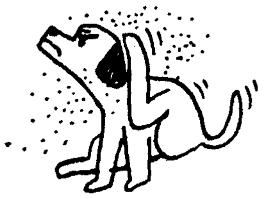

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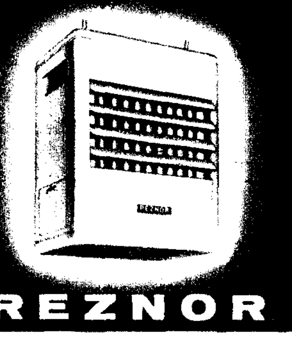

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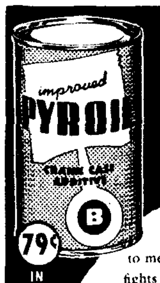

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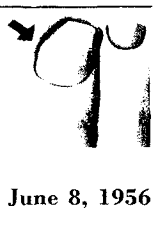

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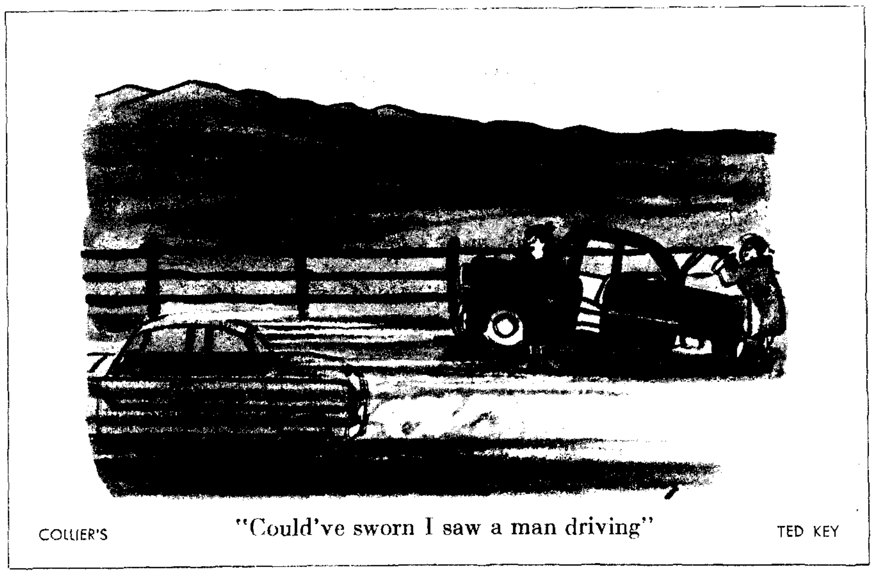

COLLIER'S "Could've sworn I saw a man driving" TED KEY

I figured if I had to take Papa's place, I might as well talk like him.

Mama stared at me for a minute. I thought she was fixing to argue that I was getting too big for my britches. Lots of times she'd tell me that. But this time she didn't. She just smiled suddenly and grabbed Little Arliss by one ear and held on. He went to hollering and jumping up and down and trying to pull away, but she held on till I got there with his clothes. She put them on him and told him: "Look here, young squirrel. You better listen to your big brother Travis if you want to keep out of trouble." Then she made him go sit still a while in the dog run.

THE dog run was an open, roofed-over space between the two rooms of our log cabin. It was a good place to eat watermelons in the hot summer, or to sleep when the night breezes weren't strong enough to push through the cracks between the cabin logs. Sometimes we hung up fresh-killed meat there to cool out.

Little Arliss sat in the dog run and sulked while I packed water from the spring. When I went to cut wood for Mama, though, Little Arliss left the dog run to come watch me work. Like always, he stood in exactly the right place for the chips from my ax to fly up and maybe knock his eyeballs out. I said: "You better skin out for that house, you little scamp!" He skinned out, too. Just like I told him. Without even sticking out his tongue at me this time.

And he sat right there in the dog run till Mama called us to dinner. . . .

After dinner, I didn't wait for Mama to tell me that I needed to finish running out the corn middles. I got right up from the table and went out and hooked Jumper to the double-shovel. I started in plowing where Papa had left off the day before. I figured that if I got an early start, I could finish the corn patch by sundown.

Jumper was a dun mule with a narrow black stripe running along his backbone between his mane and tail. Papa had named him Jumper because nobody yet had ever built a fence he couldn't jump over.

Jumper was a pretty good mule, though. He was gentle to ride, you could pack in fresh meat on him, and he was willing about pulling a plow. Only sometimes, when I plowed him and he decided quitting time had come, he'd stop work right then and head for the cabin, dragging down corn with the plow and paying no mind whatever to my hauling back on the reins and hollering "Whoa!"

Late that evening, when I still lacked three or four corn rows being finished, Jumper tried to pull that stunt on me again. But I was laying for him. With Papa gone, I knew I had to teach Jumper a good lesson. I'd been plowing all afternoon, holding a green cedar club between the plow handles. And when he struck out through the young corn, headed for the cabin, I didn't even holler "Whoa!" at him. I just threw the looped reins off my shoulder and ran up beside him. I drew back my green cedar club and whacked him so hard across the jawbone that I nearly dropped him.

You never saw a worse surprised mule. He snorted, started to run, and then just stood there and stared at me. Like maybe he couldn't believe that I was man enough to club him that hard.

I drew back my club again. "Jumper," I said, "if you don't get back there and finish this plowing job, you're going to get more of the same."

I guess he understood, all right. Anyhow, from then on till we were through, he stayed right on the job.

When finally I got to the house, I found that Mama had done the milking and she and Little Arliss were waiting supper on me. Just like we generally waited for Papa when he came in late.

I crawled into bed with Little Arliss that night, feeling pretty satisfied with myself. I guessed I'd made a good start. I'd done my work without having to be told. I'd taught Little Arliss and Jumper that I wasn't to be trifled with. And Mama could already see that I was man enough to wait supper on.

I guessed that I could handle things while Papa was gone just about as good as he could.

IT WAS the next morning when the big yeller dog came. I found him at daylight when Mama told me to step out to the dog run and cut down a side of middling meat hanging to the pole rafters. The minute I opened the door and looked up, I saw that the meat was gone.

I looked down then. At the same instant, a dog rose from where he'd been curled up on the ground beside the barrel that held our corn meal. He was a big, ugly, slick-haired, yeller dog. One short ear had been chewed clear off, and his tail had been bobbed so close to his rump that there was hardly stub enough left to wag. But the most noticeable thing to me about him was how thin and starved-looking he was, all but for his belly. His belly was swelled up as tight and round as a pumpkin.

It wasn't hard to tell how come that belly was so full. All I had to do was look at the piece of curled-up rind lying in the dirt beside him, with all the

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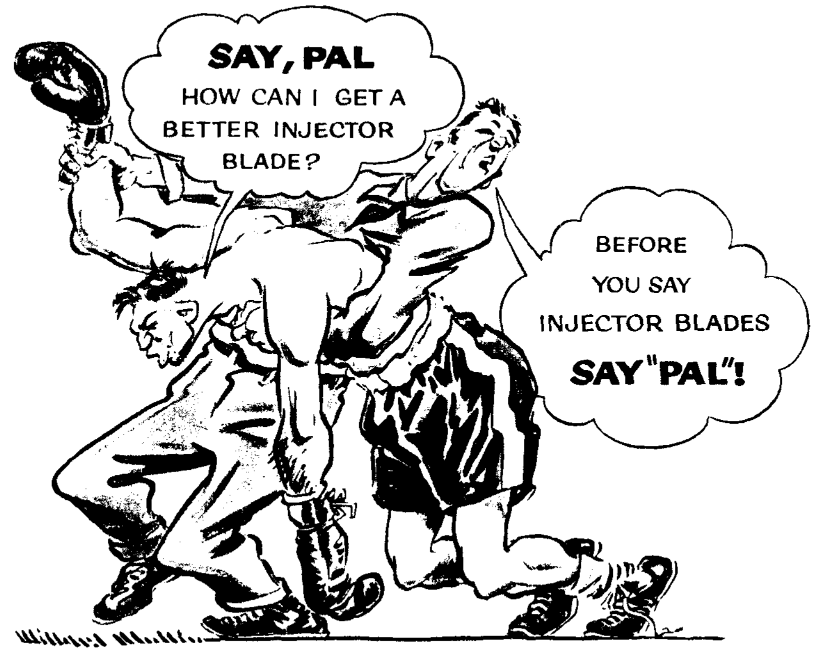
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meat gnawed off. That side of meat had been a big one, but now there wasn't enough meat left on the rind to interest a pack rat.

Well, to lose the only meat we had left from last winter's hog butchering was bad enough. But what made me even madder was the way the dog acted. He didn't even have the manners to feel ashamed of what he'd done. He rose to his feet, stretched, yawned and then came romping toward me, wiggling that stub tail and yelling *Yow! Yow! Yow!* Just like I was his best friend.

"Why, you thieving rascal!" I said, and aimed a kick at him.

He ducked, just in time, so that I missed him by a hair. But nobody could have told I missed, after the way he fell over on the ground and lay there, with his belly up and his four feet in the air, squawling and bellering at the top of his voice. From the racket he made, you'd have thought I had a club and was breaking every bone in his body.

Mama came running out and said, "What on earth, Travis?"

"Why, this old stray dog has eaten our middling meat," I said.

I aimed another kick at him. He was quick and rolled out of reach again, just in time, and then fell back to the ground and lay there, yelling louder than ever.

Then out came Little Arliss. He was naked, like he always slept in the summer. He was hollering, "A dog! A dog!" He ran past me and fell on the dog and petted him till he quit howling. Then he turned on me, fighting mad. "You quit kicking my dog!" he yelled fiercely. "You kick my dog, and I'll wear you to a frazzle!"

The battling stick that Mama used to beat the dirt out of clothes when she washed stood leaning against the wall. Little Arliss grabbed it up in both hands and came at me, swinging.

It was such a surprise move, Little Arliss making fight at me that way, that I just stood there with my mouth open and let him clout me a good one before I thought to move. Then Mama stepped in and took the stick away from him.

Arliss turned on her, ready to fight with his bare fists. Then he decided against it and ran and put his arms around the big dog's neck. He began to yell: "He's my dog. You can't kick him. He's my dog!"

THE big dog was back up on his feet now, wagging his stub tail again and licking the tears off Arliss' face with his pink tongue.

Mama laughed. "Well, Travis," she said, "it looks like we've got us a dog."

"But, Mama," I said. "You don't mean we'd keep an old ugly dog like that? One that will come in and steal meat right out of the house?"

"Well, maybe we can't keep him," Mama said. "Maybe he belongs to somebody who'll want him back."

"He doesn't belong to anybody in the settlement," I said. "I know every dog at Salt Licks."

"Well, then," Mama said. "If he's a stray, there's no reason why Little Arliss can't claim him. And you'll have to admit he's a smart dog. Mighty few dogs have sense enough to figure out a way to reach a side of meat hanging that high. He must have climbed up on top of that meal barrel and jumped from there."

I went over and looked at the wooden lid on top of the meal barrel. Sure enough, in the thin film of dust that had settled over it were dog tracks.

"Well, all right," I admitted. "He's smart. But I still don't want him."

"Now, Travis," Mama said. "You're not being fair. You had you a dog when you were little, but Arliss has never had one. He's too little for you to play with, and he gets lonely."

I didn't say any more. When Mama got her mind set a certain way, there was no use in arguing with her. But I didn't want that meat-thieving dog on the place, and I didn't aim to have him. Sooner or later I'd find a way to get rid of him.

Mama must have guessed what was going on in my mind, for she kept handing me sober looks all the time she was getting breakfast.

She fed us corn-meal mush sweetened with wild honey that Papa and I had cut out of a bee tree last fall, and added cream skimmed off last night's milk. It was good eating; but I'd had my appetite whetted for fried middling meat to go with it.

Mama waited till I was done, and then said: "Now, Travis, as soon as you've milked the cows, I think you ought to get your gun and try to kill us a fat young doe for meat. And while you're gone, I want you to do some thinking on what I said about Little Arliss and this stray dog."

ALL right, I was willing to go make a try for a fat doe. I was generally more than willing to go hunting. And while I was gone, I might do some thinking about Little Arliss and that thieving stray dog. But I didn't much think my thinking would take the turn Mama wanted.

I went and milked the cows and brought the milk in for Mama to strain. I got my rifle and went out to the lot and caught Jumper. I tied a rope around his neck, half-hitched a noose around his nose and pitched the rest of the rope across his back. This was the rope I'd rein him with. Then I got me a second rope and tied it tight around his middle, just back of his withers. This second rope I'd use to tie my deer onto Jumper's back—if I got one.

I mounted Jumper bareback and rode him along Birdsong Creek and across a rocky hogback ridge. I thought how fine it would be if I was riding my own horse instead of an old mule. I rode down a long sweeping slope where a scattering of huge, ragged-topped live oaks stood about in grass so tall that it dragged against the underside of Jumper's belly. I rode to within a quarter of a mile of the Salt Licks, and then tied Jumper and went on afoot.

It was a fine morning for hunting, with the air still and the rising sun bright on the tall green grass and the greener leaves of the timber. I half circled the Licks till I had the breeze moving across them toward me and took cover under a wild grapevine that hung low out of the top of a gnarled oak. I sat down with my back against the trunk of the tree, and made myself get as still as the tree.

Papa had taught me that, way back when I was little, the same as he'd taught me to hunt downwind from my game. He always said: "It's not your shape that catches a deer's eye. It's your moving. If a deer can't smell you and can't see you move, he won't ever know you're there." So I sat there, holding as still as a stump, searching the clearing around the Licks.

The Licks was a scattered outcropping of dark rocks with black streaks in them. The black streaks held the salt that Papa said had got mixed up with the rocks a jillion years ago, and all the hogs and cattle and wild animals in that part of the country came there to lick it.

Wild game generally came to lick the rocks in the early mornings or late evenings, and those were the best times to come for meat. The killer animals, like bear and panther and bobcats, knew this and came to the Licks at the same time. I'd killed two bobcats and a wolf there while waiting for deer. I hoped I'd get a shot at a bear or panther this morning.

After a while I saw some bobwhite quail feed into the opening around the Licks. Then here came three cows with young calves and a roan bull. They stood and licked at the rocks. I watched them a while, and then got to watching a couple of squirrels playing in the top of a tree close to the one I sat under.

One squirrel would run along a tree branch and then take a flying leap to the next branch. There he would sit, fussing, and wait to see if the second one had the nerve to jump that far. After a while the leader tried to jump a gap that was too wide. He missed his branch and came tumbling to the ground. The second squirrel went to dancing up and down on his branch then, getting a big laugh out of how that show-off squirrel had made such a fool of himself.

The sight was so funny that I laughed, myself, and that's where I made my mistake.

Where the doe had come from and how she ever got so close without my seeing her, I don't know. Anyhow, there she stood, staring straight at me, sniffing and stomping her forefeet.

She couldn't have scented me, and I hadn't moved; but I had laughed out loud a little at those squirrels. And that sound had warned her.

Well, I couldn't lift my gun then, with her staring straight at me. She'd see the motion and take a scare. And while Papa was a good enough shot to down a running deer, I'd never tried it and didn't much think I could. I figured it smarter to wait. Maybe she'd quit staring at me after a while and give me a chance to lift my gun.

But I waited and waited, and still she kept looking at me, trying to figure me out. Finally, she started coming toward me. She'd take one dancing step and then another and bob her head and flap her long ears about, then start moving toward me again.

I DIDN'T know what to do. It made me nervous, the way she kept coming at me. Sooner or later she was bound to make out what I was. Then she'd whirl and be gone before I could draw a bead on her.

She kept doing me that way till finally my heart was flopping around inside my chest like a catfish in a wet sack. I knew then that I couldn't wait any longer, so I whipped my gun up to my shoulder. Like I'd figured, she snorted and wheeled, so fast that she was just a brown blur against my gun sights. I pressed the trigger, hoping my aim was good.

After I fired, the black powder charge in my gun threw up such a thick fog of blue smoke that I couldn't see through it. I reloaded, and then leaped to my feet and went running through the smoke. What I saw when I came into the clear again made my heart drop.

There went the frightened, snorting cattle, stampeding through the trees with their tails in the air like it was heel-fly time. And right beside them went my doe, running all humped up and her white, pointed tail clamped tight to her rump. I'd hit her but hadn't made a killing shot.

I didn't like that. I never minded killing for meat. Like Papa had told me, every creature has to kill to live. But to wound an animal was something else. Especially one as pretty and harmless as a deer. It made me sick to think of the doe's escaping, maybe to hurt for days before she finally died.

I swung my gun up, hoping yet to get a killing shot. But I couldn't fire on account of the cattle. They were too close. I might kill one of them.

Then suddenly the doe did a surprising thing. Way down in the flat there, nearly out of sight, she ran head on into the trunk of a tree. Like she was stone-blind. I saw the flash of her light-colored belly as she went down. I waited. She didn't get up. I tore out, running through the chin-tall grass as fast as I could.

WHEN finally I reached the place, all out of breath, I found her lying dead, with a bullet hole through her middle, right where it had to have shattered the heart.

Suddenly I wasn't sick any more. I felt big and strong and sure of myself. I hadn't made a bad shot. I hadn't caused an animal a lot of suffering. All I'd done was get meat for the family, shooting it on the run, like Papa did.

I rode toward the cabin, sitting behind the gutted doe that I'd tied across Jumper's back. Making a killing shot like that on a moving deer made me feel bigger and more important. Too big and important, I guessed, to fuss with Little Arliss about that old yeller dog. I still didn't think much of the idea of keeping him, but I guessed that when you are nearly a man, you have to learn to put up with a lot of aggravation from little old bitty kids. Let Arliss keep the thieving rascal. I guessed I could provide enough meat for him too.

That's how I was feeling when I crossed Birdsong Creek and rode up to the spring under the trees below the house. Then suddenly, I felt different. That's when I found Little Arliss in the pool again. And in there with him was the big yeller dog. That dirty stinking rascal, romping around in our drinking water!

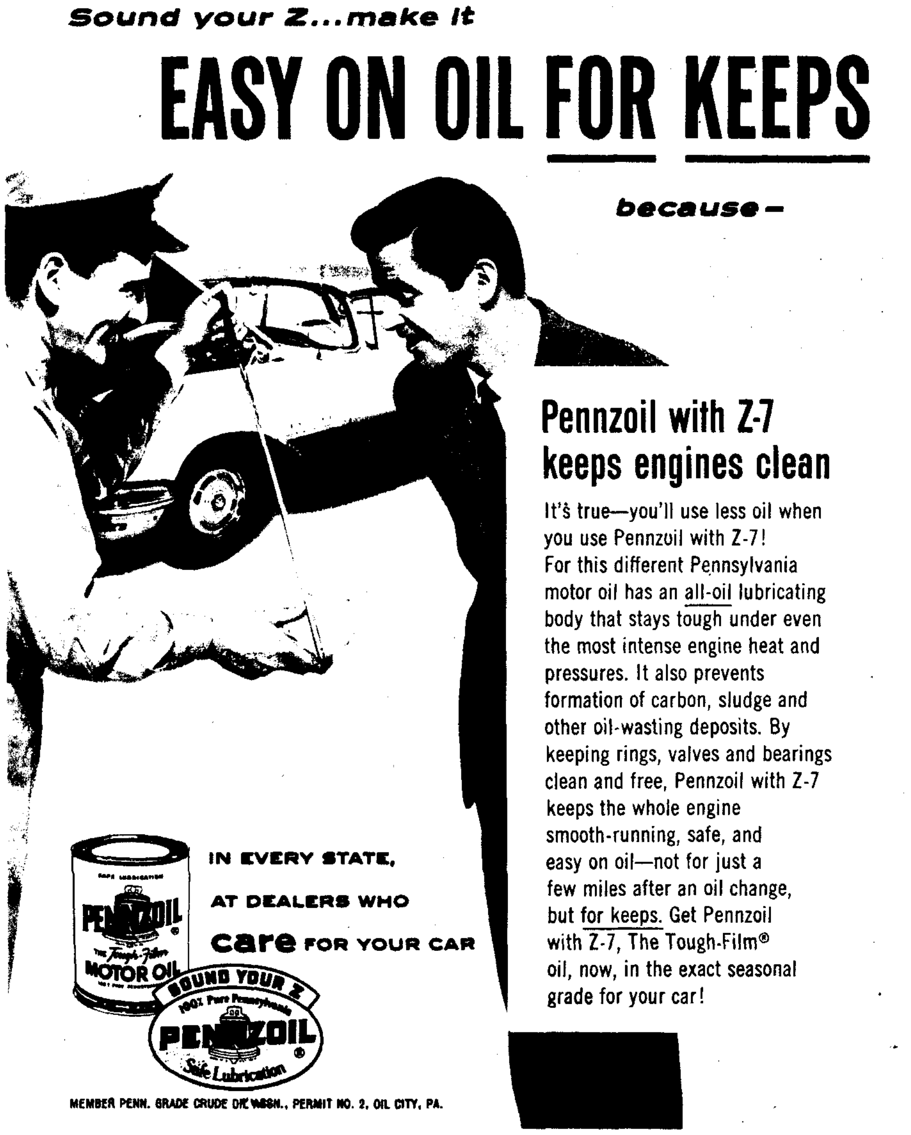
"Arliss!" I yelled. "You get that nasty old dog out of the water!"

They hadn't seen me ride up, and I guess it was my sudden yell that surprised them both so bad. Arliss went tearing out of the pool on one side and the dog on the other. Arliss was screaming his head off, and here came the big dog with his wet fur rising along the ridge of his backbone, baying me like I was a panther.

I didn't give him a chance to get to me. I was too quick about jumping off the mule and grabbing up some rocks.

I was lucky. The first rock I threw caught the big dog right between the eyes, and I was throwing hard. He went down, yelling and pitching and wallowing. And just as he came to his feet again, I caught him in the ribs with another one. That was too much for him. He took out for the house.

But I wasn't the only good rock thrower in the family. Arliss was only four years old, but I'd spent a lot of time showing him how to throw rocks. Now I wished I hadn't. Because about then, a rock nearly tore my left ear off. I whirled around just barely in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time to duck another that would have caught me square in the left eye.

I yelled, "Arliss, you quit that!" but Arliss wasn't listening. He was too scared and too mad. He bent over to pick up a rock big enough to brain me if he'd been strong enough to throw it.

Well, when you're thirteen years old, you can't afford to mix in a rock fight with your four-year-old brother. You can't do it, even when you're in the right. You just can't explain a thing like that to your folks. All they'll do is point out how much bigger you are, how unfair it is to your little brother.

All I could do was turn tail like the yeller dog and head for the house, yelling for Mama. And right after me came Little Arliss, naked and running as fast as he could, doing his dead-level best to get close enough to hit me with the big rock he was packing.

I outran him, of course; and then here came Mama, running so fast that her long skirts were flying, and calling out: "What on earth, boys!"

I hollered, "You better catch that Arliss!" as I ran past her. And she did; but Little Arliss was so mad that I thought for a second he was going to hit her with the rock before she could get it away from him.

Well, it all wound up about like I figured. Mama switched Little Arliss for playing in our drinking water. Then she blessed me out good and proper for being so bossy with him. And the big yeller dog that had caused all the trouble got off scot-free.

It didn't seem right and fair to me. How could I be the man of the family if nobody paid any attention to what I thought or said?

I went and led Jumper up to the house. I hung the doe in the live-oak tree that grew beside the house and began skinning it and cutting up the meat. I thought of the fine shot I'd made and knew it was worth bragging about to Mama. But what was the use? She wouldn't pay me any mind—not until I did something she thought I shouldn't have. Then she'd treat me like I wasn't any older than Arliss.

I sulked and felt sorry for myself all the time I worked with the meat. The more I thought about it, the madder I got at the big yeller dog.

I hung the fresh cuts of venison up in the dog run, right where Old Yeller had stolen the hog meat the night he came. I did it for a couple of reasons. To begin with, that was the handiest and coolest place we had for hanging fresh meat. On top of that, I was looking for a good excuse to get rid of that dog. I figured if he stole more of our meat, Mama would have to see that he was too sorry and no-account to keep.

But Old Yeller was too smart for that. He gnawed around on some of the deer's leg bones that Mama threw away; but not once did he ever even go near the meat we'd hung up.

A COUPLE of days later I had another, and better, reason for wanting to get rid of Old Yeller. That was when the two longhorn range bulls met at the house and had their big fight.

We first heard the bulls while we were eating dinner. One bull came from off a high rocky ridge to the south of the cabin. We could hear his angry rumbling as he moved down through the thickets of cat's-claw and scrub oak. Then he lifted his voice in a wild brassy blare that set echoes clamoring in the draws and canyons for miles around.

"That old bull's talking fight," I told Mama and Little Arliss. "He's bragging that he's the biggest and toughest and meanest. He's telling all the other bulls that if they've got a lick of sense, they'll take to cover when he's around."

Almost before I'd finished talking, we heard the second bull. He was over about the Salt Licks somewhere. His bellering was just as loud and braggy as the first one's. He was saying that *he* was the biggest and meanest and toughest bull of the range.

We sat and ate and listened to them. We could tell by their rumblings and bawlings that they were gradually working their way down through the brush toward each other.

I always liked to see a fight between bulls or bears or wild boars or almost any wild animals. Now I got so excited that I jumped up from the table and went to the door and stood listening.

OUR cabin stood on a high knoll about a hundred yards above the spring. Years ago, Papa had cleared out all the brush and trees from around it, leaving a couple of live oaks near the house for shade. That was so he could get a clear shot at any Comanche or Apache coming to scalp us. And while I stood there at the door, the first bull entered the clearing.

He was a leggy, mustard-colored bull with black freckles speckling his jaws and the underside of his belly. He had one great horn set for hooking, while the other hung down past his jaw like a tallow candle that had dropped in the heat. He was what the Mexicans called a *chongo*, or "droop horn." He trotted out a little piece into the clearing, then stopped to drop his head low. He went to snorting and shaking his horns and pawing up the dry dirt with his forefeet.

I couldn't see the other bull yet, but I could tell by the sound of him that he was close and coming in a trot. I hollered back to Mama and Little Arliss. "They're fixing to fight right here!"

There was a split-rail fence around our cabin. I ran out and climbed up and took a seat on the top rail. Mama and Little Arliss came and climbed up to sit beside me.

Then, from the other side of the clearing came the second bull. He was the red roan I'd seen at the Salt Licks the day I shot the doe. He wasn't as tall and long-legged as the *chongo* bull, but every bit as heavy and powerful. And while his horns were shorter, they were both curved right for hooking.

Like the first bull, he came blaring out into the clearing, then stopped, to snort and sling his wicked horns and paw up clouds of dust. He made it plain that he wanted to fight too.

About that time, from somewhere behind the cabin, came Old Yeller, bristled up and roaring almost as loud as the bulls. He'd come out to run them away from the house. I hollered: "Get back there, you rascal! You'll spoil our show."

That stopped him, but he still wasn't satisfied. He kept baying the bulls till I jumped down and picked up a rock. I didn't have to throw it. All I had to do was draw back like I was going to. That sent him flying back into the yard and around the corner of the cabin, yelling like I'd murdered him.

That also put Little Arliss on the fight. He started screaming at me. He tried to get down and pick up a rock.

But Mama held him. "Hush, now, baby," she said. "Travis isn't going to hurt your dog. He just doesn't want him to scare off the bulls."

Well, it took some talking, but she

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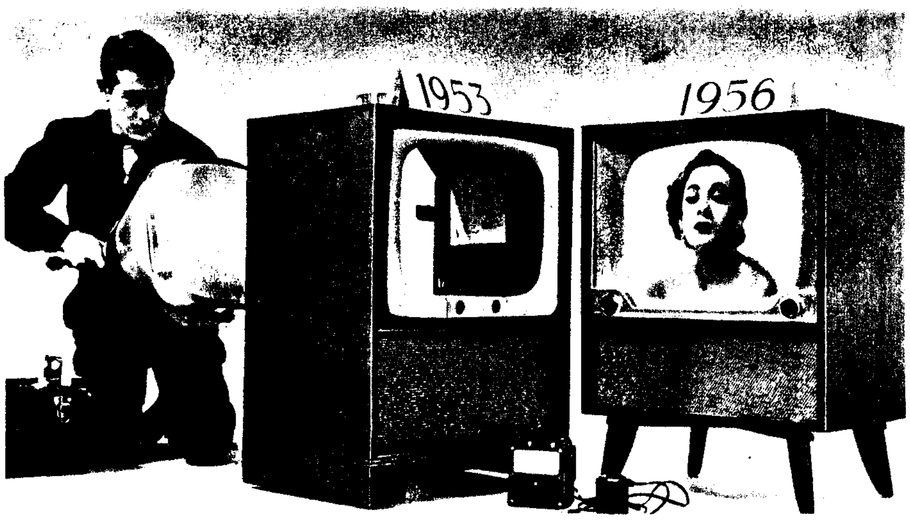
3-year-old TV with new G-E tubes beats a 1956 model in "light-meter picture test"

ELECTRONIC LIGHT METER recently tested two TV sets equipped with ordinary tubes, with studio camera focused on still picture for uniformity. Proved up to 60% of the brightness and 50% of picture contrast were lost on the 1953 TV set.



SERVICE TECHNICIAN installs a new "100 Series" G-E Aluminized Tube in the '53 set—tests receiving tubes, replaces weak ones with new General Electric Service-Designed tubes. Now same light meter proves the 3-year-old set outperforms the 1956 television with its non-aluminized picture tube.

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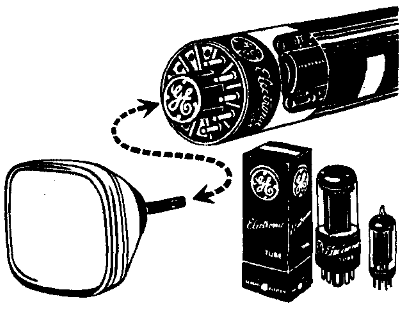
A G-E Aluminized Picture Tube with the easy-to-identify red seal can give your TV 1956 performance. Enjoy "Daylight Power" viewing—*shades up* by day—*lights on* at night. Your neighborhood TV service technician can arrange convenient payment terms for a complete overhaul of every TV and radio you own. Ask for his low-cost "Tune-Up Special" today. *General Electric Company, Tube Dept., Schenectady, N. Y.*



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166-1A3

finally got Little Arliss' mind off hitting me with a rock. I climbed back up on the fence. I told Mama that I was betting on Chongo. She said she was betting her money on Roany because he had two fighting horns. We sat there and watched the bulls get ready to fight and talked and laughed and had ourselves a real good time. We never once thought about being in any danger.

When we learned different, it was nearly too late.

Suddenly, Chongo quit pawing the dirt and flung his tail into the air. "Look out!" I shouted. "Here it comes."

Sure enough, Chongo charged, roaring his mightiest. And here came Roany *to meet him, with his head down low.*

THEY met head on, with a loud clash of horns and a jar so solid that it seemed like I could feel it clear up there on the fence. Roany went down. A second later, though, he was back on his feet and charging again. He slammed his sharp horns into the shoulder of the mustard-colored bull. He drove against him so fast and hard that Chongo couldn't wheel away. All he could do was barely keep his feet.

And here they came, straight for our rail fence. "Land sakes!" Mama cried suddenly and leaped from the fence, dragging Little Arliss down after her.

But I was too excited about the fight. I didn't see the danger in time. I was still astride the top rail when the bulls crashed through the fence, splintering the posts and rails, and toppling me to the ground almost under them.

Suddenly Mama had me by the hand and was dragging me out from under, yelling in a scared voice: "Run, Travis!"

Well, she didn't have to keep hollering at me. I was running as fast as I ever hoped to run. And with her running faster and dragging me along by the hand, we scooted through the cabin doorway just about a quick breath before Roany slammed Chongo against it.

They hit so hard that the whole cabin shook. I saw great big chunks of dried-mud chinking fall from between the logs. There for a second, I thought Chongo was coming through that door, right on top of us. But turned broadside like he was, he was too big to be shoved through such a small opening. Then a second later, he got off Roany's horns somehow and wheeled on him. There they went, down alongside the cabin wall, roaring and stomping and slamming against the logs.

I looked at Mama and Little Arliss. Mama's face was white as a bed sheet. For once, Little Arliss was so scared that he couldn't scream. Suddenly, I wasn't scared any more. I was just plain mad. I reached for a braided rawhide whip that hung in a coil on a wooden peg driven between the logs.

That scared Mama still worse. "Oh, no, Travis," she cried. "Don't go out there!"

"They're fixing to tear down the house, Mama," I said.

"But they might run over you," Mama argued. "Call the dog! Put the dog after them!"

Well, that was a real good idea. Here was a chance for that old yeller dog to pay back for all the trouble he'd made around the place. I stuck my head out the door. The bulls had fought away from the house. Now they were busy tearing down more of the yard fence.

I ducked out and around the corner. I ran through the dog run toward the back of the house, calling, "Here, Yeller! Get 'em, boy! Sick 'em!"

Old Yeller was back there, all right But he didn't come and he didn't sicl 'em. He took one look at me runnin toward him with that bullwhip in m hand and left out in a yelling run fo the woods.

If there had been any way I coul have done it, right then is when I woul have killed him. But there wasn't tim to mess with a fool dog. I had to d something about those bulls. They wer wrecking the place, and I had to stop it

I ran up to the bulls and went t work on them with the whip. It was heavy sixteen-footer and I'd practice with it a lot. I could crack that rawhid popper louder than a gunshot. I coul cut a branch as thick as my little finge off a green mesquite with it.

But I couldn't stop those bulls from fighting. They were too mad; I migh as well have been spitting on them. I yelled and whipped them till I gave clear out. Still they went right on with their roaring bloody battle. I guess they would have kept on fighting till they leveled the house to the ground if it hadn't been for a freak accident.

We had a heavy two-wheeled Mexican cart that Papa used for hauling wood and hay. It happened to be standing out in front of the house, right where the ground broke away in a sharp slant toward the spring.

It had just come to me that I could get my gun and shoot the bulls when Chongo crowded Roany up against the cart. He ran that long single horn clear under Roany's belly. Now he gave such a big heave that he lifted Roany's feet clear off the ground and rolled him in the air. A second later, Roany landed flat on his back inside the bed of that cart, with all four feet sticking up.

I thought his weight would break the cart to pieces, but I was wrong. All the bull's weight did was tilt the cart s that the wheels started rolling. And away the cart went down the hill, carrying Roany with it.

WHEN that happened, Chongo was suddenly the silliest-looking bull you ever saw. He stood with his tail up and his head high, staring after the runaway cart. He couldn't for the life of him figure out what had happened.

The rolling cart rattled and banged down the slope 'till it was right beside the spring. There, one wheel struck a big boulder, bouncing that side of the cart so high that it turned over. The roan bull spilled right into the spring.

Roany got his feet under him and scrambled up out of the hole. But I guess that cart ride and sudden wetting had taken all the fight out of him. Anyhow, he headed for the timber, running.

Chongo snorted and went after him. But when he got to the cart, he slid to a sudden stop. The cart, lying on its side now, still had that top wheel spinning around and around. Chongo had never seen anything like that. He stood and stared at the spinning wheel. He couldn't understand it. He lifted his nose up close to smell it. Finally he reached out a long tongue to lick and taste it.

That was a bad mistake. I guess the iron tire of the spinning wheel was roughed up pretty badly and maybe had chips of broken rock and gravel stuck to it. Anyhow, from the way Chongo acted, it must have scraped all the hide off his tongue.

Chongo bawled and took out in the opposite direction of the roan bull, bawling like he'd stuck his tongue into a bear trap.

It was enough to make you laugh

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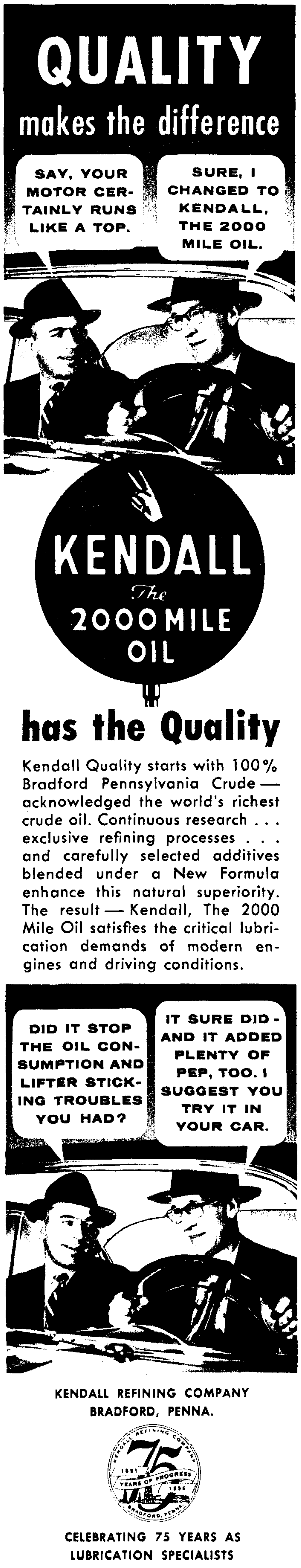
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your head off, the way both those bad bulls had got the wits scared clear out of them. But they sure had made a wreck of the yard fence.

THAT Little Arliss! If he wasn't a mess! From the time he'd grown up big enough to get out of the cabin, he'd made a practice of trying to catch and keep every living thing he saw.

Every night before Mama let him go to bed, she'd make Arliss empty his pockets of whatever he'd captured during the day. Generally, it would be a tangled-up mess of grasshoppers and worms and praying bugs and little rusty tree lizards. Sometimes it was stuff like a young bird that had fallen out of its nest before it could fly, or a green-speckled spring frog or a water snake.

But after the yeller dog came, Little Arliss started catching even bigger game. Like cottontail rabbits and chaparral birds and a baby possum that sulled and lay like dead for the first several hours until he finally decided that Arliss wasn't going to hurt him.

Of course, it was Old Yeller that was doing the catching. He'd run the game down and turn it over to Little Arliss. Then Arliss could come in and tell Mama a big fib about how he caught it himself.

I watched them one day when they caught a blue catfish out of Birdsong Creek. The fish had fed out into water so shallow that his top fin was sticking out. About the time I saw it, Old Yeller and Arliss did too. They made a run at it. The fish went scooting away toward deeper water, only Yeller was too fast for him. He pounced on the fish and shut his big mouth down over it and went romping to the bank, where he dropped it down on the grass and let it flop. And here came Little Arliss. The minute he got his hands on it, the fish finned him and he went to crying. But he wouldn't turn the fish loose. He just grabbed it up and went running and squalling toward the house, where he gave the fish to Mama.

His hands were all bloody by then, where the fish had finned him. They swelled up and got mighty sore; not even a mesquite thorn hurts as bad as a sharp fish fin when it's run deep into your hand.

But as soon as Mama had wrapped his hands in a poultice of mashed-up prickly-pear root to draw out the poison, Little Arliss forgot all about his hurt. And that night when we ate the fish for supper, he told the biggest windy I ever heard about how he'd dived way down into a deep hole under the rocks and dragged that fish out.

But when I tried to tell Mama what really happened, she wouldn't let me. "Now, this is Little Arliss' story," she said. "You let him tell it the way he wants to."

I told Mama then, I said to her: "Mama, that old yeller dog is going to make the biggest liar in Texas out of Little Arliss."

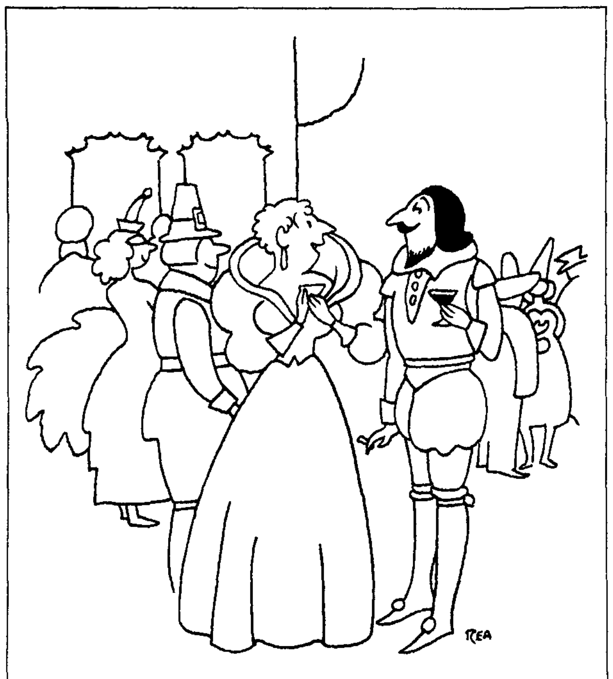
But Mama just laughed at me, like she always laughed at Little Arliss' big windies after she'd got off where he couldn't hear her. She said for me to let Little Arliss alone. She said that if he ever told a bigger whopper than the ones I used to tell, she had yet to hear it.

All of which, I figure, is what led up to Little Arliss' catching the bear. I think Mama had let him tell so many big yarns about his catching live game that he'd begun to believe them himself.

When it happened, I was down the creek a ways, splitting rails to fix up the yard fence where the bulls had torn it down. I'd been down there since dinner, working in a stand of tall slim post oaks. I'd chop down a tree, trim off the branches as far up as I wanted, then cut away the rest of the top. After that, I'd start splitting the log.

Swinging that chopping ax was sure hard work. The sweat poured off me. My back muscles ached. The ax got so heavy I could hardly swing it, and my breath got harder and harder to breathe.

An hour before sundown, I was worn down to a nub. It seemed like I couldn't hit another lick. Papa could have lasted till past sundown, but I didn't see how I could. I shouldered my ax and started toward the cabin. That's when I heard Little Arliss scream.



"Not *the* William Shakespeare?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Well, Little Arliss was a screamer by nature. He'd scream when he was happy and scream when he was mad and a lot of times he'd scream just to hear himself make a noise. Generally, we paid no more mind to Little Arliss' screaming than we did to the gobble of a wild turkey.

BUT this time was different. The second I heard his screaming, I felt my heart flop clear over. This time I knew Little Arliss was in real trouble.

I tore out up the trail leading toward the cabin. A minute before, I'd been so tired out with my rail splitting that I couldn't have struck a trot. But now I raced through the tall trees in that creek bottom, covering ground like a scared wolf.

Little Arliss' second scream, when it came, was louder and shriller and more frantic-sounding than the first. Mixed with it was a whimpering, crying sound that I knew didn't come from him. It was a sound I'd heard before and seemed like I ought to know what it was, but right then I couldn't place it.

Then, from way off to one side, came a sound that I would have recognized anywhere. It was the coughing roar of a charging bear.

My heart went to pushing up into my throat, nearly choking off my wind. I strained for every lick of speed I could get out of my legs. I didn't know what sort of fix Little Arliss had got himself into, but I knew that it had to do with a mad bear, which was enough.

Finally I got out into the open, where I could see ahead. And what I saw sent a chill clear through to the marrow of my bones.

There was Little Arliss, down in that spring hole again. He was lying half in and half out of the water, holding onto the hind leg of a little black bear cub no bigger than a small coon. The bear cub was out on the bank, whimpering and crying and clawing the rocks, trying to pull away. But Little Arliss was holding on for all he was worth, scared now and screaming his head off. Too scared to let go.

How come the bear cub ever to prowl close enough for Little Arliss to grab him, I don't know. And why he didn't turn on him and bite loose, I couldn't figure out either. Unless he was like Little Arliss, too scared.

But all of that didn't matter now. What mattered was the bear cub's mama. She'd heard the cries of her baby and was coming to save him. She was coming so fast that she had the brush popping and breaking as she crashed through and over it. I could see her black heavy figure piling off down the slant on the far side of Birdsong Creek. She was roaring mad and ready to kill. And worst of all, I could see that I'd never get there in time!

MAMA couldn't either. She had heard Arliss too, and here she came from the cabin, running down the slant toward the spring, screaming at Little Arliss, telling him to turn the bear cub loose. But Little Arliss wouldn't do it. All he would do was hang onto that hind leg and let out one shrill shriek after another.

Now the she-bear was charging across the shallows in the creek, with her fur up and her long teeth bared, filling the canyon with that awful coughing roar. And no matter how fast Mama ran or how fast I ran, the she-bear was going to get there first!

Then, just as the bear went lunging up the creek bank toward Little Arliss and her cub, a flash of yellow came streaking out of the brush.

It was that big yeller dog. He was roaring like a mad bull. He wasn't one third as big and heavy as the she-bear, but when he piled into her from one side, he rolled her clear off her feet. They went down in a wild, roaring tangle of twisting bodies and scrambling feet and slashing fangs.

As I raced past them, I saw the bear lunge up to stand on her hind feet while she clawed at the body of the yeller dog hanging to her throat. I didn't wait to see more. Without ever checking my stride, I ran in and jerked Little Arliss loose from the cub. I grabbed him by the wrist and yanked him up out of that water and slung him toward Mama like he was a half-empty sack of corn. I screamed at Mama: "Grab him, Mama! Grab him and run!" Then I swung my chopping ax high and wheeled, aiming to cave in the she-bear's head with the first lick.

But I never did strike. I didn't need

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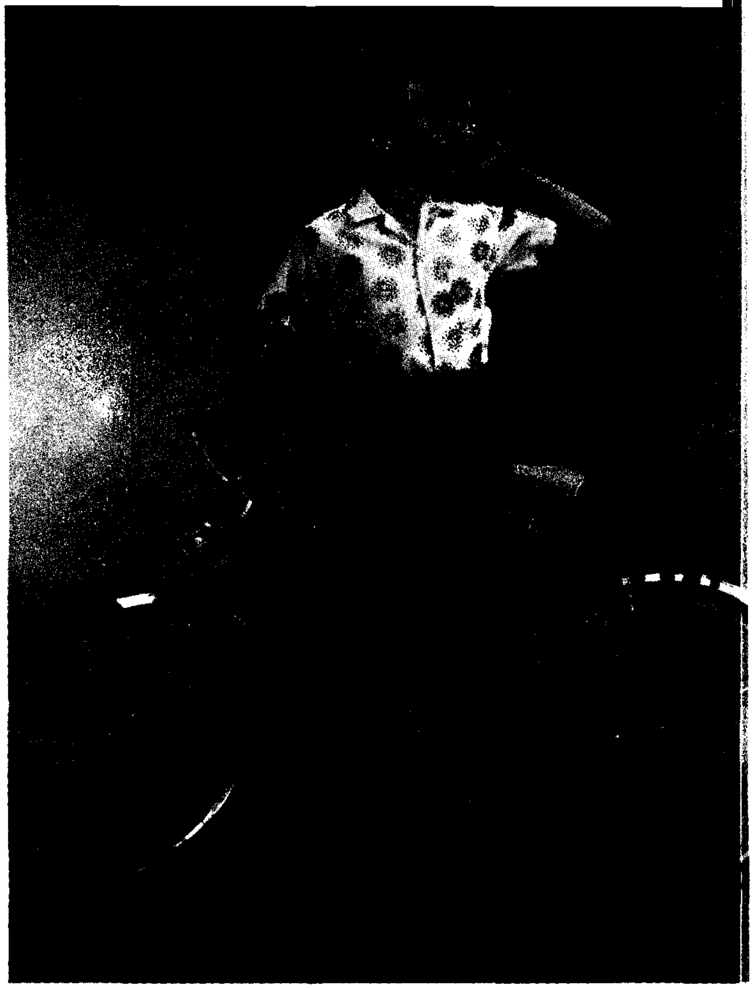

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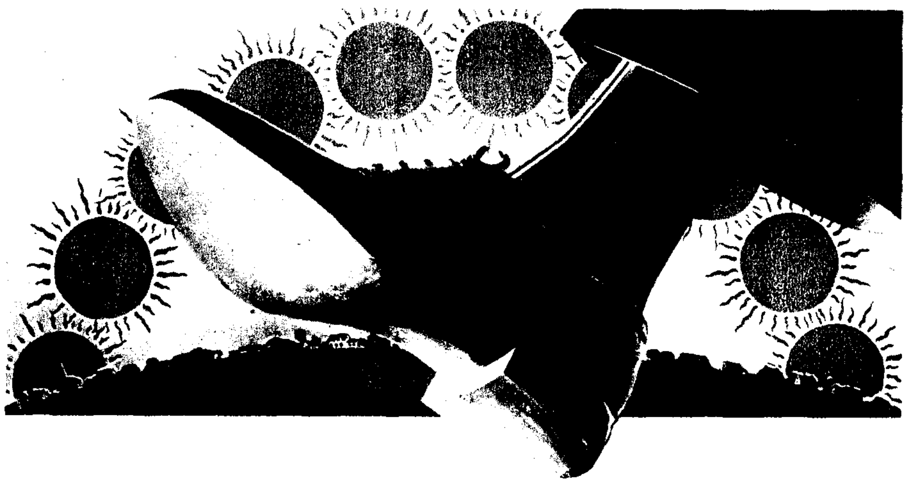

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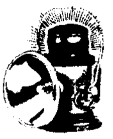

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to. Old Yeller hadn't let the bear get close enough.

He couldn't handle her; she was too big and strong for that. She'd stand there on her hind feet, hunched over, and take a roaring swing at him with one of those big front claws. She'd slap him head over heels. She'd knock him so far that it didn't look like he could possibly get back there before she charged again, but he always did. He'd hit the ground rolling, yelling his head off with the pain of the blow; but somehow he'd always roll to his feet. And here he'd come again, ready to tie into her for another round.

I stood there with my ax raised, watching them for a long moment. Then from up toward the house, I heard Mama calling: "Come away from there, Travis! Hurry, son! *Run!*"

That spooked me. Up till then, I'd been ready to tie into that bear myself. Now, suddenly, I was scared out of my wits again. I ran toward the cabin.

But like it was, Old Yeller nearly beat me there. I didn't see it, of course; but Mama said that the minute Old Yeller saw we were all in the clear and out of danger, he threw the fight to that she-bear and lit out for the house.

But if the big yeller dog was scared or hurt in any way when he came dashing in, he didn't show it. He sure didn't show it like we all did. Little Arliss had hushed his screaming, but he was trembling all over and clinging to Mama like he'd never let her go. And Mama was sitting in the middle of the floor, holding him up close and crying like she'd never stop. And me, I was close to crying, myself.

Old Yeller, though, all he did was come bounding in to jump on us and lick us in the face and bark so loud that there, inside the cabin, the noise nearly made us deaf. The way he acted, you might have thought that bear fight hadn't been anything more than a rowdy romp that we'd all taken part in for the fun of it.

TILL Little Arliss got us mixed up in that bear fight, I guess I'd been looking on him about like most boys look on their little brothers. I liked him, all right, but I didn't have a lot of use for him. What with his always playing in our drinking water and getting in the way of my chopping ax and howling his head off and chunking me with the rocks when he got mad, it didn't seem to me like he was hardly worth the bother of putting up with.

But that day when I saw him in the spring, so helpless against the angry she-bear, I learned different. I knew then that I loved him as much as I did Mama and Papa, maybe in some ways even a little bit more.

So it was only natural for me to come to love the dog that saved him.

After that, I couldn't do enough for Old Yeller. What if he was a big ugly meat-stealing rascal? What if he did fall over and yell bloody murder every time I looked crossways at him? What if he had run off when he ought to have helped with the fighting bulls? None of that made a lick of difference now. He'd pitched in and saved Little Arliss when I couldn't possibly have done it, and that was enough for me.

I petted him and made over him till he was wiggling all over to show how happy he was. I felt mean about how I'd treated him and did everything I could to let him know. I searched his feet and pulled out a long mesquite thorn that had become embedded between his toes. I held him down and had Mama hand me a stick with a coa of fire on it, so I could burn off three big bloated ticks that I found inside his ear. I washed him with lye soap and water, and then rubbed salty bacon grease into his hair all over to rout the fleas. And that night after dark, when he sneaked into bed with me and Little Arliss, I let him sleep there and never said a word about it to Mama.

ABOUT a week after that, the varments got to pestering us, and I really began to appreciate that yeller dog. A lot of times Old Yeller and I were kept busy nearly all night long.

It was the coons, mainly. The corn was ripening into roasting ears now, and the coons would come at night and strip the shucks back with their little hands, and gnaw the milky kernels off the cob. Also, the watermelons were beginning to turn red inside and the skunks would come and open up little round holes in the rinds and reach in with their forefeet and drag out the juicy insides to eat. Sometimes the coyotes would come and eat watermelons too; and now and then a deer would jump into the field and eat corn, melons and peas.

So Old Yeller and I took to sleeping in the corn patch every night. That is, what sleep we got. Most of the night, we'd be up fighting coons. We slept out in the middle of the patch, where Yeller could scent a coon clear to the fence on every side. We'd lie there and look up at the stars and listen to the warm night breeze rustling the corn blades. Sometimes I'd wonder what the stars were, and what kept them hanging up there so high and bright, and if Papa, way off up yonder in Kansas, could see the same stars I could see.

I was getting mighty lonesome to see Papa. With the help of Old Yeller, I was taking care of things all right; but I was sure beginning to wish that he'd come back home.

Then, finally, just about the time I'd start drifting off to sleep, I'd hear Old Yeller rise to his feet and go padding off through the corn. A minute later, his yelling bay would lift from some part of the corn patch, and I'd hear the fighting squawl of some coon caught stealing corn. Then I'd jump to my feet and go running through the corn, shouting encouragement to Old Yeller.

"Git him, Yeller," I'd holler. "Tear him up!"

And that's what Old Yeller would be trying to do; but a boar coon isn't an easy thing to tear up. For one thing, he'll fight you from sundown till sunup. He's not big for size, but the longer you fight him, the bigger he seems to get. He fights you with all four feet and every tooth in his head and enough courage for an animal five times his size.

On top of that, he's fighting inside a thick hide that fills a dog's mouth like a wad of loose sacking. The dog has a hard time ever really biting him. He just squirms and twists around inside that hide and won't quit fighting even after the dog's got enough and is ready to throw the fight to him. Plenty of times Papa and I had seen a boar coon whip my old dog Bell, run him off, and then turn on us and chase us clear out of a cornfield.

It was easy for me to go running through the dark cornfields, yelling for Old Yeller to tear up a thieving coon, but it wasn't easy for Old Yeller to do it. He'd be yelling and the coon would be squawling and they'd go wallowing and clawing and threshing through the corn, popping the stalks as they broke them off, making such an uproar in the night that it sounded like murder. But generally, when the fight was all over, the coon went one way and Old Yeller the other, both of them pretty well satisfied to call it quits.

We didn't get much sleep of a night while all this was going on, but we had us a good time and saved the corn from the coons.

Working there, night after night, guarding our precious bread corn from the varmints, I came to see what I would have been up against if I'd had it to do without the help of Old Yeller. By myself, I'd have been run to death and still probably wouldn't have saved the corn. Also, look at all the fun I would have missed if I'd been alone, and how lonesome I would have been. I had to admit Papa had been right when he told me how bad I needed a dog.

I saw that even more clearly when the spotted heifer had her first calf.

Our milk cows were all old-time longhorn cattle and didn't give a lot of milk. What we generally had to do was milk five or six cows to get enough milk for just the family.

But we had one crumpled-horn cow named Rose that gave a lot of milk, only she was getting old, and Mama kept hoping that one of her heifer calves would turn out to be a good milker.

Then this spotted one came along, and Mama was certain that at last she had a milk cow to replace Rose.

The only trouble was, this heifer Spot, as we called her, had been snaky wild from the day she was born. Mama had been trying all along to get Spot gentled before she had her first calf, but it was no use. Spot didn't want to be friends with anybody. We knew she was going to give us a pile of trouble when we set out to milk her.

I failed to find Spot with the rest of our milk cows one evening, and when I went to drive them up the next day, she was still gone. "It's time for her to calve," Mama said, "and I'll bet she's got one."

SO THE next morning I went farther back in the hills and searched all over. I finally came across her, holed up in a dense thicket of bee myrtle close to a little seep spring. I got one brief glimpse of a wobbly, long-legged calf before Spot snorted and took after me. She ran me clear to the top of the next high ridge before she turned back.

I tried it one more time, and then I went back to the house and got Old Yeller. I didn't know if he knew anything about driving cattle or not, but I was willing to bet that he could keep her from chasing me.

And he did. I went up to the edge of the thicket and started hollering and chunking rocks into it. Here came the heifer, madder than ever, it looked like. "Get her, Yeller," I hollered. And Yeller got her. He pulled the neatest trick I ever saw a dog pull on a cow brute.

Only I didn't see it the first time. I was getting away from there too fast. I'd stumbled and fallen to my knees when I turned to run from Spot's charge, and she was too close behind for me to be watching what Old Yeller was doing. I just heard the scared bawl she let out and the crashing of the brush as Old Yeller rolled her into it.

I ran a piece farther, and then looked back. The heifer was scrambling to her feet and looking like she didn't know what had happened. Then she caught sight of Old Yeller. She snorted, stuck her tail in the air and made for him. Yeller ran like he was scared to death, then cut back around a thicket. A second later, he was coming in behind Spot. Without making a sound, he ran up beside her, made a leap and set his teeth in her nose.

I guess it was the weight of him that did it. Anyway, he just set his teeth in her nose, doubled himself up in a tight ball, and swung on. That turned the charging heifer into a wildcat. Her heels went straight up in the air over her head. She landed flat on her back with all four feet sticking up. She hit the ground so hard that it sounded like she ought to bust wide open.

I guess she felt that way about it too. Anyhow, after taking that second fall, she didn't have much fight left in her. She just scrambled to her feet and went trotting back into the thicket, lowing to her calf.

I followed her, with Old Yeller beside me, and we drove her out and across the hills to the cow lot.

BUT once we had got her into the cowpen, and Mama had brought me a bucket, the kicking fight started. The first time I tried to milk Spot she reached out with a flying hind foot, aiming to kick my head off and coming close to doing it. Then she wheeled on me and put me on top of the rail fence as quick as a squirrel could have made it.

Mama shook her head. "I was hoping she wouldn't be that way," she said. "I always hate to have to tie up a heifer to break her for milk. But I guess there's no other way with this one."

I thought of all the trouble it would be, having to tie up that Spot heifer, head and feet, twice a day, every day, for maybe a month or more. I looked at Old Yeller, standing just outside the pen. "Yeller," I said, "you come in here."

Old Yeller came bounding through the rails.

Mama said: "Why, son, you can't teach a heifer to stand with a dog in the pen. Especially one with a young calf. She'll be fighting at him all the time, thinking he's a wolf or something trying to get her calf."

I laughed. "Maybe it won't work," I said, "but I bet you one thing. She won't be fighting Old Yeller."

She didn't either. She lowered her horns and rolled her eyes as I brought Old Yeller up to her.

"Now, Yeller," I said, "you stand here and watch her."

Old Yeller seemed to know just what I wanted. He walked right up to where he could almost touch his nose to hers and stood there, wagging his stub tail. And she didn't charge him or run from him. All she did was stand there and sort of tremble.

I went back and milked her and she didn't offer to kick me one time.

"Well, that does beat all," Mama marveled. "Why, at that rate, we'll have her broke to milk in a week's time."

Mama was right. Within three days after we started, I could drive Spot into the pen, go right up and milk her, and all she'd do was stand there and stare at Old Yeller. By the end of the second week, she was standing and belching and chewing her cud—the gentlest cow I ever milked.

After all that, I guess you can see why I nearly died when a man rode up one day and claimed Old Yeller.

—FRED GIPSON

(This is the first of three parts)

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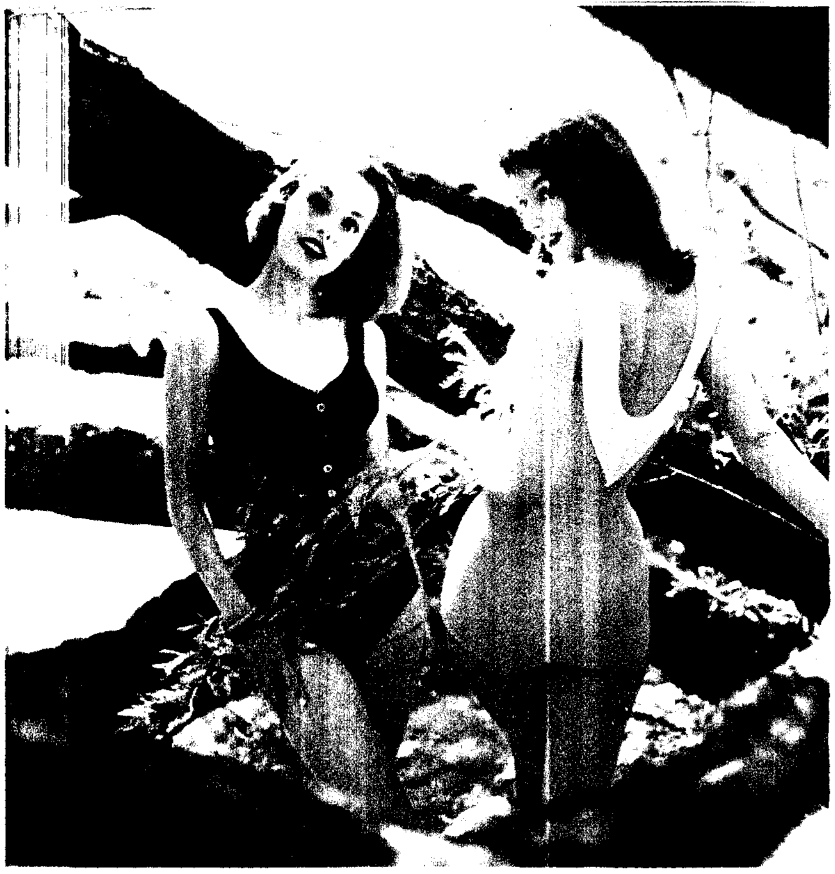


CHRISTA

Scoop-neck, button-front suit (in black above and in pink version on cover) is by Rudi Gernreich for Westwood ($23). Deep V collar on pink suit at right can be worn off-the-shoulder (Gantner, $20). Photographs above and on cover were taken at Palm Springs, California; all others at the Ponte Vedra Club, Florida

DOLLED-UP SWIMSUITS

New swimsuits, first cousins to short party dresses, are the fanciest yet. A far cry from little-boy styles of other years, they're calculated to change a shy wallflower into the belle of the beach. On these four pages Collier's offers a preview of the fashions in swimwear from leading East and West Coast manufacturers you'll be seeing by the seaside this summer

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE BARKENTIN

A body-hugging wool-knit sheath with satin insets—cut princess-style—is Gantner's contribution to new swim dressiness ($18)

Little girl's perky rompered look becomes stylish adapted into tunic suit for her big sister. Made of Lastex faille, suit adds neckline dip as grown-up detail (Catalina, $18)

Today's mermaids go high-fashion as designers use every trick from black lace to crisp crinoline petticoats

Any resemblance between this year's swim scene and a gala party is purely intentional. Dress designers, including French *couturier* Christian Dior, have joined sportswear manufacturers to dress up the bathing-suit business. Using all the tricks of the trade, they have translated slim sheaths, *bouffant* petticoats, tunics and poignant-looking Empire waistlines into thigh-length suits. Exotic fabrics like lace, satin and velvet have been treated so they are sun- and seaworthy; even the more conservative suits generally sport trimmings of sequins or streamers. Available in most dress and department stores, these new suits can't help but add new purpose to that favorite pursuit of beachcombing U.S. males—glamour-girl gazing.

Black lace, reminiscent of both the boudoir and the ballroom, comes to the beach. This sultry ruffled sheath is made of elasticized nylon lace over classic satin-finished Lastex foundation (Jantzen, $25)

Even classic cotton shorts-suit has added feminine touch of high sash and satin sheen (Cabana, $18)

Elasticized bengaline suit with crescent pin has tuck-away straps, built-in curves, giving wearer shape like Victorian hourglass silhouette (Rose Marie Reid, $35)

Party suit by Tina Leser ($30) has a pleated skirt with streamers and crinoline petticoat

BEACH TOWELS BY MARTEX

Camisole neckline on faille suit by Caltex ($23) gives new look to old sport of swimming

Design by Dior for Cole of California is loose-fitting tunic in cotton satin worn over pink culottes ($30)

The town was stalling our invasion of Normandy and, after 41 days of fighting, its capture had become a personal issue to Tom Howie. But then fate took a hand—and there began the saga of . . .

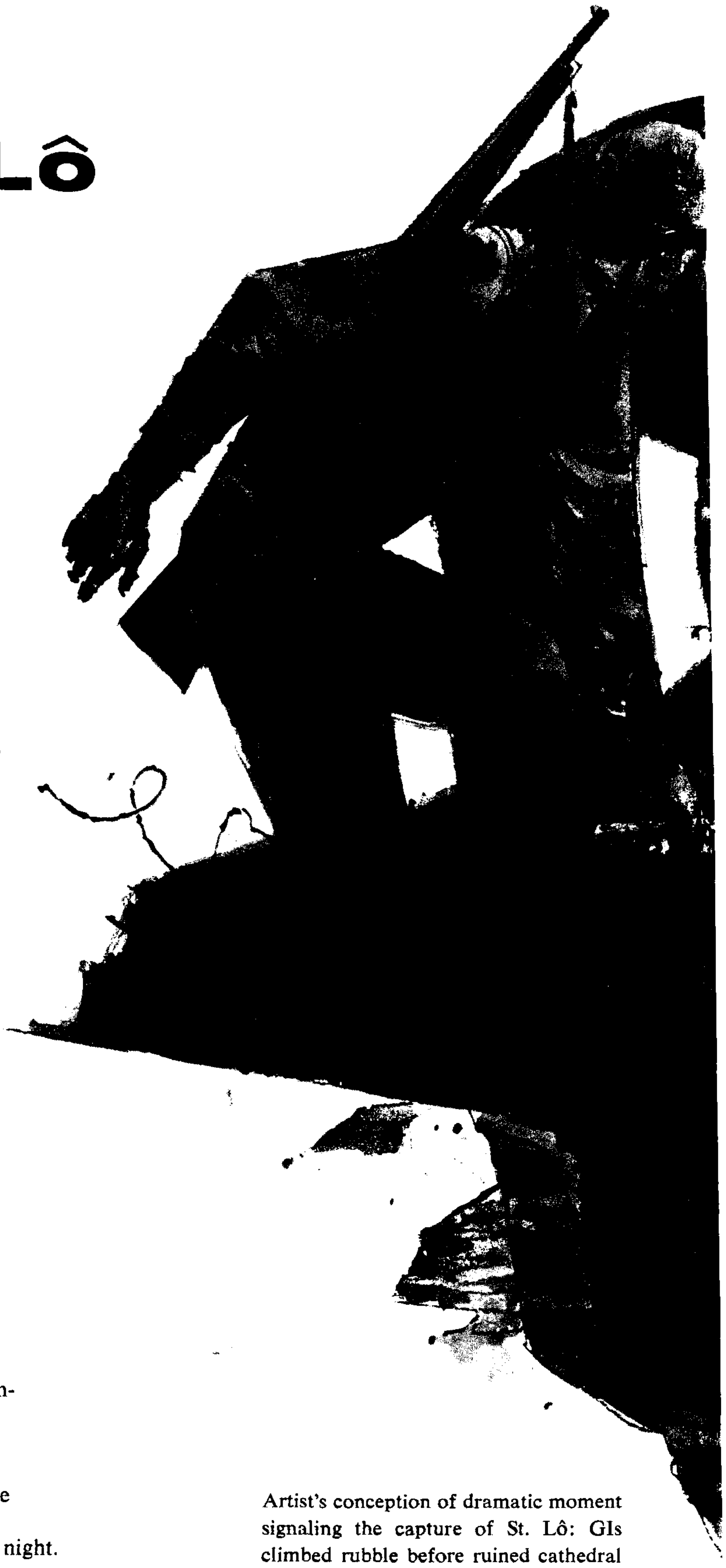
The Major of St. Lô

BY CORNELIUS RYAN

In the little French town of St. Lô, the elders often gather on the bridge over the river Vire to talk about that which elders know most about—the past. And at this time of the year, now that the apple orchards are in blossom once again and the sun drenches the countryside, there is much to remember. Was it not another time like this, back in 1944, when the invasion began across the beaches only a few miles away? How many brave men died in the hedgerows? And who would believe now that twelve years ago all that remained of St. Lô was a pile of rubble—the aftermath of the invasion's greatest battle? So it goes. But as always, when they talk of the war, the conversation soon turns to the day the town was liberated after 43 days of battle, and to the story of their own personal hero, the American soldier they call the "Major of St. Lô"—a man they never knew.

And if in the telling there is much brandishing of canes and much quivering of down-swooping Norman mustaches, it is only because some point has not been emphasized enough or some detail has been momentarily forgotten. For it is the story of the "Major of St. Lô" that the elders love best—and here on the bridge that saga has been interwoven with legend and the legend has become inseparable from history.

* * *



Artist's conception of dramatic moment signaling the capture of St. Lô: GIs climbed rubble before ruined cathedral and reverently placed the body there

Howie

The kerosene lamp hissed quietly. In his battalion command post Major Thomas D. Howie eased his stocky frame into a more comfortable position against the earthen wall. Outside it was dark, but war has no real night. Along the 40-mile American beachhead heavy guns flashed intermittently; streams of tracer bullets waved up into the clouds;

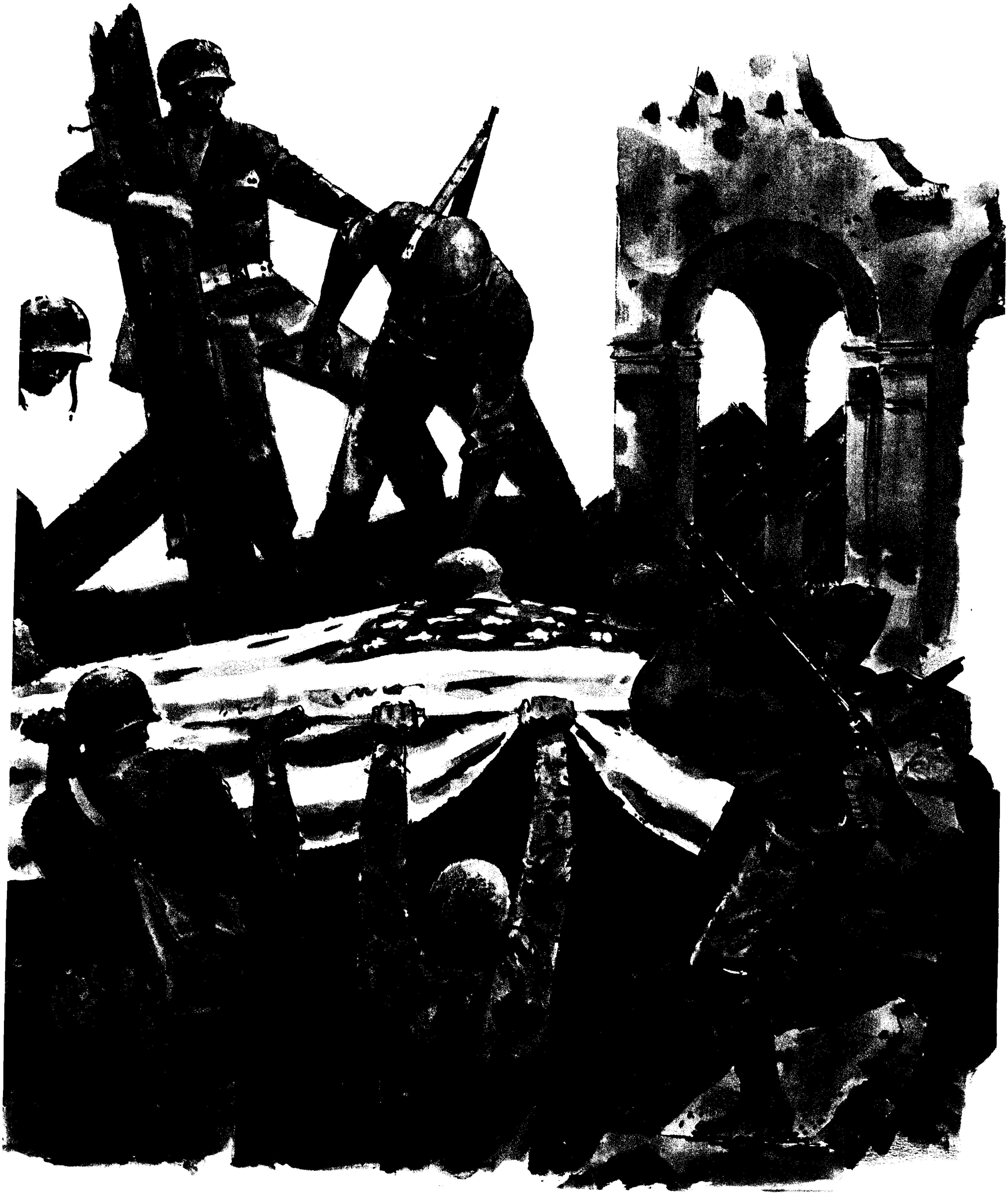


ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH HIRSCH

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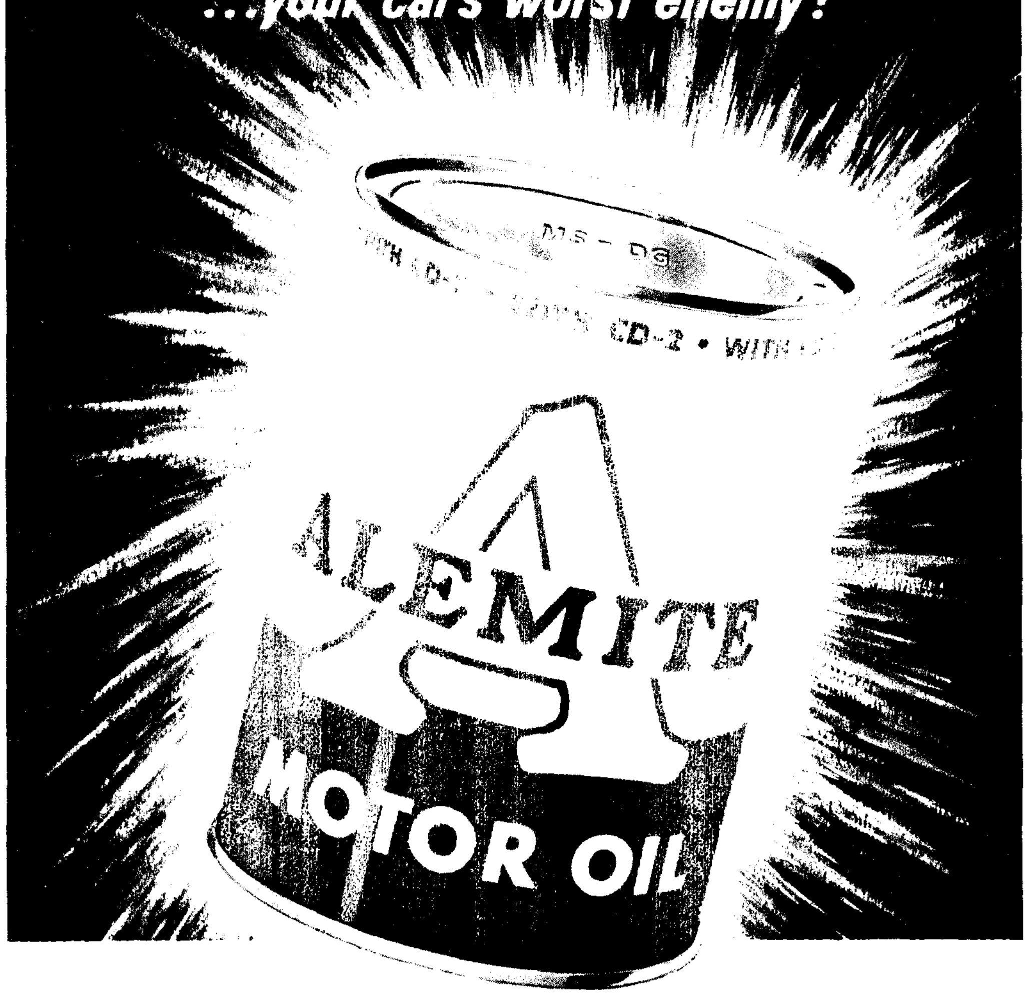

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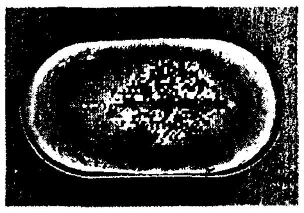
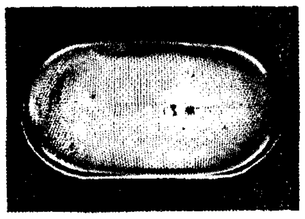


These unretouched photographs show two automobile oil screens. The top screen is clogged with sticky sludge after actual service test with conventional motor oil. The screen below is still clean after an identical test with sludge-fighting Alemite Motor Oil.



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and flares hung here and there in the sky.

In the command post—an oversized foxhole with the remains of a barn over it as a roof—the major and his company commanders sat watching Captain William Puntenney, of Phoenix, Arizona, Howie's executive officer, mark up the battalion situation map. Working on the map's plastic overlay with a grease pencil, Puntenney quickly sketched in the 29th Division's latest positions. "That's the picture, Major," he said.

THE FRONT LINES remained much the same—Howie could see that at a glance. Here a field had been taken or lost; there a ditch or sunken road had been captured or recaptured. But the advance of the 29th, "the Blue and the Gray" Division, through the bloody hedgerows of Normandy could be measured in yards. Major Howie's unit—the 116th Infantry's 3d Battalion—had gained less than 100 yards in 24 hours. But it was within three miles of the division objective—St. Lô.

Howie ached to take St. Lô, as did every battle-weary soldier in the division, right up to Major General Charles H. Gerhardt, the commanding general. Once the town with its vital network of roads fell, the full force of American armor could begin to maneuver and the longed-for breakout might be achieved. For beyond the pile of rubble that had once been a town the hedgerows ended and the plains began.

The Germans appreciated what St. Lô's loss would mean. Until their front could be reinforced, the Allied forces had to be contained in their shallow bridgehead, their backs to the sea. And what better place to fight for time than in these natural trenches of Normandy, where mounds of earth topped by a jungle of bushes surrounded every field? The German high command had issued the order: *"Starre Verteidigung."* ("Stand fast.")

But to Tom Howie the capture of St. Lô had become a personal matter. The men of the 3d Battalion had fought almost continuously for 41 days without rest—from the moment they hit Omaha Beach on the misty morning of June 6th. That morning the thirty-six-year-old major (a former English literature teacher and athletic director at Staunton, Virginia, Military Academy) had captured a machine-gun post, singlehanded. Howie felt that casualties alone had earned his men the right to be first into St. Lô. And when they took it, maybe the whole battered division would be relieved.

Tonight, in the smoky closeness of his command post the major had little time to think about relief. His foot soldiers were dug in near Martinville, a hamlet straddling a dirt road leading into St. Lô. And the fighting had been toe to toe all day. The 3d Battalion and the Germans laced one another's hedgerow positions with machine-gun fire, tossed hand grenades across the narrow fields, fired rifles at one another at almost point-blank range.

But a mile to the south, on the outskirts of La Madeleine, a small village near St. Lô, Major Sidney Bingham's 2d Battalion was in much greater trouble. The Second had been hit with everything the Germans could throw at them—from artillery bombardment to tank assault. Now they were surrounded and cut off. Out of food, short of ammunition and with casualties mounting, their situation was hourly becoming more desperate.

Major Howie studied the new attack order before him. He had many vital decisions to make within the next few hours. The Third had been ordered to attack directly through the Germans' tough Martinville line. Howie was going to the rescue of Bingham's lost battalion.

While other units of the division were to attack on either side of his battalion, Howie's men had been given the toughest assignment. The Martinville line had held them up for days; now they were being asked to drive through it fast and advance more than a mile. Although all the other officers present knew how Major Howie itched to capture St. Lô, none saw the bitter disappointment for him in the attack order. After relieving the lost battalion, Howie's unit was ordered to stand fast and hold the La Madeleine positions. *Bingham's men were to push on to St. Lô.*

Howie outlined his plan: the battalion would make a silent attack, using bayonets and hand grenades—nothing else. "We're going to give the jerries a touch of steel," he said quietly.

At the end of the briefing, Howie asked his executive officer, Puntenney, to stay behind. When the two were alone, the major spoke: "Bill, take a look at these boots. I've had the same shoes since I left the States. Look at 'em! I've marched and fought in 'em for days. But I'll be damned if I'll make one more attack without a new pair."

"Where in the world am I going to get you a new pair now?" said the surprised exec.

"Bill—I don't care where you get 'em, but get 'em," the CO barked.

Puntenney left the dugout to carry out the order.

In the dank blackness of their foxholes, Howie's men quietly sharpened their bayonets and sweated out the dawn. In his own lighted dugout Tom Howie read his Bible, as he did every night, and wrote a letter home. Earlier he had written his wife, Elizabeth, and their six-year-old daughter at Staunton: "I have no physical reason for thinking so, but I've always felt that your prayers would be answered and that we'd have a grand reunion some fine day." Now, he wrote to another member of his family: "There is no need to worry about me. . . ." He did not mention the impending attack.

IT BEGAN AT 4:30 A.M. A thick early-morning fog carpeted the area when Howie—in a new pair of boots—and his veterans fixed bayonets and rose quietly out of their foxholes. Ahead of them the German hedgerows lay quiet, as though anesthetized. In silence the helmeted figures slipped quickly from their hedgerow positions and disappeared into the fog.

They raced across the cut-up fields, soft earth deadening their footsteps. Nobody spoke. They darted into the hedgerows. Bushes rustled. Twigs cracked sharply. There was a startled shout. Suddenly all along the German line there were quick shouts, muffled screams, the compressed blast of grenades, the abrupt stuttering of Schmeisser "burp" guns—the awful commotion that soldiers make when they are surprised into death.

The first German positions fell fast. Howie's men were through and beyond before the enemy knew what had happened. Deftly, quickly, the men of the Third hit the next line of outposts, and the next. In this way, with surgical preciseness, the major's battalion cut through the Martinville line in less than an hour. Shortly before 6:00 A.M. Howie's men made contact with Major Bingham's 2d Battalion east of La Madeleine.

Down the road, not more than a mile away, lay bombed and shelled St. Lô, the shattered spires of the Cathedral of Notre Dame reaching defiantly out of the heaping ruins. To Howie's cocky infantrymen, huddling in their foxholes, St. Lô seemed only a bus stop away.

THE STAFFS of the two battalions immediately conferred. The linkup, at best, was only temporary. Although the 29th Division's dawn attack along the St. Lô front had been successful, with troops now almost astraddle the heights overlooking the town, it would be some time before supply lines could be opened. Howie's men had brought communications, ammunition, medical supplies, rations and—more important—themselves. La Madeleine could be held, but it was obvious that the relieved 2d Battalion was exhausted. After three days of almost continuous assault its ranks had been decimated. Bingham's men could not push on to St. Lô. The job was up to Howie—if regimental headquarters agreed.

Howie waited impatiently for his communications to be set up. Speed mattered now. If the Third pressed on before the Germans fully recovered from the attack, Howie felt sure his men could make St. Lô. But the Germans wouldn't sit still for long, especially with a strong force sitting on their doorstep. Both Howie and Bingham knew better.

So did Major General Gerhardt back at division headquarters.

All night Gerhardt had sweated out the advance of his men. Previously he had told his assistant division commander, Brigadier General Norman (Dutch) Cota, to assemble an armored task force and hold it in readiness to dash into St. Lô from the north. Now, as he stood before his big war map with Cota, he thought about this powerful trump card. Had the time come up to send Task Force "C" storming into St. Lô?

"You better get ready, Dutch," he said. "Sometime within the next twenty-four hours, you'll be on your way. It's near the end, but it isn't over yet. Jerry's going to counterattack hard wherever he can." He tapped the map with a forefinger. "And particularly here. They'll throw everything they've got at La Madeleine."

At La Madeleine the lull had already ended.

Far away, the trained ears of the infantrymen heard the shrill birth of the first barrage of mortar shells. They held their breath, listening in the strange hypnotic way that soldiers listen to determine direction by sound. Down they crouched in their foxholes. The barrage screamed toward them like a hundred express trains all converging on a lonely station. The earth shuddered. Bursting shells fine-combed the ground above them. Then it was over and the next shelling began.

Howie crawled from foxhole to foxhole. "Keep down!" he yelled at his men. "Keep down. We're getting out of here soon. We'll get to St. Lô yet."

Doubled up, dodging from foxhole to foxhole in between shell bursts, he returned to his command post. His company commanders were waiting for him.

"Have you got regiment?" he demanded.

Somebody handed him a phone. Above the noise Howie tried to quickly explain the position.

"The Second can't make it," he yelled into the phone. "They're too cut up. They're exhausted. Yes—we can do it. We're in better shape. Yes—if we jump off now. Okay." A big smile crossed his face.

"See you in St. Lô," he said.

He slammed the phone down and, still smiling, turned to his company commanders. "Well, you heard it," he said. "We're going in. Where's the map?"

Almost deafened by the incessant mortar shelling, Howie's officers gathered around as the major gave the order for the attack on St. Lô. None of them heard the incoming whine of the mortar shell that ended the conference.

The shell burst a few yards away. In that millisecond of destruction, most of the officers were picked up by the blast and slammed to the ground unhurt. Captain Puntenney, standing on the dugout step, was hurled bodily into a hedgerow. Dazed and shaken, he extricated himself from the bushes and saw Howie standing upright a few yards away. The major had his arms in front of him, holding his body. Puntenney rushed over. "My God, Bill, I'm hit," Howie said.

Puntenney carried him to the bottom of the dugout and held him for a few minutes in his arms. He didn't get much wear out of these boots, thought Puntenney as he lowered the body of his CO into the dust.

Several hours later, at division headquarters, the operations officer, Lieutenant Colonel William J. Witte, gave the news to General Gerhardt. "General," he said, "Tom Howie is dead. The 3d Battalion attack never really got going."

Gerhardt said nothing. He was sad and terribly angry—sad, because of his fondness for Tom Howie and angry because of the awful casualties his division was suffering. His silent anger infected everybody in the headquarters. Somehow Tom Howie's death crystallized all the courage and all the heartbreak spilled over in the battle of St. Lô.

Gerhardt called General Cota. "Dutch," he said, "one of the last things Tom Howie said was, 'I'll see you in St. Lô.' We're going to fulfill that promise. Take Tom Howie with the task force—he's going to lead the 29th into St. Lô."

THE NEXT DAY in St. Lô the townspeople heard a rumor. A powerful column of American tanks, it was said, was heading for the town.

At first they did not believe the story, for there had been many such rumors since the invasion began. But this time it was true. Far off, along the road leading into St. Lô from St. Clair, they heard the rumble and clank of tanks mixed in with the thunder of the enemy's exploding shells. And so in the cellars, in the crypt beneath the church, in all those places where families had survived the bombs and the shells the news spread swiftly. People spoke in whispers, in fear perhaps that they still might be wrong. "They are coming," they said. "Today is the day."

The sounds of the tanks and the exploding shells grew closer. Now, in ones and twos the townspeople left their shelters; they climbed the walls of rubble, stood behind shuttered windows or crouched in doorways oblivious of the dangers. They had waited too long to miss this moment.

The approaching column was clearly marked by a great cloud of dust which

"To Thee I Will Give The Keys of the Kingdom"

George Johnson didn't hate the Pope. Indeed, he held the head of the Catholic Church in high esteem as a leader in the spheres of morality, world peace and human rights.

But nobody could convince George Johnson that the Holy Father had any special authority to speak officially for Christ. Where in the Bible, George wanted to know, is there any mention of such a person as a Vicar of Christ? Where in Holy Scripture does Our Lord delegate any of His authority to a single human being?

It was not until he read, and read again, the words of Jesus to Peter (Matthew 16:18-19) that George Johnson began to understand the Catholic claim of papal authority.

"And I say unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it"..."And, I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

The Catholic claim concerning the authority of the Pope does not depend solely, of course, upon this or other significant passages of Holy Scripture. For the Vicarship of the Pontiffs had been universally recognized throughout Christendom long before the books of the Bible had been gathered together, and several centuries before the Church had officially selected the writings which were to be regarded as inspired.

But for the benefit of those who wish to weigh the Catholic claim in the light of the Bible, we respectfully suggest that they do as George Johnson did—read and read again Our Lord's words to Peter, "And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven..."

For is it not a clear delegation of His authority when Christ tells Peter: "...whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven..."? For a long time George Johnson had believed Our Lord's reference to "this rock" meant Peter's faith and not Peter's person. But now he saw in the Savior's words a specific command to exercise specific powers of judgment, which had to be an act of Peter the man.

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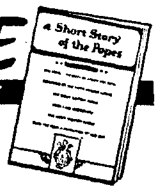
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bowled along, reaching above the trees lining the road. Here and there black smoke tinged with flame spiraled up through the dust from burning and exploding vehicles. Overhead, clusters of shells whistled toward the road as the Germans stepped up the tempo of their artillery barrage. But under the rain of bursting shells the great cloud of dust came rolling steadily forward and suddenly it rolled into the outskirts of St. Lô. The Americans had arrived.

General Cota's task force poured into the town in an apparently endless column. Prowling tanks swarmed through the streets overrunning the German rear-guard antitank positions: self-propelled guns swung into position and began answering the incoming artillery fire; infantrymen climbing through the rubble routed out the last snipers; and the townspeople threw flowers and from hiding places produced bottles of wine which they had saved for this great day.

In their happiness some cried and others remained dazed, unable to believe that the town had been liberated. But in the midst of it all, as the townspeople watched they saw a strange procession threading through the town.

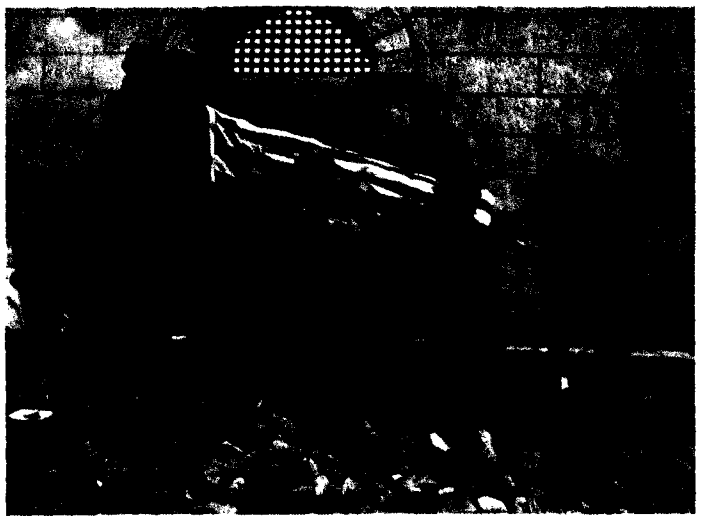
Slowly down the main street rolled an olive-drab ambulance surrounded by an honor guard of armored cars. The column drove through the debris, passing the men and machines who had captured the town, passing under the limp blue and gray flag of the 29th Division now hanging in victory from a second-story window. And as the townspeople watched, hushed and incredulous, the little procession turned into the shell-pocked main square and came quietly to a stop before the shattered Cathedral of Notre Dame.

The ambulance doors opened and a detail of men carefully lifted down a stretcher. Struggling upward, they climbed to the top of a great mound of brick and stone before the ruins of the cathedral. And there, to lie in state on this altar of rubble, they placed the bier with the flag-covered body of Major Thomas D. Howie.

* * *

Standing today on a pedestal of concrete, near the bridge over the river Vire, there is a bronze bust of Major Thomas D. Howie. It was erected by the townspeople of St. Lô, and at this time of the year the base of the statue is covered with flowers. The townspeople honor not only the memory of Major Howie, but also the 7,000 men—almost half the 29th Division's fighting strength—who were killed or wounded in the battle for the town.

The elders shrug their shoulders and try to explain the sentiments of the townspeople this way: "L'homme n'est rien, l'oeuvre est tout." ("The man is nothing, the work is everything.") But they look admiringly at the statue and in the same breath they say wonderingly: "Such determination this man had—surely there was some French blood in his veins." THE END



"The Major of St. Lô" on television

The realistic photos on this page were taken during the filming of the Du Pont Cavalcade Theater production of Cornelius Ryan's story, The Major of St. Lô, which is being presented over the ABC-TV network at 9:30 P.M. (EDT) Tuesday, June 5th. The program is being carried on some stations at other times, however; viewers should consult their local papers for time and station. Featured in the Four Star Films, Inc., presentation is actor Peter Graves in the title role of Major Tom Howie. Sequence of pictures, beginning at top left, shows Howie (r.) ordering executive officer to get him a new pair of boots before the battle; Howie waving men on as he enters besieged outskirts of La Madeleine to relieve 2d Battalion; scene as Howie died; soldiers lifting Howie's body atop rubble in St. Lô

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BOB LANDRY

At a noted New York hospital, new RCA color camera telecasts an operation. Equipment is completely out of doctors' way.

Now RCA Color TV helps doctors of tomorrow give you better surgical care

No longer must interns in a surgical amphitheater squint for a peek at the patient on the operating table below.

With the new, compact RCA color TV system developed specifically for medical use, students in other parts of the hospital can now see vivid close-ups of operations on standard color receivers. They can study enlargements of pathological slides that often determine the course of surgery. And what they learn today, of course, will enable them to give you better care tomorrow.

Ultimately, this same compatible RCA color TV system may be used to establish a nationwide network of specialists for on-the-spot consultation and diagnosis.

Here is another milestone in electronics from RCA, the pioneer that made it possible for you to see color and black-and-white programs on the same set. And continually, RCA scientists at the David Sarnoff Research Center in Princeton, N. J., search for new horizons of "Electronics for Living"—electronics that make life easier, safer, happier.

In other parts of hospital—or even hundreds of miles away—medical students can see close-ups of operation on Big Color RCA Victor TV. Shown above: "Director 21" model with full 250 square inches of viewable picture.

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Fight Cancer with a Checkup . . . and a Check

PLEASURE BOUND?

Whether it's a two week vacation trip — a week-end jaunt to a summer resort or just plain everyday car use —

the chances are that you give your car its toughest work-out during the summer months.

Longer trips at sustained highway speeds put added strains on your car.

So, to avoid delay, nuisance, inconvenience and extra expense during your summer driving, it makes sense to take your car in to your favorite service man for a complete check-up early in the vacation season.

Having your car put in tip-top mechanical condition now will pay off in peace of mind and driving confidence later on.

Start by making a list of all the items you know need checking—then go through our suggested check-up with your service man.

CALL YOUR SERVICE MAN SOON—

MAKE A DATE FOR A SUMMER SAFETY CHECK-UP OF YOUR CAR!

as recommended by

Collier's

ASK HIM TO CHECK—

WHEELS and BRAKES

Rotate and inspect tires. Good tires are of utmost importance to safe summer driving. Squeezing the last 1,000 miles from worn tires just isn't worth the risk. Have brake linings inspected, brake lines and fluid checked. Be sure your hand brake is in good order.

A shock absorber check is easy, and replacing old, worn shocks will pay off in more riding comfort, added safety. Wheel alignment, balance and steering mechanism should also be inspected.

COOLING SYSTEM

Keeping old anti-freeze in the system during summer driving is false economy. It deteriorates rapidly—may cause excessive rust and clogging. Either of these conditions can lead to serious engine damage.

So have the cooling system cleaned and checked for leaks. Check thermostat, fan belt and water pump and add rust inhibitor. It's smart to carry an extra fan belt on a long trip.

LUBRICATION

Drain and refill crankcase with recommended grade of summer oil for your car and local driving conditions. Replace oil filter cartridge. Have your car thoroughly lubricated for greater handling ease and riding comfort.

ENGINE TUNE-UP

Recover the pleasure of new car pep and response—have your service man give the engine a complete tune-up. Check spark plugs, battery, voltage regulator, generator, points, coils and wires. Check carburetor, fuel pump, muffler and tail pipe.

VISION and APPEARANCE

Headlights and windshield wipers should be checked for perfect operation. Other lights should be inspected—bulbs replaced where necessary. Get a "beauty treatment" of the finish to protect your car's appearance. Replace worn car rugs. Finally, carry a good flashlight, first aid kit and fire extinguisher in your car.

Drive a Safe Car SAFELY This Summer

DRIVE MORE

...it gets cheaper by the mile!

Collier's Comment

BEWARE THE GEORGIAN CORPSE

THE free world was never in greater danger than it has been since the day when Khrushchev knocked the image of Joseph Stalin off its high pedestal and smashed it to bits.

The full story of what led up to the dramatic denunciation will probably never be known. But enough time has elapsed to afford a perspective, and some general conclusions. The conclusions must be on the grim side.

It was, first, a move from strength. Stalin had elevated himself to the status of demigod in the eyes of countless millions of Russians. It is no frivolous matter to strike down an idol—even a self-made idol. Khrushchev had to possess the substantial assurance that the repercussions would not produce a massive uprising.

He had also to know that they would not disjoint the ruling committee of which he is the working head. His assumption has thus far proved correct. Whatever confusion resulted has been kept in hand. And the committee still functions.

It was a bold, self-confident move. And there is much obvious justification for this confidence. Things go well for the Soviets. The European satellites, while showing occasional restive signs, remain under firm control. The turmoil in the Middle East, abetted by the flow of Communist arms to Egypt, bodes better for the Communists than for the Western democracies. The surging anticolonial spirit across Africa diminishes the prestige of France, Britain and America, and, relatively, enhances that of Russia. And in Asia, the West is losing friends about as fast as the Communists are gaining them. This may be an oversimplified picture, but not a distorted one.

At home, too, the Soviets are showing over-all progress. The agriculture picture continues grim despite vigorous efforts to improve it, but industrial achievement is impressive; living standards appear to be improving; profitable trade deals are being made with neutrals at the expense of the West. And there are indications that in the development of the weapons of mass destruction, Russia's progress is greater than our own.

All in all, then, it was an auspicious time for Khrushchev and Company to risk a drastic move that held bright promise of strengthening their position. The denunciation of Stalin held such promise.

For the new committee that rules Russia took over under some severe handicaps, all imposed and kept in force by the posthumous force of Joseph Stalin.

Stalin had been the symbol of one-man rule; if the committee were to function effectively it was necessary somehow to dissolve the identity that had been created between the leadership of Russia and one-man rule. If the mud could be made to stick on the Stalin image, this would be largely accomplished.

But the committee, facing its problems in 1956, found itself handicapped no more by the memory of Stalin himself than by certain phases of the dogma that Stalin espoused as high priest and heir of Marxist-Leninist philosophy. Stalin had found it important for his own purposes to preach the Marx doctrine of the inevitability of the ultimate world-wide armed clash between capitalism and Communism; of the virtues of armed revolution. In the age of the H-bomb stolid adherence to that doctrine might well scare wavering neutrals to death. In destroying the Stalin image it was also possible for Khrushchev and friends to shuck off (in public, at least) some of the more violent trappings of the Marxist dogma, and to turn the face of sweetness and temperance toward those peoples whose friendship and co-operation they were wooing.

Just how much Marxian dogma the Kremlin chieftains have actually jettisoned is impossible to say, but one thing to bear in mind is that the whole elaborate packet of Communist "principles" was never more than a bizarre wrapping for a classic conspiracy of a kind that the world has been encountering for thousands of years.

The earmark of any such conspiracy is expediency—the practical doctrine that the ends justify the means, with the ends always being prescribed by those in control of the machinery of the conspiracy. In this case expediency ran afoul of both Stalin and Marx doctrine, and expediency, inevitably, won out.

But the conspiracy remains, with all its essential ingredients. Russia is still a police state, run by a ruling clique ridden by the same chronic fear and hatred of freedom that dominated Stalin and Lenin before them. They are still out to rule the world.

These, however, are a shrewder lot of conspirators than their late leader, and the more dangerous therefore.

These men are demonstrating a resourcefulness and a flexibility that Stalin never showed; their steadfast intentions are masked under easy smiles that Stalin could never manage. And they have already shown a formidable talent, not only for capitalizing upon Western errors, but for persuading peoples and governments alike that they are full of nothing but good will and good intentions toward all.

In the face of all this, we can hardly afford the business-as-usual attitude that seems to prevail in most quarters.

We have, certainly, to proceed full speed with the weapons development program, which was allowed to lag to the point where our initial advantage was completely nullified. If Russia should beat us to the ultimate weapon—the wedding of the 5,000-mile missile to the hydrogen warhead—she could as easily slide back to Stalin's dogma of conquest-by-arms as she sloughed it off in the first place.

But meanwhile we have to wake up to the fact, so clearly grasped by the Kremlin, that Russia *can* conquer the world without firing a shot—and that, as of this moment, she's moving briskly along the road to that goal. She doesn't hold all the chips—we still have our matchless industrial strength and our productivity, and freedom is still a prize of immense worth in the eyes of men everywhere—but she's playing what chips she has with new skill and zeal.

There is much that we, as a nation, can do to stem this tide and turn it, but the first thing is to reassess the Russian threat and the Russian potential in the light of the Kremlin's new look. That substantial one third of the world now under Soviet dominion is gaining strength under a new leadership which, at this moment, shows no sign of crumbling from within. The leaders of the Kremlin, in control of almost limitless physical and human resources, will proceed with every guile and trick and every ounce of their strength to complete the job undertaken by the man they now denounce and disown.

It's no time to be taken in by a Trojan horse—or a Georgian corpse.

Whiskey Sour, anyone?

Better say "yes!"

Because these whiskey sours are mighty special!

One is made with world-famous 100 proof bonded Old Taylor—so rich, so mellow, so deeply satisfying.

The other—Old Taylor 86—gives you full enjoyment of true bourbon flavor in lighter, milder, lower-priced 86 proof—lightest *fine* bourbon made.

Now see what a choice you have!

For deeper, richer, 100 proof flavor, use bonded Old Taylor. For the *same quality* in lighter, milder, lower-priced 86 proof, choose Old Taylor 86. Never did such rare bourbon come to you so light and mild!

Never forget—the tastiest drinks are Old Taylor-Made!

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86
PROOF
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OLD TAYLOR
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86 PROOF
Lighter, lower-priced

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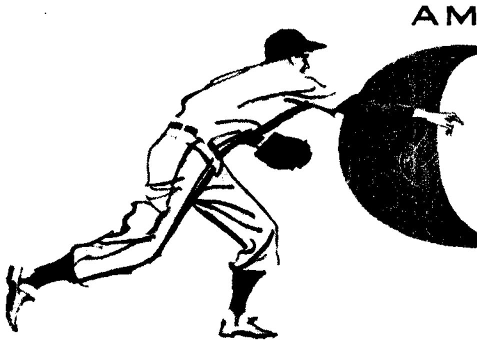
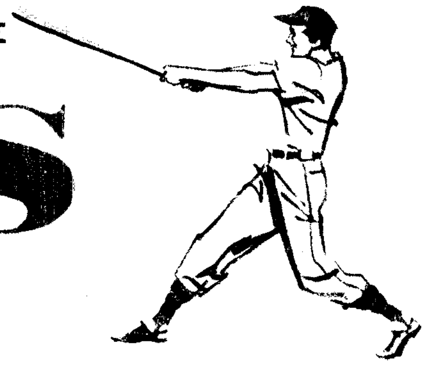


AMERICA'S TOP BALLPLAYERS SMOKE

Camels

AMERICA'S TOP CIGARETTE



HANK BAUER, real hustling outfielder for the Yanks: "I've been smoking Camels for over 15 years now. Camels are tops in my book!"

TED KLUSZEWSKI, Redlegs' mighty muscle-man and League leader in total hits, says: "Give me Camels every time! Taste rich, smoke mild."

BOB LEMON, Cleveland pitching ace, is a 10-year Camel smoker. Bob declares: "Camel's my choice for two reasons — flavor and mildness!"

JOHNNY LOGAN, hard-hitting Braves' shortstop, states: "Camels are as mild as a cigarette can be — and their flavor agrees best with me."

HARVEY KUENN, Tiger shortstop rated tops in the League, says this: "Camel's the richest-tasting cigarette I've found. Smokes mild, too."

RICHIE ASHBURN, National League batting champ, plays outfield for the Phils. "Nothing can touch Camels for good taste and mildness," he says.

WARREN SPAHN, Milwaukee's "Mr. Dependable", leads his League in total games won. "Camels have got what it takes, pack after pack," says Warren.

JACKIE JENSEN, Red Sox outfielder who tied for League R.B.I. title in '55, reports: "No other cigarette even comes close to Camels for pleasure!"

WHITEY LOCKMAN, first sacker who's also played outfield for Giants, declares: "I've switched back to Camels—the best cigarette I ever smoked!"

TOMMY BYRNE, Yankee pitching hero last year, states: "When I tried Camels, I found smoking pleasure. Camels have more flavor—and they smoke mild!"

RED SCHOENDIENST, great second baseman of the Cardinals, says: "Camels taste richer and smoke milder than any other brand I've ever tried."

YOGI BERRA, star Yankee catcher, was key man in Bombers' 1955 pennant drive. Yogi says: "Camels' good, rich taste gives me real pleasure."

BOB GRIM, steady Yankee "clutch" pitcher, says: "Camels sure are No. 1 with me! They taste good and rich, smoke smooth and mild."

ENOS SLAUGHTER, Athletics' outfielder known to all ball fans as "Country", declares: "I'm a steady Camel smoker and have been for years."

JOE COLLINS, Yankee first-baseman who gets hits when they count. Joe says: "Camels' rich flavor and real mildness add up to pleasure."

BILLY PIERCE, White Sox, E.R.A. pitching champ of the Majors in '55: "I go for Camels because they taste richer and smoke milder."

EARLY WYNN, Indian right-hander rated by many experts as best in League. "I've smoked Camels for mildness and flavor since 1950," Early says.

JERRY COLEMAN, infielder for the Yankees, reports: "There is nothing I like better than to take it easy with a mild, rich-tasting Camel."

HARVEY HADDIX, Cardinals, one of baseball's best south-paws, says: "I found that Camels have much richer flavor, and they're really mild!"

BILLY HOEFT, young Tiger hurler, led both Leagues in shutouts last year. Billy states: "Can't beat Camels for good, rich taste and real mildness!"

More pure pleasure!

That's what you get in Camels — by far America's most popular cigarette! Camels give more pleasure to more smokers today than any other brand. Try Camels yourself. You'll see right quick why Camel's in a league by itself for good, rich taste and smooth mildness.

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